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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The All-America Football Team

WINTER "FREEZES" POOR OIL

TEXACO FLOWS

"Frozen" oil
cannot lubricate your engine

This is not an exaggerated winter picture—A frozen, slow-moving mass in the crankcase! The starter struggles with the engine. It wears down the battery. The oil pump tries to force a circulation—but in vain! Bearings are starved. Lubrication is impaired. Damaging wear occurs, especially in the cylinders.

Many car owners do not realize how expensive a cheap oil really is. For, with oil channels less than two-tenths of an inch in diameter and bearing clearances of a few thousandths of an inch, an oil must flow instantly on the coldest day or wear occurs.

Texaco flows when frozen in a cake of ice—and even at zero! Free from the paraffin wax that causes less carefully refined oils to thicken like molasses, crack-proof Texaco protects every moving surface—from the very first whirr of the starter.

Be sure of your oil and grease this winter and you can be sure that your car will still be running smoothly and efficiently next spring. Crack-proof Texaco, the golden oil that flows at zero, is best for your engine. Texaco Greases, Texaco Lubricants and Texaco Lubrication Service will best protect your car.

THE TEXAS COMPANY · *Texaco Petroleum Products*

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Here is a simple test that can be made in any home refrigerator. An "hour-glass," filled with Texaco, was frozen in a cake of ice. Texaco flows freely at this low temperature. It flows even at zero—very much below the freezing point of water.

In the average engine there are twenty or more fine oil channels no thicker than the waist of the "hour-glass" shown here. Through these narrow channels oil must flow quickly.

Many oils hesitate until they are thoroughly warmed up by engine action. Then it is too late. More wear has occurred than during miles of warmed-up driving. Texaco protects—*right from the start.*

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save with TEXACO MOTOR OIL

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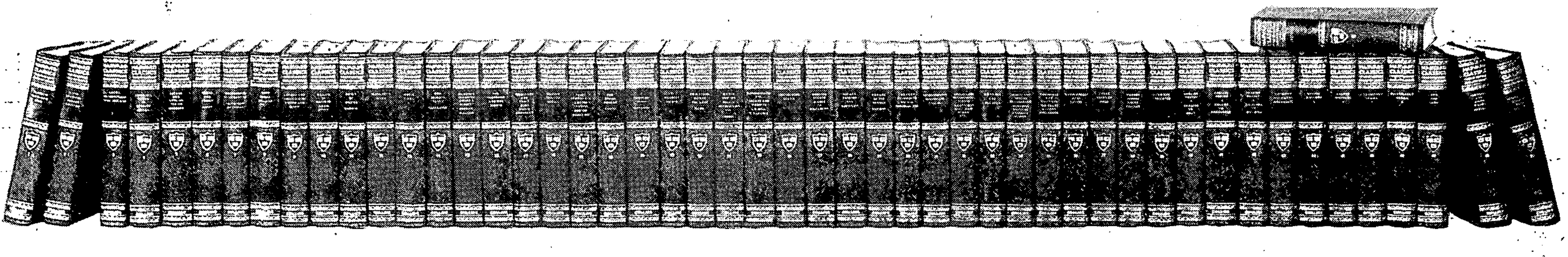
Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

The Beautiful New Home Library Edition



Now where can I find out about that?

A GLANCE at the fiftieth volume of The Harvard Classics answers that question. Here are indexed the best thoughts of some 300 of the greatest men of all the ages on 76,000 subjects. Here you get instantly the answer to the time-wasting questions of a busy man's life, and gain immediate access to information on a wide range of subjects.

Over a year of expert work was spent on the Index Volume of the Five-Foot Shelf. It is the only volume of its kind in existence, and it may justly be said to perform the duties of a private secretary.

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WHAT should a family's first investment be? Bonds? A home? Insurance? There is one thing even more vital than these. Their future success and happiness depend principally upon his and her mental growth. Will people feel that she is worth knowing? Will men in business be impressed with his range of information, his capacity to think clearly and talk well? Their future depends on the solution of these questions.

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Some day he will ask *you*—

WHEN that important question is put to you, you will be glad you learned the secret of fifteen minutes a day. More and more, business leaders are asking this question of the men who come to them: *"What have you read?"*

Says ex-President Hadley of Yale:

"In every department of practical life, men in commerce, men in transportation and in manufactures have told me that what they really wanted from our colleges were men who have *this selective power of using books efficiently.*"

What are the few great books? How shall a busy man find them? Dr. Eliot has solved your reading problem.

"I would not exchange it," *said Andrew Carnegie,* "for all the millions that were ever amassed by man."

CARNEGIE knew the value of millions; but there was one thing which he valued even more. As a young man he worked for Colonel Anderson, a man of wide culture and fine tastes. Colonel Anderson took an interest in him, welcomed him to his library, guided him in his reading and choice of books.

"To him," said Carnegie, "I owe a taste for literature which I would not exchange for all the millions ever amassed by man. Life would be quite intolerable without it."

What Colonel Anderson did for Carnegie, Dr. Eliot has done for busy men and women everywhere.

Why some people are always welcome

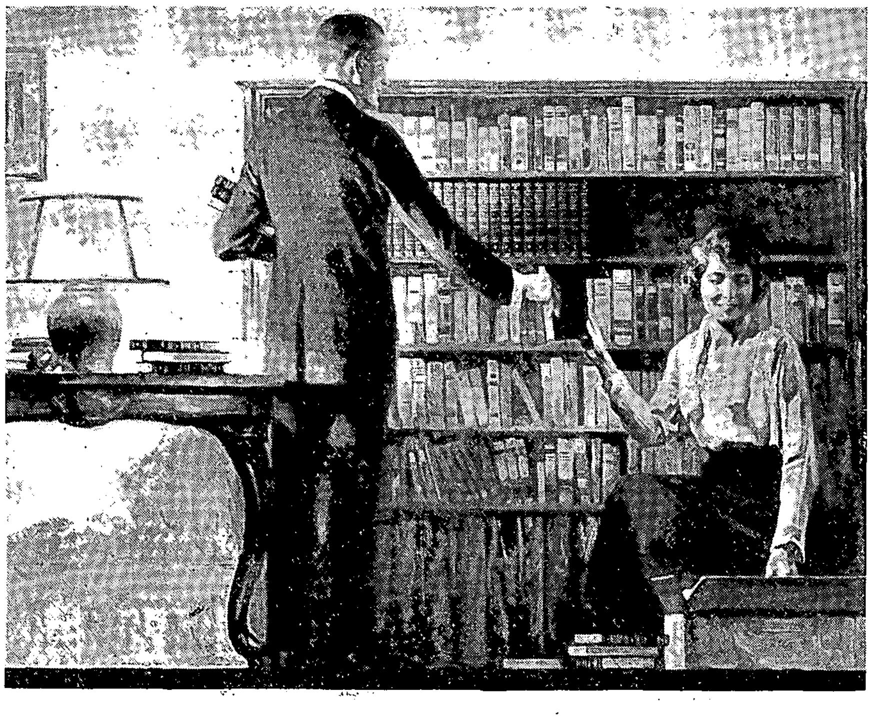
MANNERS alone are not the key to social success. Good manners are always an asset; but good manners alone will open no doors and lead to no delightful friendships. A well-behaved bore has no chance to keep step in the swift march of American social and business life. The time has passed when the untutored man can reach the heights of success. This is the day of the well-read man.

The really popular man is the man who has learned to interest other people. He may not have read widely but well; he may have traveled little but he knows about other countries than his own. He knows something of history and biography, of the works of great scientists and philosophers, poets and dramatists.

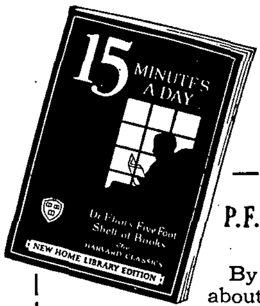
"Those 15 minutes made me more money than eight hours' work!"

"I MADE more money last year than I made in five years before," says a prominent business man. "Yet I did not work harder. Actually, I worked fewer hours and had more time for golf, travel, and enjoying my friends.

"There is a mistaken idea in many men's minds that hard work is all that is required for success. Day laborers do hard work and remain day laborers always. Clerks do hard work. Ninety-nine out of a hundred stay clerks; the hundredth becomes an executive."



This famous booklet, FREE



Before you spend another penny for books, get a copy of "Fifteen Minutes a Day"—the famous free descriptive booklet—that tells how to turn wasted minutes into growth and increased power. It's ready and waiting for you. Sending for it does not obligate you in any way.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

THE first story in the first issue of the new year (January second) is written by our favorite jangler of nerves and murderer of sleep, Mr. Sax Rohmer. In it you will find two gentlemen familiar to all Rohmer addicts: Sir Denis Nayland Smith and his friend Greville.

And in an old setting, too. As Greville himself writes: "Lured, I suppose, by that sad siren who calls men in after years back to the battlefields where they have suffered, I was revisiting London's Chinatown—a district of unpleasant memories."

There's nothing in this story to make Greville's memories of Chinatown any sweeter, although he and Smith solve a murder mystery and perhaps there is some satisfaction in that. Next week will be quiet because the world is gathering itself together for a fresh start. "The Turkish Yataghan" will liven things up.

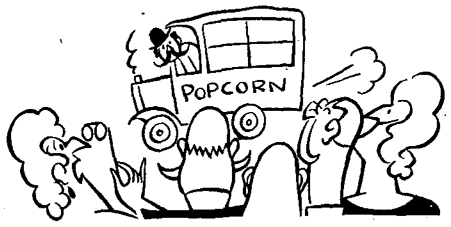
—

WITH the political and economic life of the country shifting once more into speedier gear, Collier's correspondents have been moving alertly about the land listening to the rumblings, digging for facts, talking to the folks.

The first to report is Owen P. White, who draws the curtain and shows you a large farmer who actually made a profit; small, but a profit, in thirty-cent wheat. He shows you what scientific methods are doing for the wheat belt. The title, "Wheat's Here to Stay," means that the wheat belt is going to keep on being the wheat belt in spite of acreage reducers.

—

WHEN the popcorn wagon, driven by a mustached guy in a derby hat, rolled onto Mrs. Smythe-Spicer's lawn at the height of the biggest party of the season, the guests thought the great social leader had sprung another of her famous surprises. But it was only Hefty calling on Nora, the cook, and he wasn't in costume at all. Just his working suit. But nobody knew that and before he realized what it was all about he'd wrecked his bus, punched Sir Geoffrey Leffingwelle on the nose, made the party a success and something had happened to Nora's heart. Life is like that only rarely, we think, but it's a lot of fun, so what's the difference? "The Winning of Nora," by Talbert Josselyn.



TEN years ago Edward G. Robinson came to the conclusion that he didn't belong in the movies. His recent successes have surprised no one as much as himself. But he uses gangster talk even in sleep and he isn't at all that kind. Something's got to be done about it. John B. Kennedy tells his story breezily in "Tough as Velvet."

—

DANA BURNET, Edward L. McKenna, Alan LeMay, Hugh MacNair Kahler, Essad Bey, Grantland Rice, Freling Foster, The Gentleman at the Keyhole, Milton C. Work start the year in the best of all possible ways—with Collier's.

THIS WEEK

December 26, 1931

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Page 43—Milton C. Work

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Page 50—Editorial

A Letter to Santa Claus.

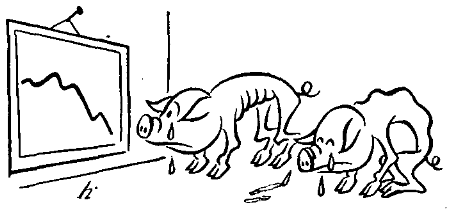
Any Week

WE MET Mr. Bissell just outside the Loeb drug store in Junction City, Kansas, recently. Mr. Bissell was not pleased with the world.

"You wouldn't be either," said Mr. Bissell fretfully, "if you raised hawgs for a living. Here I've been feeding those hawgs corn that cost more than fifty cents to raise and wheat, mind you, that cost me eighty cents. And what am I gettin' for those hawgs? Less'n five cents a pound. Mister, you would think that those hawgs would be feeling fine, but they ain't. I don't know that I've ever seen such peaked hawgs."

"What's the matter with them?" we asked weakly. "Indigestion or something?"

"No, sir," replied Mr. Bissell, "their health is fine but they don't take on weight. It ain't their health. It's their spirits. You can't tell me, mister. Those hawgs are just plumb ashamed of their country."



WE WEREN'T disappointed at all when we asked a news-stand proprietor in Abilene, Kansas, to name the most popular farm magazine. But we were a bit surprised.

"Collier's," he said.

"But," we objected, "Collier's doesn't purport to be a farm magazine."

"You asked me, and I'm telling you," he replied. "I sell them all and my customers are farmers. They ask for Collier's."

—

THE Farmers Union was assembling in Des Moines, Iowa, to talk about themselves and listen to the Honorable Alfalfa Bill Murray of Oklahoma. One delegate, Mr. Clifford France of Mountain Grove, Arkansas, complained that his feet were protesting their new shoes.

"I'm like my dad," said Mr. France. "I remember one day my dad and my mother were going to a party and after Dad got all dressed up, my mother looked him up and down and said: 'Joe, I don't see why you don't like to go to parties; you look fine in shoes.'"

—

RAMBLING around like this, it becomes almost impossible to avoid learning something new. For example, we are informed that the Missouri Ozark moonshiners, determined to agitate business into activity, have gone in for experiments. Many of them have forsaken corn and, having found that turnip whisky "didn't set well" with some of their best customers, have turned to pawpaw fruit. It's not the success they had hoped for, but according to our informant:

"It sure makes them prohibition officers awful sick, and that's something."

—

AS WE return home from our travels in the Middle West we can't help wondering whether Mr. Hoover gave thanks that he is running for reëlection in 1932 instead of 1931. If he didn't he overlooked something.

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About Appendicitis

In the presence of unrelieved abdominal pain

1–Give no food, water or medicine

2–*Never give laxatives*

3–Call your Doctor

Recently a letter came to us from a mother who had lost a fine, strong boy of twelve from acute appendicitis. She wrote, "If I had run across just one article on appendicitis I feel sure we would not have had this sorrow. An advertisement of yours would save many, many lives. Please give this your earnest consideration."

Because her request voices a widespread desire to know what to do when appendicitis attacks swiftly, this announcement is published.

The deathrate from appendicitis in the United States has steadily increased during the past ten years. But it will be reduced and reduced rapidly when people learn what to do and particularly what not to do in case of an attack.

The symptoms of appendicitis vary. But almost always, continued pain and tenderness in the abdomen are the first indications of an acutely inflamed appendix.

There are two most important things to remember in event of an attack of acute appendicitis:

First:—Never use a laxative to relieve acute abdominal pain. If the pain means appendicitis, a laxative, instead of relieving the condition, is likely to spread the inflammation, to cause the appendix to burst or to induce peritonitis.

Second:—Send for your doctor immediately. In making his diagnosis he may decide that no harm will come from taking time to make a blood test to confirm his opinion. He may say that the attack can be relieved without operating. Or he may order an operation in the shortest possible time.

Performed without delay, by an expert, an operation for appendicitis is almost always successful. Be sure to consult an experienced and skilful surgeon because many needless operations have been occasioned by incorrect diagnosis.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

"Affection and bristles don't go together"

"I CAN'T imagine 'falling' for a man with a day's growth of stubble on his face. You may think this is a testimonial for razor blades, but it's not. I never use a razor. I'm just giving you the average girl's opinion of men who don't shave carefully.

"I honestly believe that neglected beards have spoiled as many romances as soiled linen. Of course I may be wrong about this, but to me a man who doesn't shave closely is actually repulsive.

"I'm not thinking about the men in my crowd alone. A clean shave almost always makes a 'hit' with a woman. Many of the men I see in busses or on the street, carpenters and plumbers and all, would look like a 'million', if they'd only be more particular about shaving."

• • •

Let's be frank about it. This typical American girl voices the opinion of womankind. A man *is* repulsive with a growth of stubble. Of course we know that until now shaving was not especially pleasant, sometimes even painful and injurious. There may have been some excuse for neglect. Today, the new Gillette blade makes shaving a not uncomfortable task.

This new blade is remarkably keen and uniform in quality. It cuts the beard cleanly and easily — never roughens or irritates the tenderest skin. You can prove this on our guarantee. Buy a package of new Gillette blades tonight, and give them a trial. If every shave isn't quick and clean —remarkable for unusual ease, return the package and your dealer will refund the purchase price.

Gillette

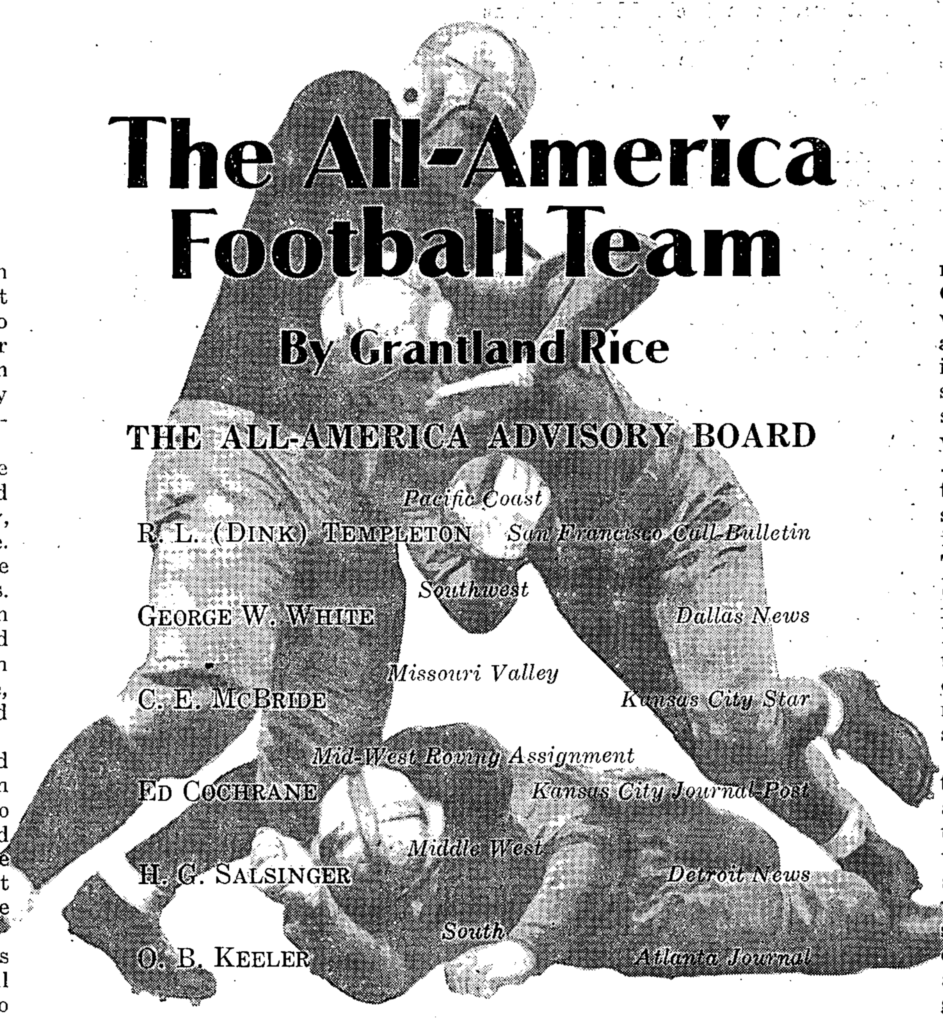
RAZORS TRADE Gillette MARK BLADES

Collier's

The National Weekly for December 26, 1931

The All-America Football Team

By Grantland Rice



THE ALL-AMERICA ADVISORY BOARD

Pacific Coast
R. L. (DINK) TEMPLETON *San Francisco Call-Bulletin*

Southwest
GEORGE W. WHITE *Dallas News*

Missouri Valley
C. E. MCBRIDE *Kansas City Star*

Mid-West Roving Assignment
ED COCHRANE *Kansas City Journal-Post*

Middle West
H. G. SALSINGER *Detroit News*

South
O. B. KEELER *Atlanta Journal*

THE bewildering football season of 1931 proved beyond all doubt that few teams that are rushed to get ready for some early October test can remain at the peak through late November games. As a rule they are physically worn down and emotionally burned out.

Many strong teams that started the campaign with a dash, finished sprawled out. Others that were beaten early, came back with a stampeding drive. No miler could ever win by running the first quarter in forty-eight seconds. This was proved in the games between Yale and Harvard, Notre Dame and the Army, Notre Dame and Southern California, Northwestern and Purdue, Tennessee and Kentucky, Colgate and Syracuse, to mention only a few.

Notre Dame started with a wild sweep and then fell before Southern California and the Army. Yale won no major game up to her Harvard test and Harvard had won every game until the Yale meeting, yet it was the Blue that fluttered above the Crimson when the two met.

Tulane alone, with its speed and its smoothness, finished November at full strength and Tulane made no effort to get ready in any great hurry for her first tests. The wear and tear showed on Georgia, Notre Dame, Northwestern and Harvard to a marked degree and all this must be taken into consideration when one starts to consider the work of individual stars. They often rise and fall as their teams rise and fall, for they are all a part of the organization which they represent.

There were more than the usual number of injuries this last season, due in part to incorrect blocking, the hardest and the roughest section of the game. And these injuries cut heavily into more than one strong team. The West Coast again proved its strength with victories over Minnesota, Notre Dame and Dartmouth. The South had one of its greatest years with three or four strong teams. The Mid-West had a strong, general average, but the East was more spotty than usual.

Teams from the Missouri Valley and the Southwest were not quite up to old standards, although Southern Methodist had a fine year. Harvard crushed Texas, and Pittsburgh slaughtered Nebraska when the Westerners moved from their own soil into Eastern play. Pittsburgh, Harvard and Cornell had the best seasons in the East with only one defeat marked against each team named and with Pittsburgh rated strongest on the season's play.

The selection of the All-America team presented the usual difficulties, and yet in many respects the nominations were made simpler than usual through the final returns down the stretch where more than a few stars who were in the running up to the last set of games fell by the wayside. Each of the special observers whose names appear at the top of this page began gathering in all available data from coaches and officials at the start of the season and checked each week against the play of each leading star in all sections mentioned.

Before taking up the separate nomi-

The LINE-UP

Left End

GERALD DALRYMPLE

TULANE UNIVERSITY

Season's outstanding end; quick to diagnose plays; rarely boxed; end never turned; fine pass receiver

◆

Left Tackle

JESS QUATSE

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH

Fast, powerful, aggressive; rated by Notre Dame, Army and Nebraska as Pittsburgh's outstanding star

◆

Left Guard

CLARENCE MUNN

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Most versatile lineman in football; one of leading plungers and kickers; hard blocker; smashing tackler

◆

Center

MAYNARD MORRISON

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Excellent passer; playing loose center made his team impregnable from tackle to tackle; star defender against passes

Right Guard

HERMAN HICKMAN

UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE

South's star lineman; weighing above 220 pounds, one of fastest men on team; alert, aggressive

◆

Right Tackle

PAUL SCHWEGLER

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

Fast moving giant, bulwark of Washington defense; very little ground gained over his position for three years

◆

Right End

VERNON (Catfish) SMITH

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

Remarkable competitor; leading factor in four of Georgia's leading victories; daring type who came through in a pinch

Quarterback

BARRY WOOD

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

A great opportunist who delivers in a crisis; brilliant passer; inspiring leader; star in four major victories

◆

Left Halfback

MARCHMONT SCHWARTZ

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

Master of all the tricks of ball carrying; elusive open-field runner; fine passer; one of the best punters

◆

Right Halfback

ERNEST RENTNER

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

Probably the best all-around back of the year; able to star in every type of offensive and defensive play

◆

Fullback

GAIUS SHAVER

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

A slashing type of back with amazing versatility; plunges, slants, sweeps, kicks, passes, blocks and tackles

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nations it will be interesting to show the number of stars that came up for inspection, where in any number of cases the margin was extremely close:

Centers—Morrison, Michigan; Yarr, Notre Dame; Miller, Purdue; McDuffee, Columbia; Chalmers, N. Y. U.; Niblett, Georgia Tech.; Medanich, California; Gracey, Vanderbilt; Lodrigues, Tulane.

Guards—Munn, Minnesota; Hickman, Tennessee; Baker, Southern California; Hoffman, Notre Dame; Summerfelt and Trice, Army; Grenda, Columbia; Scafide, Tulane; Mattox and Leathers, Georgia; Rotan, Yale.

Tackles — Schwegler, Washington; Quatse and MacMurdo, Pittsburgh; Krause and Kurth, Notre Dame; Price, Army; Hardy, Harvard; Saunders, Tennessee; Edwards, Washington State; Leyendecker, Vanderbilt; Wilbur, Yale; Colehower, Pennsylvania; Riley and Marvil, Northwestern; Rhea, Nebraska; Wright, Kentucky.

Ends—Dalrymple, Tulane; Smith, Georgia; Cronkite, Kansas State; Orsi, Colgate; Haynes, Tulane; Barres, Yale; Cavaleri, Holy Cross; Kosky, Notre Dame; Moss, Purdue; Riblett, Penn.

Quarterbacks—Wood, Harvard; Morton, Dartmouth; Mohler, Southern California; Downs, Georgia; O'Connell, Holy Cross; Cramer, Ohio State.

Halfbacks—Schwartz, Notre Dame; Rentner, Northwestern; Stecker, Army; McEver, Tennessee; Pinckert, Southern California; Zimmerman, Tulane; Auker, Kansas State; Koy, Texas; Mason, S. M. U.; Crickard, Harvard; Murphy, Fordham; Booth, Yale; Grossman, Rutgers; McCall, Dartmouth; Caddel, Stanford; Henderson, Vanderbilt; Mott, Georgia; Reider, Pittsburgh; Viviano, Cornell; Ferraro, Cornell; Hinkle, Bucknell; Weller, Haskell; Moffat, Stanford.

Fullbacks—Shaver, Southern California; Cain, Alabama; Felts, Tulane; Hillman, Stanford; Hewitt, Michigan; Manders, Minnesota.

Sectional Nominations

The nominations made from this list follow—each given full consideration.

West Coast—by Mr. Templeton: Schwegler, Washington; Shaver, Southern California; Medanich, California.

Missouri Valley—by Mr. McBride: Auker, Kansas State; Cronkite, Kansas State.

Southwest—by Mr. White: Koy, Texas, and Mason, S. M. U., rated as two best men.

South—by Mr. Keeler: Dalrymple, Tulane; Smith, Georgia; McEver, Tennessee; Hickman, Tennessee; Zimmerman, Tulane.

Mid-West—by Mr. Salsinger: Schwartz, Notre Dame; Rentner, Northwestern; Hoffman, Notre Dame; Marvil, Northwestern; Morrison, Michigan; Hewitt, Michigan; Munn, Minnesota; Cramer, Ohio State.

East—by Grantland Rice: Wood, Harvard; Hardy, Harvard; Orsi, Colgate; Murphy, Fordham; Quatse, Pittsburgh; Viviano, Cornell.

Mr. Cochrane, with a roving assignment: Cronkite, Kansas State; Marvil, Northwestern; Rhea, Nebraska; Munn, Minnesota; Hoffman, Notre Dame; Yarr, Notre Dame; Wood, Harvard; Schwartz, Notre Dame; Mohler, Southern California.

Probably the closest battle on the entire list came among the end selections. Dalrymple was out in front with something to spare. But Smith, Orsi and Cronkite were in a driving finish and Smith of Georgia was finally given the edge in consideration of the terrific schedule he had to face which included ten hard games and almost no respite from one week to another. Both Orsi and Cronkite are brilliant ends, but neither was called upon to face the heavy and continued pressure which Smith had to endure.

Naturally, the backfield battle was just as close. If Shaver had been placed at quarterback, Gene McEver of Tennessee would have drawn the fullback assignment. He was still a powerful running back although a leg injury suffered last year cut away some of his elusiveness. Morton of Dartmouth was nearest Wood in the East, but Wood rose to greater heights at times and his all-around effectiveness as a team director was more consistent. Ray Stecker of the Army and Crickard of Harvard were two other outstanding stars. Stecker's run against Notre Dame was the greatest of the year.

The team finally selected has a greater combination of speed and power than any team named in many years. It has been a long time since any All-America backfield had such a diversity of skill as Rentner, Schwartz and Shaver can show. Here are three backs who can run, kick, pass, block, receive a pass, tackle or handle any part of the backfield game. They were closely pressed by McEver, Auker, Zimmerman, Pinckert, Crickard, Stecker, Viviano, Murphy and others, as any All-America selection must be in this day and time.

Each of the backs selected was forced to face a heavy schedule all along the line. It is still difficult for the followers of football in any one locality to believe that other football centers may have stars quite on a par with their best, and yet this must be true in such a vast area.

The battle for line positions was just as keen as the battle of the backs. The final selection brought out one remarkable turn—this is probably the heaviest All-America line ever selected, and yet one of the fastest and one of the most aggressive. The average weight of the line from tackle to tackle is two hundred and fifteen pounds and yet there isn't a slow-moving man in the group.

Vernon (Catfish) Smith, end, University of Georgia. Height, 6:2. Weight, 193. Home, Macon, Georgia

Once again it should be stated that it was difficult to leave off such stars as McEver of Tennessee, Orsi of Colgate, Cronkite of Kansas State, Morton of Dartmouth, Baker of Southern California and Hardy of Harvard. They were among the elect. But in this respect a sketch of each man selected tells its own story in detail.

Maynard Morrison

Two years ago Morrison was converted from a plunging fullback into a center and asked to carry on the traditions of superb center play at Michigan, a school that had developed in the past such pivot men as Schulz, Smith, Miller, Vick, Blott, Brown and others. Morrison developed rapidly and this year he reached the top of his form. He is a good passer, has a hard offensive-charge and plays a roving center on defense. Much of the ground gained by Michigan this year was gained behind Morrison, while on defense few yards were gained by opposing teams between the Michigan tackles. He is a splendid defense man against the forward pass.

Michigan's defensive record reflects Morrison's defensive ability. Five successive opponents—Illinois, Princeton, Indiana, Michigan State and Minnesota—averaged one first down per game against Michigan. Minnesota, alone, scored more yardage against Northwestern than Minnesota, Illinois, Indiana and Princeton combined could score against Michigan. Against Northwestern, as well as against all his other opponents except Michigan, Jack Manders of Minnesota compiled such an imposing record of yardage that he was called the equal, if not the superior, of Herb Joesting, but against Michigan the plunging of Manders was reduced to a whisper. All Minnesota could show in rushing against Michigan was one first down.

Ernest Rentner, halfback, Northwestern University. Height, 6:1. Weight, 185. Home, Joliet, Illinois

Paul Schwegler, tackle, University of Washington. Height, 6:4. Weight, 212. Home, Raymond, Washington

Clarence Munn

Stocky, hard, powerful and fast. Frequently he breaks up plays before they get under way. He is the strongest link of defense in a line that is noted for its weight and power, a powerful blocker, whose smashing interference made possible several of Minnesota's victories.

Munn was probably the most versatile forward in major football. Besides being the main pillar of the Minnesota line he did the punting for his team and some of the running. He would run from punt formation and proved himself one of the best line-smashers. He would make a great back.

Jess Quatse

Quatse of Pittsburgh is part of the proof which shows how difficult it often is to locate the star on a team. Most of the mid-season and late-season comment favored MacMurdo, Daugherty, Reider and Heller on the Panther squad. Yet three sets of scouts working on Pittsburgh each came back and named Quatse at tackle as the star of Pitt's powerful line. And both Notre Dame and the Army picked Quatse without any debate on the matter.

Most of Pittsburgh's opponents found this big, fast Panther forward one of the hardest men of the year to handle. Pittsburgh had one of the star teams of the country. Any aggregation able to beat Army 26 to 0 and crush Nebraska 40 to 0 had to have its full share of stuff. Pittsburgh had one of the strongest lines that football has known in some time and Quatse, keen, alert, powerfully built, fast and aggressive, was even above the play of MacMurdo and Daugherty, who were among the best.

Paul Schwegler

Schwegler has been a star at Washington for three years. He is picked by Dink Templeton as the leading entry from the Pacific Coast. He was named by many last season as one of the great tackles of the country, but he came to his peak this past fall with the added experience that lifted him above the group.

Schwegler has played three games against Stanford in the last three years. Yet in that time Pop Warner's elusive and powerful offensive drives have yet to make a first down through his position. The Washington star is a big man, but he is also extremely fast and active, aggressive and mentally on top of the job.

Herman Hickman, guard, University of Tennessee. Height, 5:10. Weight, 228. Home, Knoxville, Tennessee

Vernon Smith

Like Dalrymple, an unorthodox player, and more on the spectacular side. Addicted to rising to emergencies of the most critical type, as in his leaping catch of a pass in the end zone against Vanderbilt, with three foes about him—and kicking the point afterward. Against New York he kicked the winning point under the greatest pressure. Against Yale he rushed Taylor into throwing the ball away on an attempted pass, which Leathers intercepted. He also threw Taylor for a 27-yard loss at a juncture singularly inconvenient for Yale; and stopped Booth consistently at his end.

Gaius Shaver, fullback, University of Southern California. Height, 5:11. Weight, 185. Home, Covina, California

Barry Wood, quarterback, Harvard University. Height, 6:1. Weight, 173. Home, Milton, Massachusetts

Marchmont Schwartz, halfback, University of Notre Dame. Height, 5:11. Weight, 176. Home, Bay St. Louis, Mississippi

Maynard Morrison, center, University of Michigan. Height, 5:10. Weight, 210. Home, Royal Oak, Michigan

Clarence Munn, guard, University of Minnesota. Height, 5:10½. Weight, 221. Home, Minneapolis, Minnesota

Jess Quatse, tackle, University of Pittsburgh. Height, 5:10. Weight, 205. Home, Greensburg, Pennsylvania

Gerald Dalrymple, end, Tulane University. Height, 5:10. Weight, 170. Home, Little Rock, Arkansas

His play against Tulane requires a bit of explanation. Tulane respected him sufficiently to send two and three men against him all through the game, in attack, and if the rest of the Georgia team had been playing up to Smith and Buster Mott this of course would have been unfeasible.

Herman Hickman

That most unusual type of lineman, a huge, fast man. His coach, Bob Neyland, tells me he can outrun half the backs on the squad and that in a 50-yard test dash he outran Fritz Brandt, star end of last year, by a yard. On defense, no team has gained over or past him. In attack, he is a holy terror at opening holes, and he is the best guard Tennessee has in coming out of the line to run interference in end sweeps. He is a savage blocker, keeping his own feet well when needed further in interference and taking out opponents conclusively. He is a tremendously hard worker in practice and in the game he bears down furiously every minute. Neyland says he does not believe there can be a better guard in all-around ability in America. As a matter of fact, he does not believe his equal is playing today. They trust Hickman implicitly. In the Florida game the Gators had the ball on the one-yard line, shot two plays at Hickman, and lost a yard and a half on each.

Gerald Dalrymple

Dalrymple is not what is called an orthodox end; rather, like Catfish Smith, he is a high-pressure competitive athlete with original ideas which are uniformly useful. He is an aggressive, slashing player who fits ideally into the Tulane defensive system of 6-3-2. He is responsible for the inside and his main function is piling up interference, jamming plays in process of forming, and stripping the ball carrier of his protection, leaving the secondary to make the tackle.

His exceptional speed and diagnostic ability enable him to go beyond this job often, not only spilling interference but also getting the carrier. Against certain types of attack, Dalrymple has been known to leave his end, shift into the backfield, and usually place himself where the play is going. So extreme is his divination that not once this season has this ordinarily dangerous practice been penalized by a reverse—he does not declare himself until the play has taken form, and his speed permits him to revert to the protection of his normal position, if necessary.

He did this several times against Georgia, Vanderbilt and the Texas Aggies. He is credited with saving the game with the latter; he observed that Domingue, star Texas back, ran invariably to his right. Every time Domingue was back, Jerry moved behind the line as far over as the defensive fullback position. This made it possible for him once to bring down Domingue after the latter had gone thirty-three yards and seemed headed for a sure touchdown.

On offense, Dalrymple's brilliant work on the opposing tackle has paved the way for many of Zimmerman's off-tackle and end plays.

Barry Wood

Barry Wood cannot be entered as a great all-around football player. But he has outstanding qualities that make him a valuable addition to any team. He is smart, cool and keen, even in the midst of heavy trouble. His mind is always working along right lines. He is logical in his thinking, a great percentage figurer, and is never rattled or upset. More often than not in a pinch he has the right play.

His work against the Army was brilliant in every way. He won that game and then saved it three times when it seemed to be lost. He was the leading winning factor against Dartmouth and Holy Cross and his work in the Texas game was of a high order. Great defensive strength broke up almost every play he called in the Yale game, but it is doubtful if any quarter could have done more. In addition, he is one of the highest types football has ever known, and one of the greatest of the all-around athletes who have gained gridiron fame.

Wood is an able passer and when his kicking went astray in the Yale game he fell back on a change with Crickard holding the ball and made a net gain of 151 yards on three attempts.

Marchmont Schwartz

Schwartz was the hub of one of the smoothest working attacks that Notre Dame has ever offered in football. As a ball carrier Schwartz combines intelligence with mechanical skill. He has all the tricks—speed, change of pace, pivot, straight-arm, hip swing, knee action. He is one of the most elusive runners who have roamed the football fields in several decades. Lacking the weight of many of his contemporaries, Schwartz still does considerable plunging. He goes through tackle. He sweeps the ends. He is one of the longest forward passers in years and he passes with distance as well as accuracy, eluding three and four defense men as he criss-crosses deep in his backfield to give his receivers time to get down the field. He is a good blocker and a fairly good tackler.

Ernest Rentner

A balanced back, Rentner is one of the best ball carriers the Western Conference has ever produced. He has the best change of pace seen in the Conference since Grange showed football what a change of pace should be. He has remarkable drive. He is at his best when sweeping the ends and his sweeps are used for building up lateral pass plays. He is the best forward passer in the Big Ten. He has a fine straight-arm and pivot. He can go through a broken field as well as any man playing football today. He blocks well and tackles hard.

He is a hard man to tackle and a hard man to bring down, once tackled. He frequently breaks loose from two and three tacklers. He averaged something like five yards per running play this year and more than twenty yards in returning kicks. In most of his games he has returned kicks for from sixty to ninety-five yards for touchdowns. Against Minnesota he ran ninety-five yards for a touchdown after receiving the opening kick-off of the second half and later in this half he ran eighty yards for a touchdown after receiving a punt. He is an intelligent football player, an aggressive one and a courageous one. Against Minnesota he played with a fractured thumb, being unable to hold the ball with his right hand.

Gaius Shaver

Shaver is solidly built, fast and aggressive. He is an inspired player when the occasion demands, a fine leader for any backfield. He played fullback (reserve) for two years. This season he has been used both at quarterback and fullback. He is a natural fullback and the assignment of calling signals indicates an unusual amount of football intelligence.

He is one of the best plungers of the season but he can also go off tackle and sweep the ends. He has powerful leg drive and good straight-arm. He can, and does, punt, forward pass and lateral pass. He is a hard blocker, a sure tackler. He receives passes as well as makes them. He scored both Southern California's touchdowns against Notre Dame. He showed superb generalship while he called signals in that game, mixed his plays beautifully and nearly always sent them to the right spot.

Ambassador of Business

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

YES, Mr. President, that is all very fine, but it is perfectly Utopian." A comment is being addressed to Herbert Hoover by Mr. Silas H. Strawn, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, in what I shall have to admit, in the interests of honesty, is an imaginary conversation.

Utopian is one of Mr. Strawn's favorite words. If there had been handed down to him the hard, tight accent of his Scotch forebears, the word might sting and burn. Imagine "Utopian" said to you in broad Scots, especially if you were President of the United States.

But Mr. Strawn has spent his life in the gay and exuberant city of Chicago. He has found life good and rather amusing. He is frank, outspoken, good-humored and sympathetic. He says whatever is on his mind without reservation, but in a way that gives no offense, since he speaks without the slightest suggestion of condescension. "A man's a man for a' that," even if he is President of the United States.

The chief Scotch trait about Mr. Strawn is a good, hard head. When chiefs of departments in the Chamber of Commerce of the United States come in to report to him and start to tell him what they are going to do, all their grand plans, he says, "Oh, I don't care what you are going to do. What I want to know is what you have done." He understands perfectly that fine plans for the future are commonly an escape from inaction in the present and even incapacity for execution.

So he often brings Mr. Hoover down to earth with his hard realism. The President soars easily away into that realm where there is "a chicken in every pot and two cars in every garage." In a way it is probably a compensation to him for the hard present in which his administration has been cast. He is easily carried away by his big ideas. Explaining his desire to be renominated and reëlected, he said to a Republican, "There are so many things that I want to do that I have no opportunity to do."

Most visitors to the President, even important visitors called in for consultation, say "Yes, yes," to him. But not so Mr. Strawn. He is not only a realist but utterly frank—frank not only to the borders of indiscretion, but far beyond those borders.

A "No-Man" Among "Yes-Men"

He is the ambassador of business to the White House. He occupies the big Greek temple of business across the square from the White House half of the time; the other half is spent tending to his own affairs in Chicago. His year as president of the Chamber of Commerce has been a very interesting one, when President Hoover was constantly calling in business leaders for conference on how to get rid of the business depression. So he has been called often to the White House.

Mr. Hoover evidently appreciates the value of Mr. Strawn's blunt comments. He does not hesitate to give the President unwelcome advice—as when he has urged upon the President repeatedly the wisdom of recommending to Congress the legalizing of beer as a means of stimulating business and increasing the demand for labor.

The government of the United States is a good deal more than you will find written down in the Constitution of the United States. The head of the Chamber of Commerce hasn't any administrative functions in the government, but as an adviser it is a question whether any member of the Cabinet has as much influence as the president of the Chamber. And Mr. Strawn has probably played a bigger part than any of his predecessors.

Why Mr. Hoover Listens

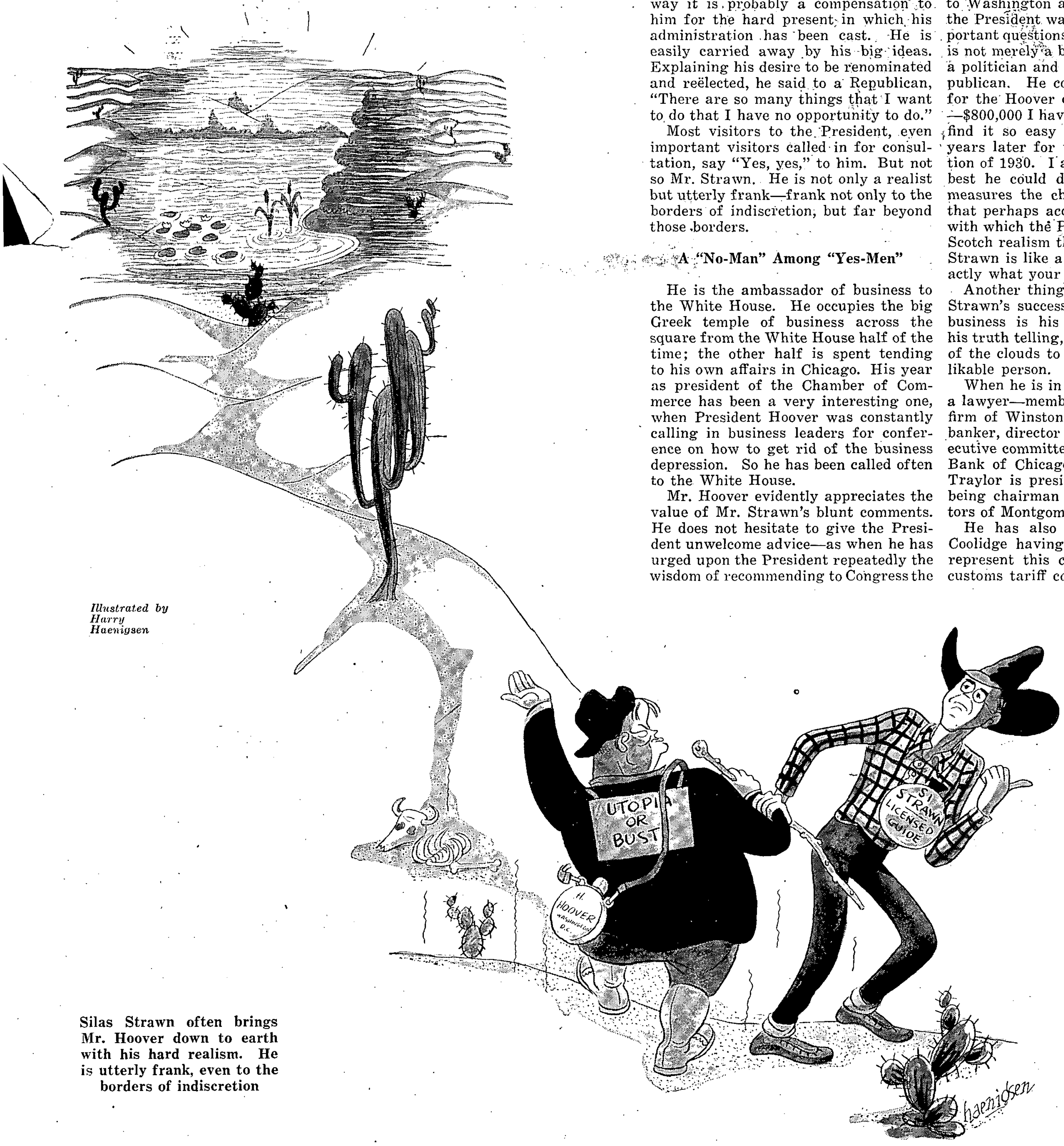
There are several reasons why this is so. In the first place Mr. Strawn came to Washington at a critical time, when the President was seeking advice on important questions. Then, too, Mr. Strawn is not merely a big business man. He is a politician and a highly important Republican. He collected a lot of money for the Hoover campaign fund in 1928—$800,000 I have been told. He did not find it so easy to get the money two years later for the Congressional election of 1930. I am told $80,000 was the best he could do in that year, which measures the change in circumstances that perhaps accounts for the patience with which the President listens to hard Scotch realism that never flatters. Mr. Strawn is like a banker who knows exactly what your balance in the bank is.

Another thing that accounts for Mr. Strawn's success as the ambassador of business is his personality. Without his truth telling, his bringing things out of the clouds to the earth, he is a very likable person.

When he is in Chicago Mr. Strawn is a lawyer—member of the distinguished firm of Winston, Strawn and Shaw—a banker, director and member of the executive committee of the First National Bank of Chicago—of which Melvin A. Traylor is president—and a merchant, being chairman of the board of directors of Montgomery Ward & Co.

He has also been a diplomat, Mr. Coolidge having sent him to China to represent this country at the Chinese customs tariff conference. He was also chairman of the international commission on extra-territorial jurisdiction in China. President Coolidge wanted him to prosecute the oil frauds, a task which Justice Owen J. Roberts subsequently performed so brilliantly. A Senate committee looked into his qualifications. Senator Dill asked him about his investments. Mr. Strawn confessed to owning a good many shares of First National Bank of Chicago stock.

"How much is it worth a share?" asked the senator. Mr. Strawn told him. "Why, that is nearly half a million dollars!" said the senator. Mr. Strawn reported back to the President that he was afraid the Senate had found him too rich.



Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

Silas Strawn often brings Mr. Hoover down to earth with his hard realism. He is utterly frank, even to the borders of indiscretion

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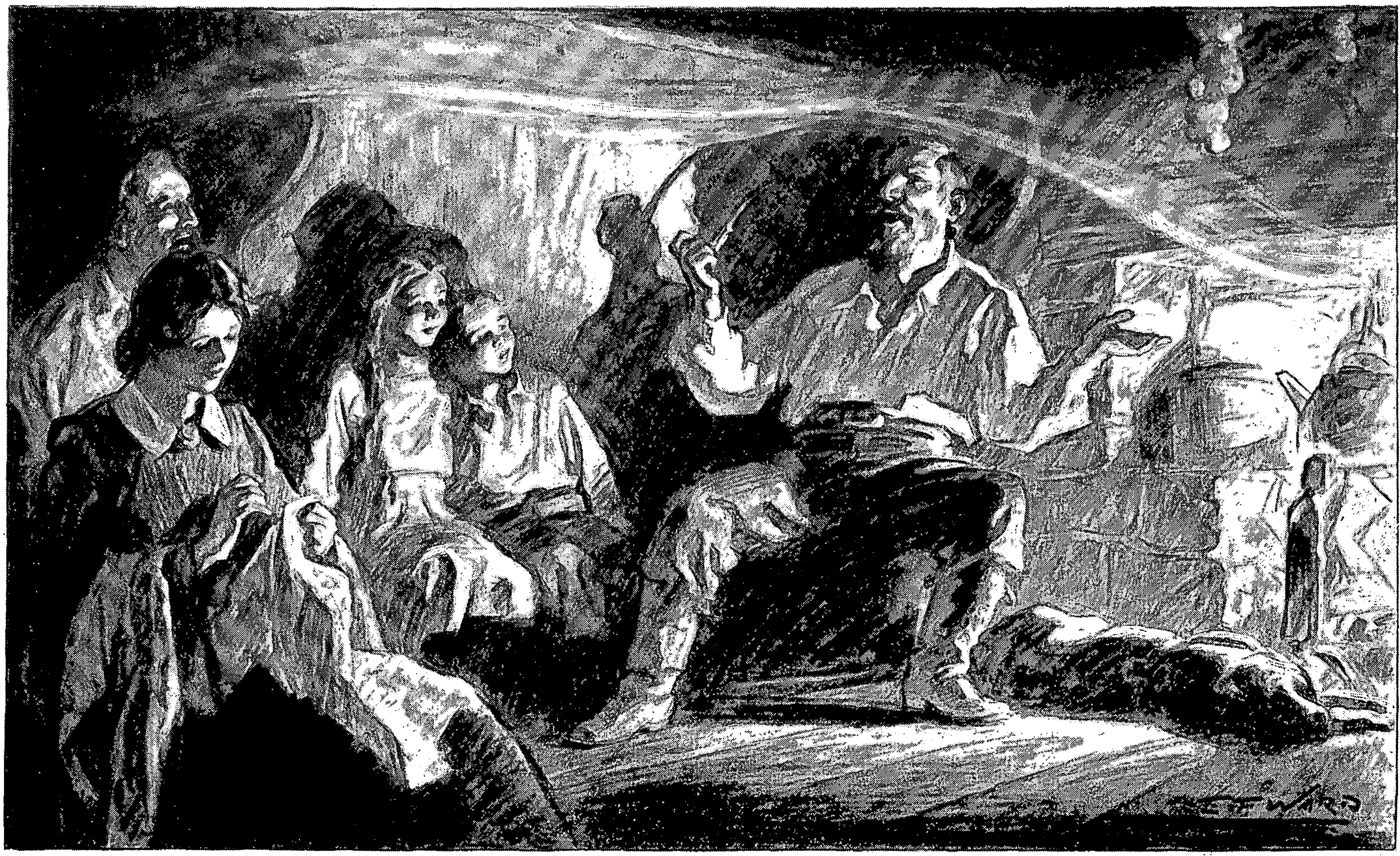


When he didn't know a right English word he'd put in German, which added to the mystery and delight

I Remember one Christmas

Of what is true happiness compounded? Perhaps much of the answer may be found in this lovely Yuletide story

By Berthe K. Mellett

Illustrated by E. F. Ward

ALL of a sudden the bottom fell out of the boom and real estate began eating its head off in taxes the way real estate does when the bottom falls out of a boom. It sounds funny to say that people had gone West from Minnesota, but that's what my father and mother did when the gold spike was driven into the last Northern Pacific tie joining Puget Sound with the rest of the world to the east.

Everybody who could manage it went West then. Things looked awfully good out there. Mountains and climate and salt water and no thunderstorms, and timber—all that. People bought land and laid out town sites as though they had to get a hold on every inch before other people came and wanted some too. When others did come and wanted some, prices sailed sky high. That went on for a long time. Then the bottom fell out and all those who hadn't unloaded in time had options and mortgages and notes on hand and nothing else. Why, you couldn't give town lots away to get rid of interest and tax charges. There was nothing to do but let the property go to pay the taxes.

My father'd got caught like the rest, but he was a little better off because he'd built a tub- and bucket-factory in a gulch where there was a creek running down to the Sound. Ships sailed around the Horn and over to China and Japan, so you could sell enough tubs and buckets to pay interest on your factory, anyway. The creek down through the gulch was an item, too, because finishing off cedar makes a powder so fine it's almost explosive and, fire departments not amounting to much yet, insurance companies wouldn't cover such plants.

My father felt pretty safe, though, on account of having tapped the creek quite a ways back and built overhead flumes. The flumes spilled into the bay as long as everything was all right, but if a spark showed they could be switched around onto the mill.

We must have got along fine there, though I can't remember much, being pretty little. All I know is that the wading was good both out where tides came in over a warm beach and back where fresh cold water rattled and spanked in the creek. We had a little house high on one bluff of the gulch, and now when I think of it I can see doors and windows open with clean starchy curtains blowing in the freshest breeze that ever was.

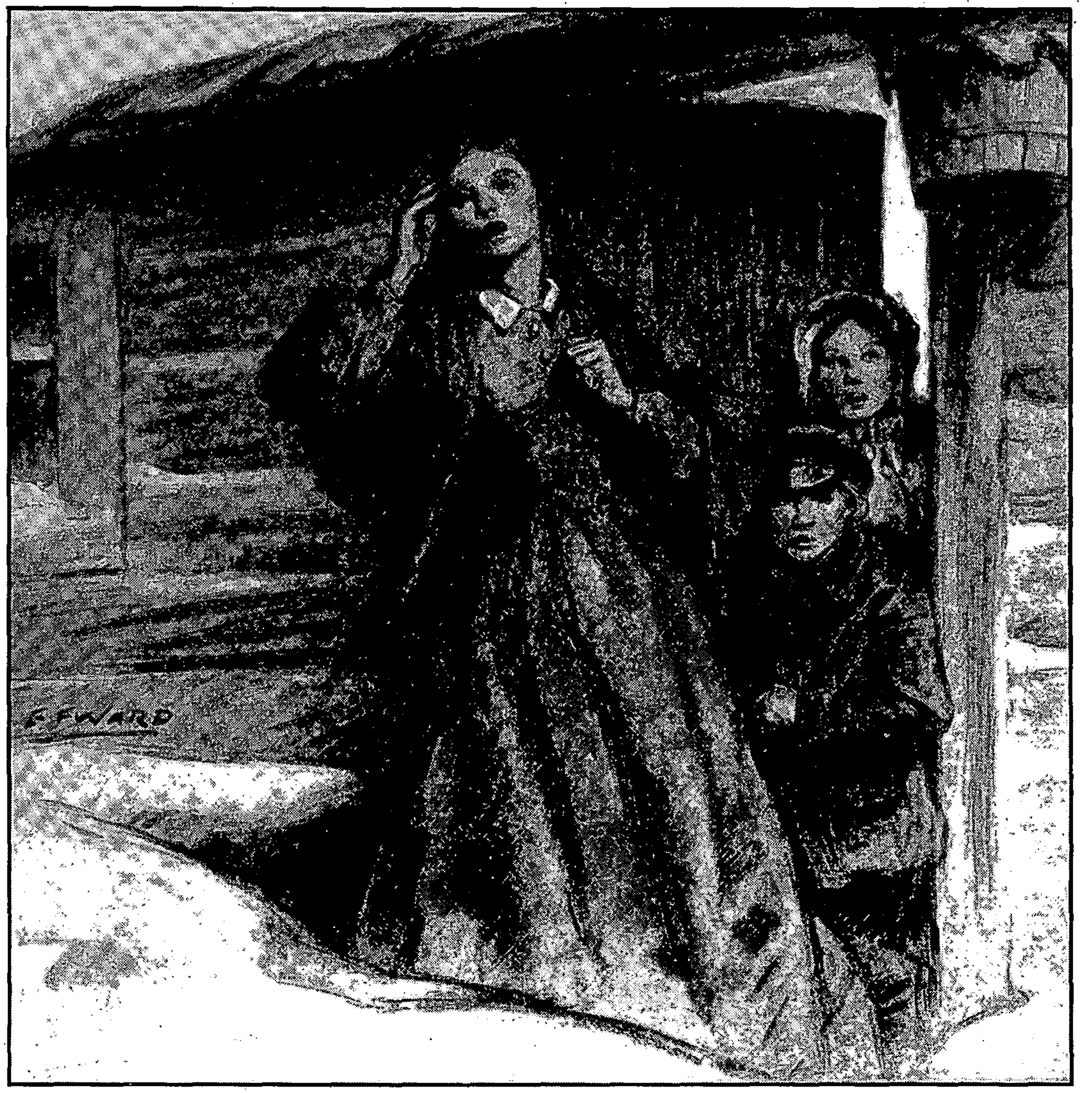
THERE weren't many birds on account of tall firs and cedars all around. It's too far up to the sun in firs and cedars for birds to build and sing. But planing machines made plenty of high, shrill music in the mill. And gulls—always gulls, swinging and dipping and calling. Besides gulls we had kingfishers! I got my love for a certain kind of blue from thinking, when I was a little girl, that nothing in the world was so pretty as a kingfisher. It must have been lovely, there at the mill.

We never knew where the fire broke out or who started it, though somebody surely did. But all at once while we were at Sunday morning breakfast my father jumped and ran. We ran too, Mother and Brother and I, getting only so far as the front yard. Behind us starchy curtains blew in a fine fresh breeze. Down at the beach other great curtains blew, but they were red and stood bottom side up with long fingers beating and snapping in the same breeze that blew the white ones. My father hadn't stopped in the yard. Halfway downhill he threw up his hands and called out a long dreadful cry. The wooden flumes were cut. They'd been sawed off in the night. Great pieces like boxes with three sides ripped off lay on the ground here and there. We never did find the night watchman.

After that the next thing I remember is Mother standing out from shore dipping up buckets of salt water and handing them to men who ran and threw them as high as they could into great bellying red curtains bulging out against a bright blue sky. It was Sunday, and Saturday night so many men had gone to town that there weren't enough to make a line and hand buckets up. So they ran and Mother dipped. She was an awfully pretty woman with soft brown eyes. Her gingham dress was knotted up as she dipped. Tears ran out of her pretty eyes and her throat made twisted, moaning sounds.

My brother and I had never heard her cry out loud before. He had a lard pail, my brother had, and when he heard her cry he began running up the beach too, to get the fire out quick so she wouldn't need to do it any more. My father came from what looked like the center of the fire and grabbed him. After that Father stood in the water and my mother and my brother and I sat on the beach and cried and cried.

Well, when that was over there was nothing left to do but stake out a ranch and prove up on it. My mother, for all her soft eyes, didn't give in any too easily.



"Hello!" she called. Her voice hit the roof of her mouth and clanged out

"I WON'T raise two children seven miles back from tidewater," she said. "They'll never get out. There isn't even a school."

"There'll be a school," my father answered. He was the hopefullest, happiest-hearted man you ever saw. "And when we've got a hundred and sixty acres of our own all cleared and bearing, we can all get out, any time we want to. I believe in this country. You've got to believe, once you've seen it. Why, that forty with the lake on it will make us rich, not counting the rest. It isn't as though we had to start slashing and burning the forest for ground enough to plant seeds. Digging ditches is easier and quicker than slashing, let alone the loamy soil underneath, once an inland lake is drained."

Whether Mother thought so or not, we went to the ranch. Plans were made first, lists written of all we'd have to have to live through winter and build a house. Everything was loaded on a scow, hitched behind a tug, towed to the nearest beach and stored there, with the house lumber piled into shelters for the rest. There were flour, sugar, kerosene, sweetened canned milk, trunks, even a pony, on the scow. The pony was important. He'd be used to snake things up over the trail to the ranch, there being no road for a wagon; just the trail deer hunters and their dogs had made. Next spring we'd have a cow. Now there was nothing for a cow to live on if winter should happen to be hard. Western ponies can always scratch up enough snow to find grass and moss underneath.

A TUG passed the landing twice a week, once going up the Sound, once coming back. As tides had to be figured, on account of a very swift narrows to be got through, there couldn't be any regular time for starting either way. Passengers had to figure tides, too, and be there. The narrows ripped around a huge point between an island and the mainland. If you caught a wrong tide, even tugs weren't safe. Full steam ahead, with a deck hand shoving cord wood under the boiler as hard as he could, they'd as likely as not slip back, get into an eddy and spin and spin. Hardly any rowboats at all had ever kept right side up when the tide turned.

It was fun on the boat looking back at the pony, nibbling red splinters off a bunch of shingles and looking so sagacious you'd think he'd taken scow rides every day of his life. But children had to be watched on tugboats those days. The deck was about a foot wide at each side, all white and slick from water, with no rail around. Once, even Mrs. Vanderhoff, the captain's wife who lived on the boat summers and went back East winters, blew off and they didn't know she was gone. When the captain finally missed her he nearly went crazy. Turning right around, he went back, and there she was, at the end of about two miles, sitting on the water. Her woolen skirts had filled with air like a balloon, and she'd had the sense to sit still and let well enough alone.

We two children liked the ranch. There was a log cabin beside the lake, built by deer hunters a long time before. They'd put up a shake shack for their ponies, too. Shakes are short cedar planks, hand-split, like long shingles. The log cabin was going to do for us until Father and the hired man got a house up.

Everything we had, every two-by-four to build with, every sack of flour and sugar, had to be snaked uphill seven miles by pony, Father walking behind.

The cabin had log walls and split-log floors. The hired man made a room for himself over the pony in the shake shack. He was the nicest hired man in the world, and his name was Fred Fields. My brother and I followed him all around, listening to the way he talked, part English and part German. He was very superior to other hired men. Once we got a stranger in to help out. He was too good for the basin outside, so came into the cabin to wash up for breakfast. Afterward, to show how refined he was, he used my mother's toothbrush. I guess that was about the second time we ever heard her cry. Toothbrushes were down seven miles of trail and up ten miles of rowboat ride through dangerous narrows, if you had to have one before the boat came by again and the captain's wife could get a note.

BUT a toothbrush that will tide over can be made from fresh willows, shredded and tied together like a little toy broom. My father was good at inventing things that would do for a while. There was a toy he used to whittle for us, a little wooden man with a cross-cut saw fastened the long way down from his stomach and balanced with a weight. You could stand him on a table and he would saw and saw away at the edge. His name was always Tom Sawyer.

We had a good table built against one wall. We had a fine black stove on spraddly legs. It had been snaked in. My bed rolled under the big bed and so did my brother's. It was wonderful lying so low at night and watching what huge shadows your father and mother made. Sometimes when Mother wasn't watching, Father would fix his fingers into bunches behind the lamp. Then there would be immense rabbits and wolves jumping on the wall. We looked but never laughed, because if he got caught keeping us awake we'd all be spoken to.

Everywhere around the cabin huckleberries grew. They hung in clumps so you could strip them off into your mouth if you were little enough to lie underneath. Once a small bear came from the skid road two miles beyond. He rolled over on his back and stripped berries down just the way we children did. Mother and Brother and I watched from the window. After a while Mother opened the door a crack and waved her apron through, saying "Shoo" a lot of times. He looked very disappointed at our manners, trotting away, glancing back sadly over his shoulder now and then. Lots of times we heard cougars in the night. They *do* cry like women lost in the woods.

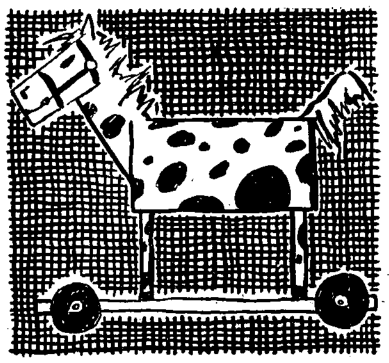
ONCE my mother shot at a lynx but didn't hit him. She did get a deer though, out in the lake before the lake was drained. She stood at the edge and got hysterical and just pumped and pumped birdshot into him. Birdshot was what happened to be in the gun. We could hardly eat any of the venison, it was so full of shot.

But that wasn't so bad because we'd all got pretty tired of venison. It was all we had—that and grouse. There were always a piece of venison and a pail full of grouse breasts in lard hung above the door outside in the shade.

After a while that year summer was gone, then fall, and it began to be winter. We missed the captain's wife when she went back East, even if she had never been nearer than seven miles and that only twice a week. Ranches look and feel different in winter. Sometimes on ours what hadn't been drained of the lake would lash and slap up until it made whitecaps like those down on the Sound, only not so big. And trees would fall. You'd hear them crack, split, shatter, sweep through the air and boom against the ground. Father'd cleared enough around the cabin so they couldn't fall on us, even the biggest ones.

Over on the skid road, two miles away, bears would gather at night and roll and roll the barrels that had held grease for the skids when they used to shoot timber down that way years before. Bears would get in the barrels to lick what was left of old grease, and roll and roll. It made low thunder, like the ninepins in Rip Van Winkle.

Maybe we'd have been scared except that there were four of us all close together in the cabin, with red wood embers on the hearth of the kitchen stove and Father whittling Tom Sawyers and singing. He knew fine songs—My Darling Nellie Gray, Tenting Tonight, The Man on the Flying Trapeze and Old Dan Tucker. About dusk the hired man would come in and tell German fairy stories. When he didn't know a right



English word he'd put in German, which added to the mystery and shivers of delight. Father and mother listened too. Afterward Father might give bits of Norse mythology.

When supper of venison or grouse, bread and canned wild berries was over, Fred went out to his place, and my brother and I were tucked in our low beds. As soon as everything was quiet Father read aloud to Mother from Victor Hugo. Victor Hugo was a modern then, and had been snaked up from the beach as a necessity. Everyone who felt that old times were gone and new times coming read Victor Hugo.

During the evening, if I kept awake so long, I might hear Mother ask what time it was.

ONE of our first pieces of bad luck on the ranch was Mother's losing her watch. It fell into the lake. Father wasn't allowed to leave his home daytimes, as just about Mother's worst dread was that sometime he'd misjudge the length of a day and she would be alone with only darkness and two children for company. Woods and bears and lakes grow much bigger when it's dark.

After she'd been told the time Mother might say that as soon as spring opened up and Father went to town she hoped he'd bring back a clock, no matter how small.

"I don't mind anything so much as being without a timepiece," she'd say. "Yes, I do, too. I mind grouse and venison more."

When it came toward Christmas the hired man wanted to go.

"He has German friends in town," Father explained. "Germans have high times at Christmas. It's no more than fair to let him off for a while. He's been pretty faithful."

So Fred went, and there were no more German fairy tales. The ranch began to stretch out big and lonesome, with winds always roaring and the sun back of clouds that were like a blackened tin roof forever crumpling up.

Parents feel pretty bad about Christmas coming and nothing for their children. But you couldn't down my mother. Once I woke up while Father read, and there she sat under the lamp sewing on a tiny red doll cape and hood. Now and then she'd fit the cape to a cloth body that she had made and stuffed with sawdust from the new house. There was no head to the body, but I knew that even if it never had a head I could imagine one. Next night I pretended some more. She crocheted this time, making little pants and a jacket from scraps of different colored wool, fitting them to another body.

"JOSEPH in his coat of many colors," she said to Father. "Red Riding Hood for Sister, Joseph for Brother."

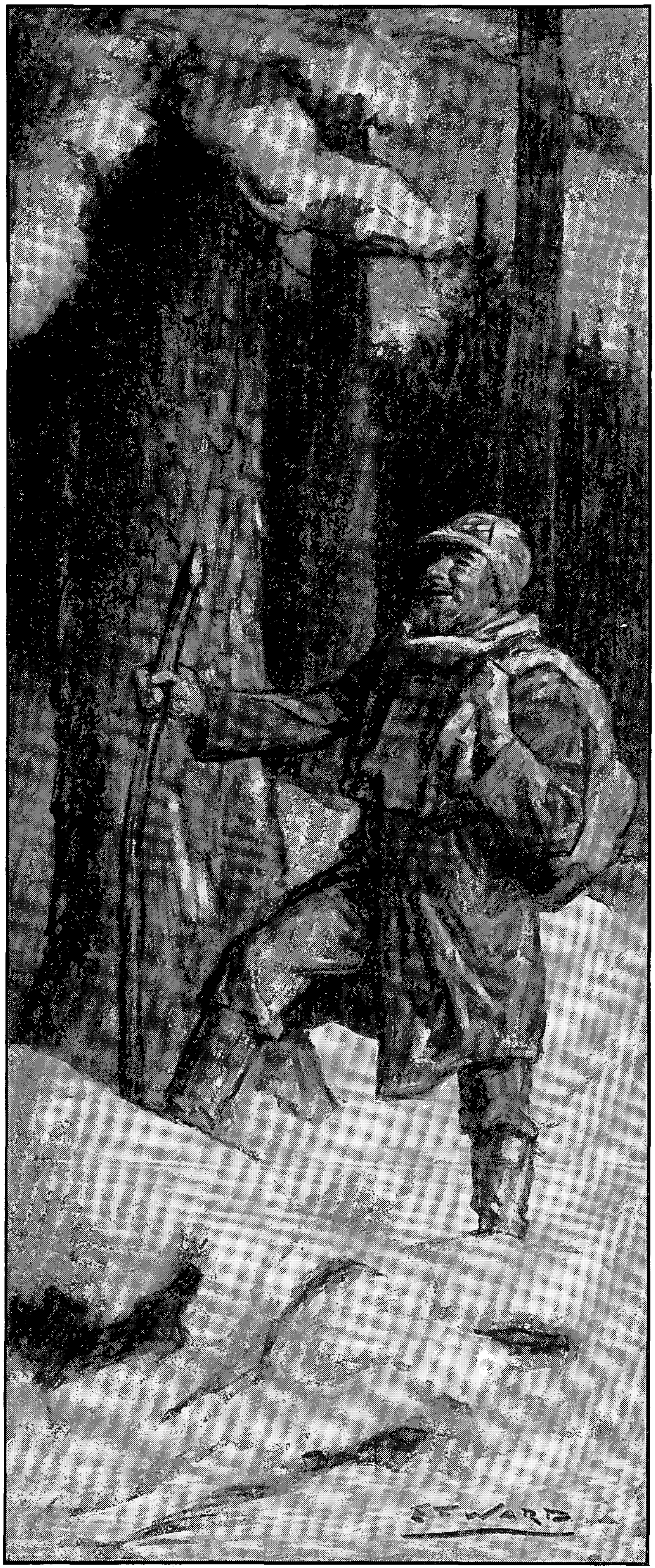
Maybe Father couldn't imagine heads. Maybe they'd already made plans to get some. Anyway, two days before Christmas he started off to catch the boat that passed that morning going to town. Next day he'd watch for a right tide and row back.

We all had breakfast together long before daylight. It had started to rain. Rain pounded the roof and sloshed heavily over the eaves. When Father went we watched until the woods swallowed him. First we could see lantern light on the wet shine of his rubber coat and hat and boots. Then only the lantern winking. Then nothing but blackness.

"Watch the tide!" Mother kept calling even when he was gone. "Look out for those narrows. Remember you have a wife and two children alone in the woods."

About noon wind came up. We heard it howling a long ways off through the timber. Next the lake slapped up. Long whips of water came from the lake, stinging against the window on that side. Mother stood watching the sky a lot.

My brother and I didn't get scared much because we had her. But it's queer how the wind blows and trees fall when your father's away.



He carried a sack, too. He'd packed it all the way from town

In the night I woke again. Mother wasn't sewing, though the lamp still burned. She held Joseph against the window for a shade, looking out under him. Something strange and terrible had happened to the night. It wasn't howling and beating any more. Rain didn't pound. But the stillness was a great deal worse than any noise.

"What's the matter?" I whispered.

She whirled, hid Joseph under some cloth on the table and came to my low bed, hugging me tight.

"Snow," she said in an odd, choked voice. "Thick already—soft and wet. Your father can't get back over the trail in soft, wet snow. Nobody could. He shouldn't have left us, with Fred gone too. No man has a right—"

I was always quick to speak up for my father.

"He'll come back," I said. "You'll see. He'll come."

There was soft wet snow everywhere when we got up next morning. Trees made white steeples filling the sky. They made a vast city like the cities in Fred Fields' fairy tales. We looked and looked until our necks hurt from holding our heads back so far. In the clearing were deep purple spots, like pansies. They were the tracks of something that had prowled. Maybe another lynx, maybe even a cougar. There was a whole cluster under the place where our grouse pail hung.

WIND came back when the sun rose. It whizzed and banged in the trees. Every steeple swept and bowed, throwing away great patches of white. Mother kept saying things about the narrows to somebody who wasn't there. She kept on asking whoever it was not to let him try the narrows that day.

I guess we ate. Children mostly do. Yes, of course we ate, because I remember Mother saying she'd never thought to see the day when grouse was precious, but how would we like pudding for dinner instead of grouse? She made pudding from canned milk and rice, with cinnamon on top. It smelled good. Funny I can only remember the smell. Wind roared and banged all day.

Right after supper she put us to bed and sat down to sew. But we didn't sleep and Mother didn't sew. She kept going to the window, shading the light out with her hands. The lamp sat on the window sill under looped-up curtains. No matter where we were we always had starched white curtains.

After we asked a lot of times she let us dress and stand at the window too. "If there was another lantern," she said, "I could go out and hang it in a tree."

She did go out to call. Coming back, she put our outdoor coats on us instead of building up the fire.

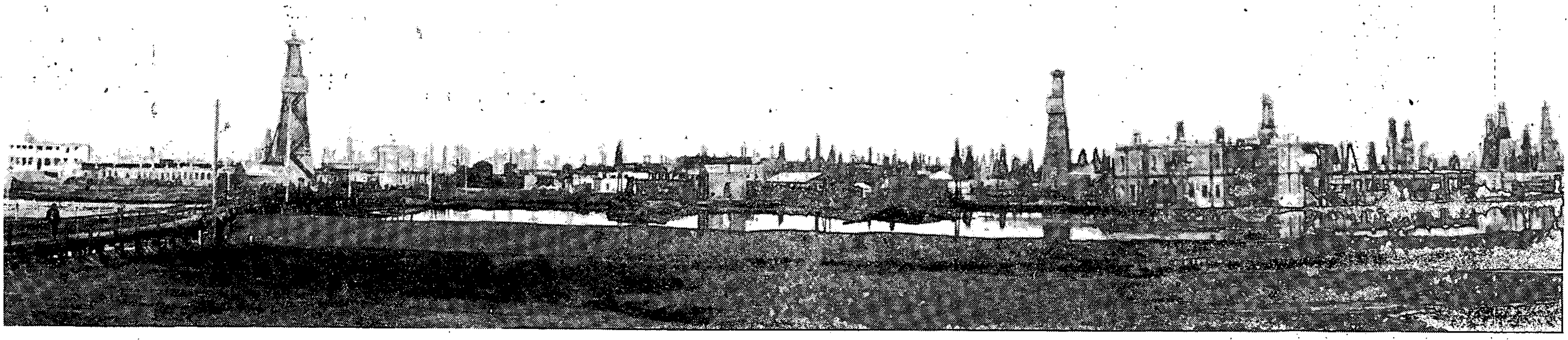
"Let's save our wood," she said, trying to make out it was a game. "And let's think just as hard as we can that he didn't get to worrying about wood and grouse for us and try those narrows today."

IT GOT later and later. We didn't know how late because there wasn't any clock. Figuring time by the almanac was no good because you couldn't see any moon. Mother went to the edge of the clearing and called again. Calling doesn't make much noise in whizzing trees with snow on them. Twice we heard trees crack their roots out of the ground, far off, and bang down. Both times Mother shut her eyes as though not to see something she couldn't help but see. My brother saw it, too, and whimpered first, then got very brave and strutted in his little overcoat and cap. We had our caps on by this time because it was getting awfully cold in the cabin.

"Father's big," Brother said. "I bet you if an old tree tried to fall on my father on the trail he'd just get under and shove it up again. I bet you no old tree'd better try to fall on my father."

"Hush," Mother said quickly and sharply. "How could a tree fall on your father when he's not on the trail? Nobody with good sense would start from town through raging narrows on a day

(Continued on page 48)



Baku, Russia's oil port on the Caspian, the rich industrial field where Stalin perfected his

The Red Czar

Joseph Stalin, dictator of Soviet Russia, speaks Russian badly. He is a Caucasian, a son of the immemorial East, and his code of conduct has been formed upon the simple and brutal ideals of his mountain forebears. Here Essad Bey shows you those ideals in operation as the "legendary Georgian," with fierce concentration, forces his way upward in the ranks of the Bolshevik Party to become the trusted friend of Lenin

By Essad Bey

FOR various reasons, Baku, the great Asiatic oil city on the Caspian Sea, now became the center of the Communist conspirators. In the whole of Caucasian Russia, Baku was the only great city that possessed a large industrial proletariat, which, if only on account of the amazing condition prevalent at the oil wells, was peculiarly accessible to radical propaganda.

After the Revolution of 1905 Baku had been cleared of Communists. In 1907, to prevent this important industrial center from falling entirely into the hands of the Mensheviks, the party decided to send Stalin there, for he was now a thoroughly experienced leader and had already made his first escape from Siberia. Thus Baku became Stalin's home for a number of years.

He found the town most inhospitable. The oil magnates still bore a grudge against the Bolsheviks; the commissioner of police was his old Tiflis enemy, Colonel Martynov, and in the oil fields, which were to be his domain and refuge, his hated competitors, the Mensheviks, were undisputed masters. The whole Bolshevik organization had gone to bits, and Stalin had to hide not only from the police but also from the Mensheviks.

In a dirty hotel in the suburbs, he reviewed the situation. The city must have seemed to him a hopeless proposition. The few secret presses in Baku all belonged to the Mensheviks, and it was out of the question to hope that they would ever print a Bolshevik tract; while the owners of private presses were all on their guard, as the production of Communistic leaflets might entail long terms of imprisonment. The only printing plant whose owner would certainly go unscathed was the official press under the control of the commissioner of police.

It was Martynov who had been chief of police in Tiflis and had sent Stalin to his first term of exile in Siberia. And now the latter resolved to make life for the worthy colonel as uncomfortable as possible by having his leaflets printed in the government printing works on government paper! Heaven help the colonel when he read the reprimands that would reach him from the ministry.

How Stalin ever contrived to use the police commissioner's government press for the printing of Communist leaflets will probably remain a mystery to the end of time. He may have crept into the works in the dead of night, bound the watchman hand and foot and then operated the presses himself, for he understood printing. Or, more probably, he turned up at the works with a revolver in each hand and a dozen bombs slung to his belt and ordered the men to print.

Be this as it may, one fine day the workmen's quarters, the oil fields, the offices of the oil magnates and government departments were drowned in a flood of Bolshevik leaflets. The Bolsheviks, who were almost forgotten, suddenly proclaimed their existence and, in a few brief sentences, announced their forthcoming conquest of the city. The event caused a great stir.

It was among the Mensheviks that the consternation was greatest, for to them the reappearance of the Bolsheviks was a bolt from the blue. They eagerly compared the type of the leaflets with that of all the Baku printing works. And when it was discovered that they had been printed at the government press everyone immediately knew that there was only one man capable of such a feat, and that was Comrade Koba of Tiflis, who was already becoming a legendary figure.

"We avoided Stalin more than we did the Czar's police," a well-known leader of the Baku Mensheviks afterward admitted.

Banishment to Vologda

His activities at the oil wells soon bore fruit. In 1907, in association with Shaumyan, the intellectual, he founded two illicit newspapers, The Worker of Baku and The Proletarian of Baku.

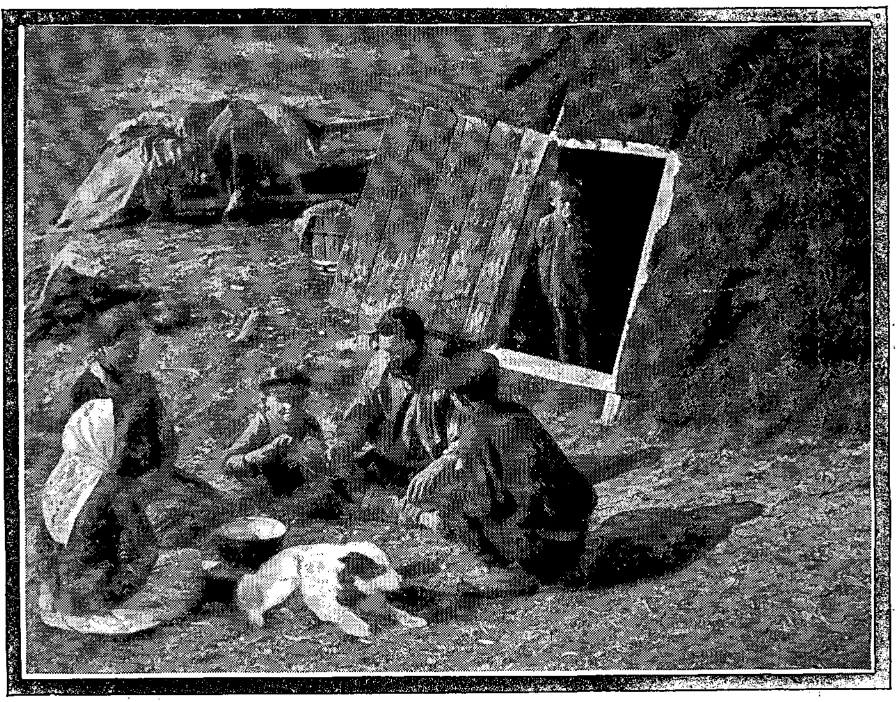
At the same time he returned to his old habits of conspiracy. In the hovel in which the editorial offices of the newspapers were established he felt at home. There he received the few Caucasians who had access to him, and there the ragged natives and suspicious characters of the mountain districts used to come to see him. As soon as they had given the correct password, the door of his primitive quarters was opened. The editor-in-chief addressed each man in his native tongue, listened to their confused reports and gave his orders. And the next morning The Worker of Baku was better informed concerning the state of affairs in the country than the commissioner of police himself.

Comrade Koba's activities did not, of course, escape the vigilant eye of Colonel Martynov. In Balakhan, a little oil village near Baku, where Stalin was living, the workers were, from the revolutionary standpoint, quite unschooled. Some small imprudence, a word carelessly dropped, an inadvertent glance, aroused the attention of the police. Stalin's refuge became known to the colonel and as early as 1908 he was arrested. He faced the colonel with perfect composure and denied everything, even his identity. What was he doing? He was living in Baku. Why? Because the air of the oil fields suited him.

Once more the colonel was unable to send him up for trial. But the authorities knew that Koba, who refused to give any name to the police, was not a welcome visitor to the oil city. So, to be on the safe side, they banished him to Vologda, the vast province adjoining Archangel in the north. Stalin heard the decree calmly. When he reached Vologda, he spent the night quietly in a hut, got up as fresh as a sparrow in the morning, and without further ado left for home. A few months later he was once more installed in a hiding place in Baku, though this time he took care that it was more inaccessible.

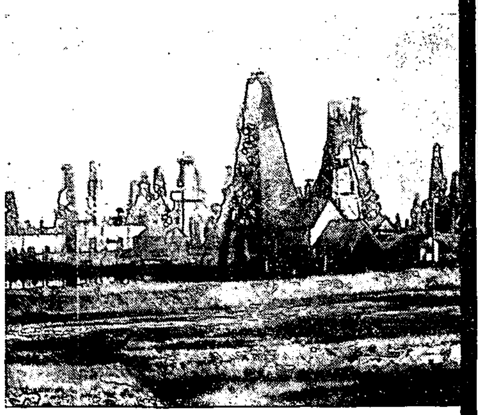
Mastering the Revolutionary Art

He now resumed his work of publishing his illicit newspapers and struggling with the infidel Mensheviks, though he was careful to keep his return a profound secret. Experience had given him a perfect mastery in the



Press Cliche, Moscow

Primitive living conditions in northern Russia: A family and their sod hut



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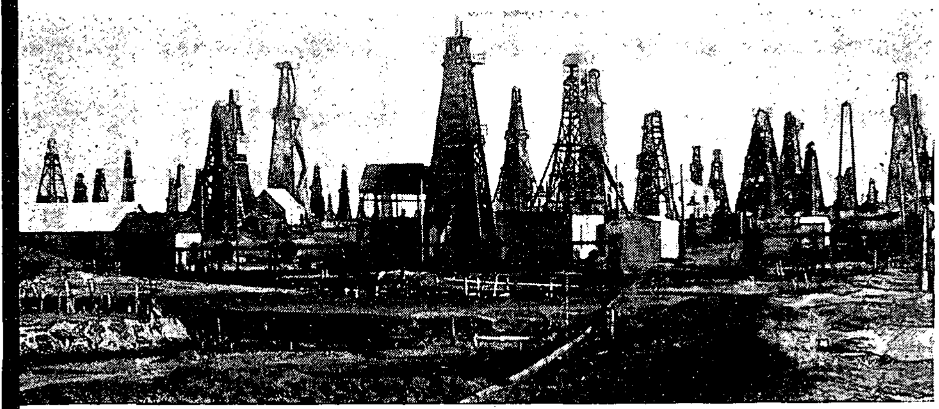
Joseph Stalin today wields undisputed rule over the vast empire of the Czars



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"world-revolution" methods and served his first long term as a political prisoner

tactics of conspiracy, and he knew that as a mysterious shadow lurking behind the scene he could produce the best results. "In Tiflis I was a revolutionary infant in arms," he declared in one of his recent speeches, "and it was only in Baku that I became an apprentice in the methods of world revolution."

The daredevil of Tiflis became in Baku a wary, cautious, clear-headed, cold-blooded and deliberate conspirator. He devoted the best years of his life to his work in Baku and there developed the qualities which are his to this day.

He found himself obliged to spend his life in the queerest hiding places, surrounded by traitors and enemies. He scarcely ever came out into the open and even the members of his own party hardly knew what he looked like. He was content to leave all the laurels to his friends while he himself, the real director of the revolutionary work, preferred to remain stubbornly in the background. At that time he was the only fully qualified professional revolutionary in the Caucasus, the only active organizer and expert of outstanding ability.

One time in Baku Stalin was able to offer energetic intervention on behalf of the people whom, after all, it was his sole duty to serve. This was when he organized the great general strike of the oil workers, and a senatorial commission hurried south from St. Petersburg and discovered to their horror that only in the remotest wilds of India did the workers live in such appalling conditions as they did in the Baku oil fields. It was then that Stalin uttered the slogan, "Collective bargaining between workers and owners."

He always had a large following among the workers of Baku and, by the obscure avenues possible only in Asia, had also established connections with the real lords of the city, the oil magnates. When, for instance, his coworker Shaumyan was arrested, Stalin managed to compel Shibaev, the great oil magnate, to obtain his release from the governor-general.

The Strange Prisoner of Baku

But this phase did not last very long. In spite of his genius for conspiracy and his painstaking caution Stalin soon fell into the enemy's clutches. On the occasion of a bloody riot near the harbor he was seized by the police, arrested and sent up for his first long term of imprisonment.

The terrible prison of Baku is built on a stretch of wasteland soaked in oil and filth. It was designed to accommodate four hundred inmates. In the year 1909, one thousand five hundred political and criminal convicts were crowded together under its roof. Under the Czars there were always two social classes in Russian prisons—political and criminal. The political, theoretically, received more consideration.

Every prisoner who, on entering Baku, claimed to be a "political" and wished to be treated accordingly was obliged to substantiate his claim before a special commission consisting of political prisoners. The prison authorities did not dare, on their own initiative, to place a prisoner in the political section, for the political prisoners would unmercifully thrash and eject unwelcome additions to their ranks.

One day a mysterious native was brought into the prison. Even the crimes with which he was charged were vague and ill-defined. The description of this new prisoner is still in existence. He was a very tall man with a pointed nose and a pock-marked face. He wore a blue sateen shirt without a collar and had a belt round his waist. Over his shoulders was thrown a Caucasian cloth *bashlik*. He looked drawn and emaciated, walked as softly as a cat and all his movements were extraordinarily deliberate. He refused to give any name but insisted upon being placed in the political section. Before the commission had decided whether to accept him or not he went into one of the political cells and was given a hearty, almost reverent, welcome by the Bolshevik faction among the inmates.

Stalin never took part in the ordinary gossip of the prison, whether it turned on politics or on matters of general interest. Empty chatter did not appeal to him. He would lie day after day, without stirring, in some dirty corner on a plank bed or on straw, reading Lenin or Marx, whose books he always carried about with him. Even at night he would not part with them, but used them as pillows. If ever he did put them aside it was usually to bury his head in some textbook on Esperanto; for, contrary to the view he holds today and prompted by his Marxian sympathies, he believed at that time in an international language of the future. He therefore scorned all other European tongues, which he regarded as fleeting phenomena in a capitalistic age. To this day, except for Russian, he can speak only his native Oriental languages, Georgian, Ossetian and the like.

Years of Horror

That year, 1909, was a tragic one for Baku prison. Horrible things took place in the overcrowded cells and corridors. The whole building groaned. Many of the prisoners became unhinged in their minds while some went raving mad, and from time to time there would be outbreaks of mass hysteria. The cells resounded with maniacal howls and shrieks, and now and again some prisoner would be wrenched from among his friends and hurried into the prison courtyard and there executed as the result of some mysterious order that had been received. And then dead silence reigned within the prison walls.

Stalin alone paid no heed to the general mood. When gallows were erected in the prison, and men with whom only a few hours previously he had been arguing were ruthlessly led away by savage and brutalized executioners, while the whole prison listened breathlessly to what was happening, he would be sleeping peacefully with his head resting on some publication by Lenin. Nothing disturbed his slumbers, nothing apparently could destroy his equanimity.

The eternal monotony of the prison turned men into savages, and they devised brutal games, pranks and amusements to while away the time. One of the favorite pastimes was what was known as "making people boil over." It was played as follows: Some of the prisoners would pick out one of their companions and proceed to tease and irritate him unmercifully in every possible way, exposing him to a process of nervous torture lasting for hours, days and even weeks, until they sent him almost mad. This proceeding succeeded with all on whom it was tried except Stalin. Nobody ever succeeded in making him boil over. Nor did he ever try to play the trick on anybody else, though he was admirably equipped for doing so and, according to accounts in party circles, he afterward displayed the most masterly skill in making Trotsky "boil over."

A Prison Celebration

Even in prison Stalin retained his well-known capacity for brutally playing people off against each other without ever coming into the open himself. One day, for instance, a terrible scene was suddenly enacted in the prison. A young Georgian was pounced upon and beaten to death. Seized by mass fury, the whole prison had fallen upon the unfortunate young man, and all that remained on the floor of the corridor was a bleeding mass of flesh. Stalin alone took no part in the general scrimmage. Sitting quietly in a corner, he went on reading Lenin. It was subsequently said that he had been the instigator.

On the other hand, he eagerly played an active part in any adventure on a grand scale. The political section of the prison managed to keep in constant secret communication with the outside world, and as soon as the inmates heard that one of their number had been condemned to death they did all in their power to help him to escape at the earliest possible moment. These were extremely dangerous undertakings which Stalin, together with a few carefully selected colleagues, took upon himself. He was an adept in this particular department.

This spirit of comradeship once led to an unpleasant sequel. Suddenly, while an organized protest was in progress, during which the prisoners had gone beyond all bounds, the chief of police himself, bloated and reeking as usual of alcohol, and accompanied by an armed guard, appeared in the corridor of the political section. He marched smartly down the passage and, putting his head into the noisiest cells, roared, "Silence, or we shall shoot!"

On most of the inmates, who knew what a determined man he was, the effect was instantaneous. There were a few perfunctory and half-hearted cries of "Out with the hangman!" and then

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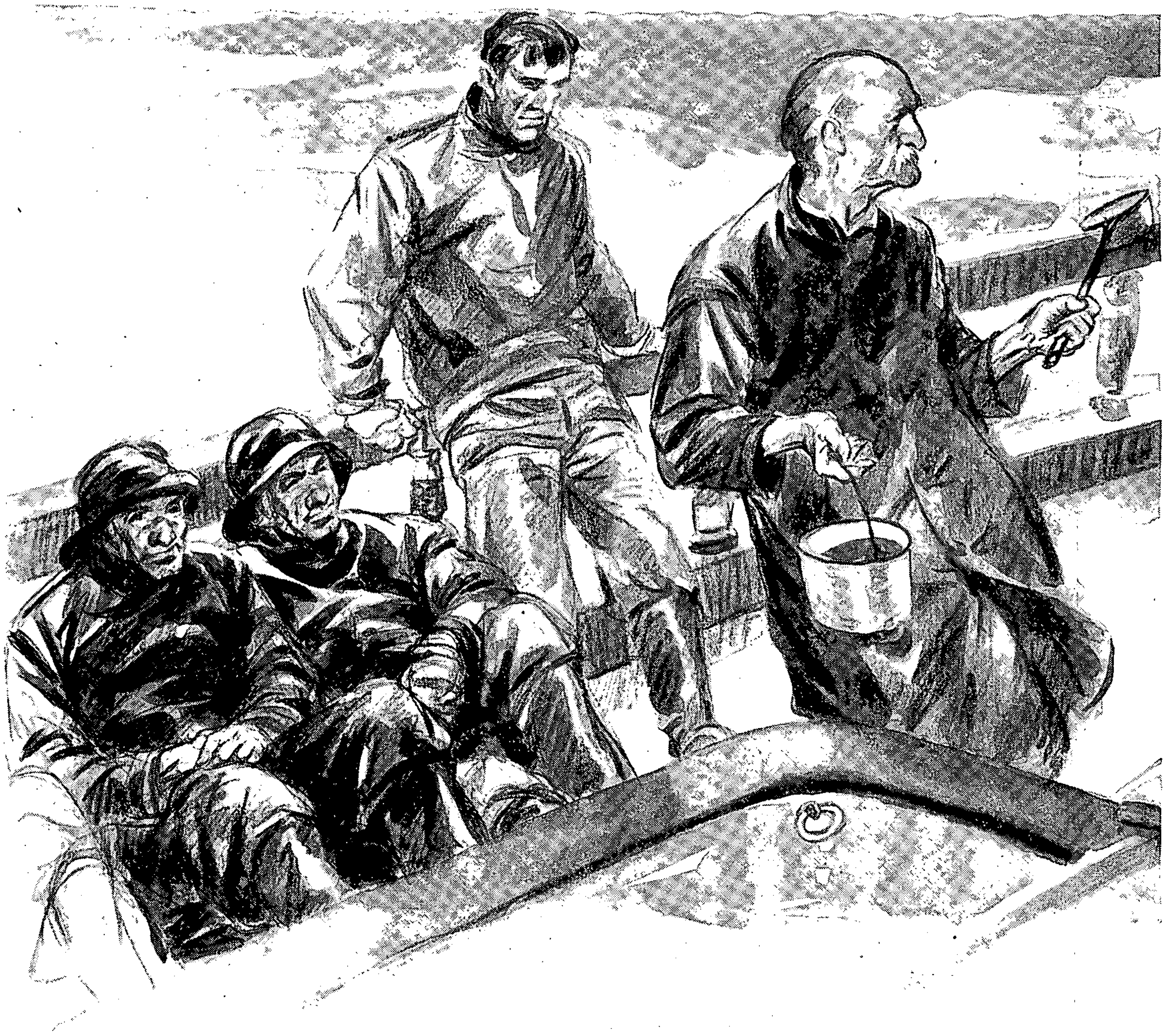


Windy Bill

A very salty sea story—rather more so than most, because of the salt of the earth it contains

By Norman Reilly Raine

Illustrated by Courtney Allen

THE night wind roared in from north of the Aleutians, bounced down the Strait of Georgia, thrashed the giant firs of Vancouver Island and pulled boisterously at the four-masted schooner Tamerlane, lying at anchor in Nanoose Bay. Rain swept in sheets over her deckload of creosoted railroad ties destined for the Orient, and hammered at the thick ports of her after cabin, but disturbed not at all the placidity of the Tamerlane's master within.

William H. Fisher was the name on his master's certificate. But to the seafarers of the Pacific Coast and most of the Orient ports he was Captain Windy Bill. His elephantine body lay back in a huge leather chair, his brass-buttoned jacket was comfortably unfastened; and his uniform cap, having slid aft over the shiny, freckled forehead, reposed as usual, with peak awry, on the back of his bald dome. A hearty kind of seaman, Captain Fisher, who banged on doors where other men would knock.

He listened, with small, twinkling eyes and ill-concealed impatience, until Mr. Povy, the little wrinkled walnut of a mate, had finished his anecdote. After which *he* told one. At its conclusion, the mate, who was a pious man, looked prim; the new second mate, a hefty, wide-shouldered Montrealer, held a horny palm over his capacious mouth and yawned; and Joab, the steward, a long-nosed, scrawny-necked septuagenarian, who was listening in the background, sniffed audibly.

"That's got whiskers on it," the sniffer volunteered.

"What?"

"They used to tell that one when Adam was an oakum boy in Chatham dockyard."

Windy Bill impaled him with an indignant stare. The steward was unabashed.

"You mind your own business," said Windy Bill, severely; but having lost his poise, it was a moment or so before he continued. Being well wound up, however, and inwardly warmed with a stiff rum toddy, he was about to resume, when over the wind and the rushing darkness outside, a faint shout carried. The old man ignored it.

"I remember a fella I sailed with one time, called Kissack," he began—but again the voice hailed, louder this time, and obviously annoyed. Captain Fisher's audience was becoming restless but after harking for a second he carried complacently on:

"This fella Kissack was a bow-legged little runt with a wart on his lip. And whenever he'd get paid off at the end of a voyage, he'd try to dodge his wife. So one hot July day in Seattle when we got in from Callao—"

The anecdote rambled on to a tedious and somewhat pointless end, regardless of the furious and unceasing hails from alongside.

OLD Joab stuck his buzzard head forward in an attempt to interrupt. He said, "There's a whigmaleary out there scullin' around in the dark, waitin' for somebody to throw him over a ladder."

"Don't bother me," said Windy Bill. He was about to treat them to the further adventures of Mr. Kissack, when the skylight overhead was lifted up and an inflamed and furious countenance was poked through the opening.

"Is this the Tamerlane or is she not?" it roared.

Captain Fisher looked at the others and cocked his ear.

"Is that somebody cryin' on us?" he inquired innocently.

"It is!" the other raged. "It's me. And I'm askin' ye if this is the Tamerlane."

"Yes," said Windy Bill. "What did ye think she was? The Leviathan?"

"Then why the purple-starred hell didn't you answer my hail? I near broke me blasted neck scrambling aboard without a ladder. I'm the pilot, come to take you out in the morning and I want a shakedown for the night."

"A shakedown, is it?" Windy Bill responded equably. "A shakedown." He debated this for a minute. "Aye—well, if ye canna lie on the deck ye can lie in your hat, or something the like o' that. And kindly remove your figurehead out o' that opening, afore I'm took with a sneeze."

The overwrought pilot replied in language of such picturesqueness that Captain Fisher was moved to admiration.

"Steward!" he bawled. "Steward! Make up a shakedown for the pilot. And see it's comfortable. Here, come below, pilot, and have a nip o' toddy."

With a fair breeze next morning, and a sunny sky that the night wind had swept clear of clouds, the Tamerlane lifted her shapely forefoot to the heave of blue water, outward bound.

Windy Bill was in the cabin, finishing a Gargantuan breakfast. He lifted his cup, drained the last of his coffee, and sat back with an explosive and satisfied "Ah!" He turned to the steward who stood gazing rheumily out the stern port.

"THAT was a fair breakfast, Joab. Though I've tasted better, mind."

The ancient sniffed skeptically.

"Where?"

"Why, one time I sailed in a fine big skys'lyarder out o' St. Nazaire, for Perim. And the doctor aboard of her was a jool. He was a bit shortsighted, but he could make a cut o' pickled beef yelp for joy o' being dropped in his pot."

"Too bad ye didn't stop in her."

"Aye, it is. And I might have; only he left the ship under what ye might call a cloud." Windy Bill fondled his nose. "Oh, it was comical. Would ye like to hear about it?"

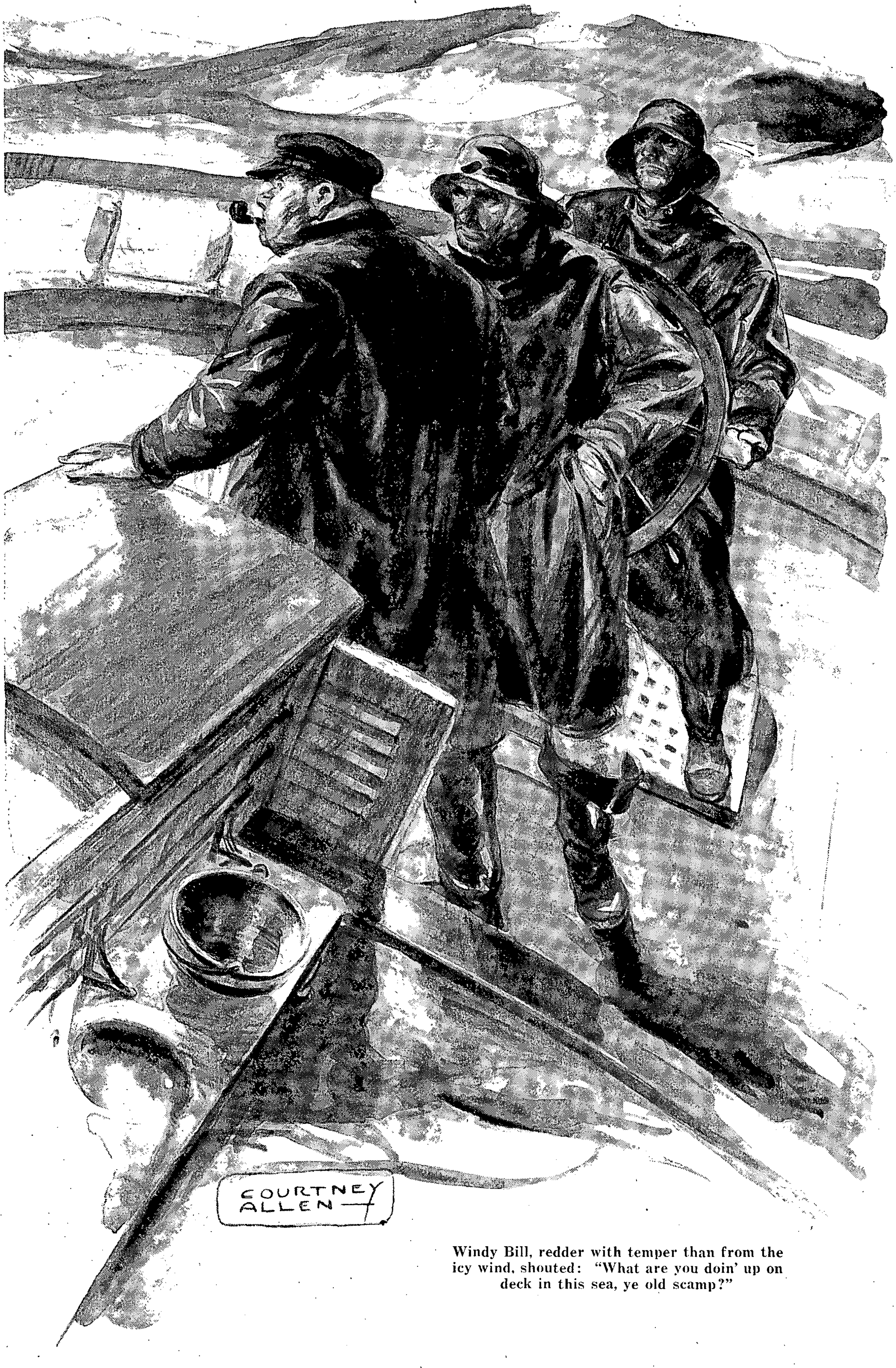
"I've heerd it," said the steward. "Dozens of times."

"Well, one time more'll not harm ye. Now the smells from his hot pot was so appetizin' that they attracted the attention o' the master's cat. While puss was investigatin', the ship give a roll. And that day at noon the old man forked something out o' the tureen. 'Steward!' he roars. 'What the so-and-so's this?' The steward gives one look and his face goes the color of a wet sail. 'I'll go fetch the cook,' says he.

"And when the cook arrived, bumpin' his nose on the cuddy bulkhead he was that agitated, he peered at what the old man showed him in the dish. 'Upon me soul,' he says, 'I believe it's a rabbit.' 'Rabbit?' screams the old man. ''Tis the first time I ever seen a rabbit wi' bobbed ears and a tail ten inches long!' Ho-ho-ho! 'Twas off Djidda that happened, if ye'll believe me."

"Well, I don't," said Joab. "Not after sailin' wi' you for fifteen years. And if you're through stuffin' yourself I'll get cleared away."

Windy Bill would have quelled him with a sharp retort. But he couldn't think of one. So with great presence of mind he coughed, filled and lighted his pipe and wheezed up the compan-



Windy Bill, redder with temper than from the icy wind, shouted: "What are you doin' up on deck in this sea, ye old scamp?"

ionway to join the pilot on the poop.

Alongside the pilot, he spoke. "This is the kind o' weather we signed on for, eh, pilot?" he remarked. Then his voice rose abruptly to a quick roar. "By the long-legged ass o' Balaam! . . ." He danced apoplectically and pointed forward. "Look at that!"

A motor halibut fishing boat, unseen before because of the swell of the for'ard canvas, was cutting short across the Tamerlane's bow. The schooner's wheelsman brought the wheel up and she came sharp into the wind, with thundering canvas; her long slender flying-jib boom cut an arc over the fisherman's stern as the vessels cleared.

WINDY BILL lumbered to the taffrail, mouthing futilely, unable to get words past the rage that congested his tongue. His face flamed like an angry sun as he leaned over the rail and shook his fist at the fisherman's master, who lounged nonchalantly, with dangling cigarette, against his diminutive wheelhouse. The fisherman flipped his cigarette into the sea. "Go wash your neck, Fatty," he recommended.

Incapable of reply, Windy Bill turned away and capered across the poop; but when at last he found his tongue the fisherman had chugged out of range; and it was not until he had discovered something in the incident upon which he could hang a yarn for the pilot that his pout disappeared and good humor was restored.

The wind was fair for the run down Juan de Fuca Strait, and with Cape Flattery a gray loom on the port quarter in the late afternoon, the Tamerlane shouldered aside the wake of an inward-bound Japanese tramp and stood for the open sea. The master, who had turned chatty again, stopped in his pacing of the poop and chuckled. The pilot eyed him.

"What's the joke, Captain?"

Windy Bill massaged his nose and over it directed the pilot a sportive glance.

"I WAS just thinkin' o' the grand things I could have replied to that fella if on'y I'd thought o' them in time."

"What fellow?"

"Why, yon fisherman, back there this morning. Oh, it would have been comical . . . most comical!"

But the old man's masterpiece of wit was destined to go unheard, for the pilot ship, with a barking puppy on her deck, was dipping and rolling in lively silhouette against the sunset ahead, and the Tamerlane's pilot prepared to leave. A small boat danced over the swells between the vessels, and the pilot shook hands, lowered his bag and dropped down the ladder. He stood in the stern-sheets as his boat pushed off.

"A happy voyage to you, Captain," he shouted, and waved his hand. "And don't forget to bring me that silk waterproof from Shanghai."

"Right ye are," the old man bawled heartily. "I'll not forget."

He watched, apparently deep in thought, alongside the iron-faced second mate, as the pilot sheered away. Then, a full five minutes after the pilot had gone, he turned to Kelso, and his hand rose to his nose.

"Do ye know why yon booby wants me to fetch him a raincoat from Shanghai?"

The second mate regarded him suspiciously.

"Why?"

"Because"—Windy Bill's chest rumbled triumphantly—"he don't know enough to come in out o' the wet! Ho-ho-ho!"

"SILLY old goat," Kelso growled to himself, then turned away to sniff the savory odors that blew along the deck from the supper cooking on the galley range.

A favoring wind and fair weather stood by the Tamerlane, and the watches had a soldier's life as she snored along under full canvas, her days and nights half-hourly punctuated by the chime of the ship's bell. The old man edged her up to the higher latitudes under the Aleutians, following the swing of the great northern sailing circle. Mr. Povy, the wizened little mate, shook his head over it to the second mate, on the morning of the fifth day out, as they stood at the break of the poop during the relief of the watch.

"We'll make better sailing if this weather holds," he said lugubriously, "but if it don't we'll be in for it. You ain't sailed the North Pacific much, have ye, Mr. Kelso? No? Well, a cupful of wind can swell to a skyful up here, in less time than ye can swing a cat. Still, the old man knows—"

"The old man's a gassy old blatherskite!" Kelso snorted. "Hasn't anybody ever told him what a pest he is, with his everlastin' jokes and yarns?"

"Oh, they don't harm nobody," said the mate, who liked the master, but was not a jaw-me-down type himself.

"Maybe not—but they're all alike. I seen 'em before. They've a bellyful of east wind till they get in a jam. Then it's up to the other fellow to pull 'em out of it."

"Ye think so? Well, mebbe you're right—and mebbe not. But—watch out. Here he is."

Windy Bill heaved his bulk out of the companionway and joined them, his shrewd little eyes twinkling over the vessel. He addressed the second mate cheerfully.

"We'll have weather afore night, Mr. Kelso. It's going to blow up."

"Looks that way," said the second mate.

"Well, we'll be ready for it," said Windy Bill, and went below.

WHEN he again came topside the wind had increased. By midnight the Tamerlane was under storms'ls only, with the wind at hurricane force, and all hands clustered aft, for no man dared longer to risk the precarious journey in the darkness over the deckload from the fo'c's'le to the poop.

The seas, wild and unleashed, sprang like black monsters out of the screaming night and smashed her with endless assaults.

"She can't stand this much longer," Kelso bellowed to the mate as they stood in the lee of the after-house and the remains of a boarding sea swirled knee-deep about their high sea boots. "Why the blazes don't the old man come about and run from it, instead o' trying to fight it through this fashion? I knew the gabby old cuss was stupid."

As he was speaking Windy Bill came up from the cabin, his great body bulking still larger in its worn oilskins, his old briar clamped in his teeth. He stood at the entrance to the cuddy, the light from below on his untroubled face, lifted his head, smelled the wind and looked aloft. Then he rolled over to the men at the wheel and, between two breathless seas, paid the Tamerlane off, and daylight discovered her flying before the hurricane like a pale, gray ghost.

From rim to rim of the sea was a white-streaked desolation of tumbling green, each crest a bearded, thundering fury, each trough a hissing foam-laced abyss.

The day passed; and at three o'clock the hurricane reached its peak. The smoking crests, sheared off by the wind, filled the world with icy spume, deafening and numbing in its insensate violence. An hour later a great comber hurtled aboard and surged the length of the vessel, drowning her from the poop forward. When it cleared, the port davits were empty, the parted falls snapping like bull whips in the wind.

"The port boat's carried away. Did ye see that?" Kelso bellowed in the master's ear.

"I did. I'm not blind, mister—nor deef either," Windy Bill told him complacently, wiping the brine from his eyes. "And it's too bad . . . but it might have been worse. If that sea had pooped us, now, instead o' comin' in over the quarter it would ha' been the end o' William H. Fisher. By the way—" he looked slyly at Kelso over his upraised hand, "ye'd never guess what that 'H' in me name stands for, eh?"

"No," said the second mate irritably, "and this is no time for riddles, sir."

"Why not?" said Windy Bill. "No use gettin' down in the mouth. Go on—give a guess."

Kelso refused, angrily.

"Very well, then," said Windy Bill with a droll tug at his nose, "if ye'll not guess I'll tell ye. It's—"

"It's Harry!" Old Joab, who had come up unobserved beside them, lugging a bucket of steaming coffee, shouted the answer with malicious glee. "That's what the 'H' stands for."

"Why," growled Kelso, disgusted, "what's so queer about that name?"

"Nothing," said Joab, "on'y he takes a childish amusement out o' the queer things folks guesses it is. Have a mug o' coffee."

Windy Bill, redder with temper than from the icy wind, shouted: "What are you doin' up on deck in this sea, ye old scamp? Get away below where ye belong, afore a shark takes ye for a herrin'!"

"Away yourself, and hold your jaw," the ancient retorted waspishly, and braced his skinny old legs to the heave of the deck. "I was to sea when you was still wearin' stays'l pants." He staggered about, with the steaming coffee and a pannikin, distributing it among the hands who huddled shivering against the rail. "Here, mate—pour some o' this over your gizzard."

THEY all had some, and felt better for it, for the air was bitter and the wind piercing, and in spite of their hard-weather clothing they were soaked to the skin.

"Silly old bag o' bones!" the master grumbled. "Fust thing he knows he'll be over the side." He addressed the second mate again. "That old rapscallion always has took advantage o' me. I mind a time I sent him ashore off the north coast of Australia—"

A thundering sea cut him short. It cascaded over the house and roared away to leeward. Windy Bill emerged coughing from the deluge and equably continued his yarn. But the second mate was not listening. He was staring with bulging eyes at a monster sea that reared itself with paralyzing slowness on a level with the mizzen truck; higher—higher—curling its dreadful crest as it shut out the sky. His yell was unheard; but warned by the giant shadow, Windy Bill jumped to the wheel and laid his beef on it. "Hang on everybody!" he trumpeted, and the hands, clustered about the house, clung to whatever they could grasp.

THE vessel's head swung away and the colossus broke, not over the poop, but quartering the waist. Frightened cries pierced the avalanche of fury, and the vessel flinched under the impact of the sea and rolled to starboard, borne down by the weight of a thousand tons of solid water. Her masts cut swift arcs against the sky as she went over on her beam. Dim in the maelstrom were the rend and crack of broken gear. From among the clot of frantically grasping seamen, three struggling black figures were licked off the poop and swept away in the racing spume, along with boats, houses, and small gear.

Windy Bill was on the edge of a hurrah's nest of tangled limbs about the wheel and binnacle, as the Tamerlane commenced to capsize. Grasping at arms and legs, he heaved and by sheer bull power managed to save some of the men from catapulting down the sharp slope into the sea. With uncanny skill he crabwalked up the deck to the windward side of the low after-house and, assisted by another of the hands, dragged the rest of the men, including the second mate, to comparative safety.

The Tamerlane strove frantically to right herself; but she was on her beam end; and a following sea pounced upon her. Starting with a slow rumble that grew swiftly to a roar, the deck cargo shifted and pinned her down. Her tall masts were buried in the sea, and successive waves swept over the prostrate hull like a tidal rock.

After a time the excessive strain parted the chains and shackles holding the deck load, and the ties were whisked away like matches. With an epic lurch, the schooner struggled to an even keel, totally dismasted.

The great spars were still held to the derelict hull by rigging and steel wire stays. Wind and sea drove the hull down upon them and, like titanic battering rams, slowly but inexorably as though worked by machinery, they began to pound the Tamerlane to bits.

The second mate, whom the quick disaster seemed for a time to have numbed, at length approached the master. He was pale under his heavy, weathered skin.

"We can't stay afloat long at this rate," he shouted, and licked his lips. "Isn't there an ax in the cuddy? If we could part those stays we might drift clear of the masts."

"Not a chance," Windy Bill told him. He was alert, capable; bleeding from a badly cut scalp, but unconscious of it. "The wind's drivin' us down on 'em—and the cuddy's full o' water. A man would drown if he tried to get in. Who's still with us? Where's the mate?"

There was a hurried calling of names, over the wild keening of the gale. "The mate's gone, sir," someone said. "That fust big sea carried him over."

Windy Bill sucked at his pipe, the bowl half full of wet tobacco. For a minute he did not speak. Then—"Who else is missing?" he asked deeply.

"Duffy, sir."

They were forced to cling on, while a sea washed them.

The master said: "I'm sorry about Duffy. He was a lazy sweep, but he'd a rare sense o' humor. Hard to think he'll joke no more. Anybody else?"

"The steward—"

"What—*Joab?* You mean that old rascal got hisself swept over the side?" For the first time Windy Bill's iron composure was moved. "Why—"

"I did no sich thing!" an irascible voice suddenly piped up. "I ain't got rid of that easy!" and Joab crept, drenched and shivering, out of the shelter of the companionway and glared belligerently about him.

"GET over there in the lee o' that house," Windy Bill roared at him. "Ye contrary old pest!" His great arm shot out and dragged the steward to the shelter of the house as another tremendous comber rolled over the wreck. When it had passed, he said: "The mate's gone, then—and Duffy, God rest them! Any others?"

"The carpenter, Hansen. He was washed adrift too, sir," the bos'n told him.

"That makes eight of us left, then." The old man counted them over in the gray, salt-filled light of the dying day.

A burly German A. B. spoke up. "Vat are you goink to do, sir?"

Windy Bill peered at him. "Do?

(Continued on page 44)

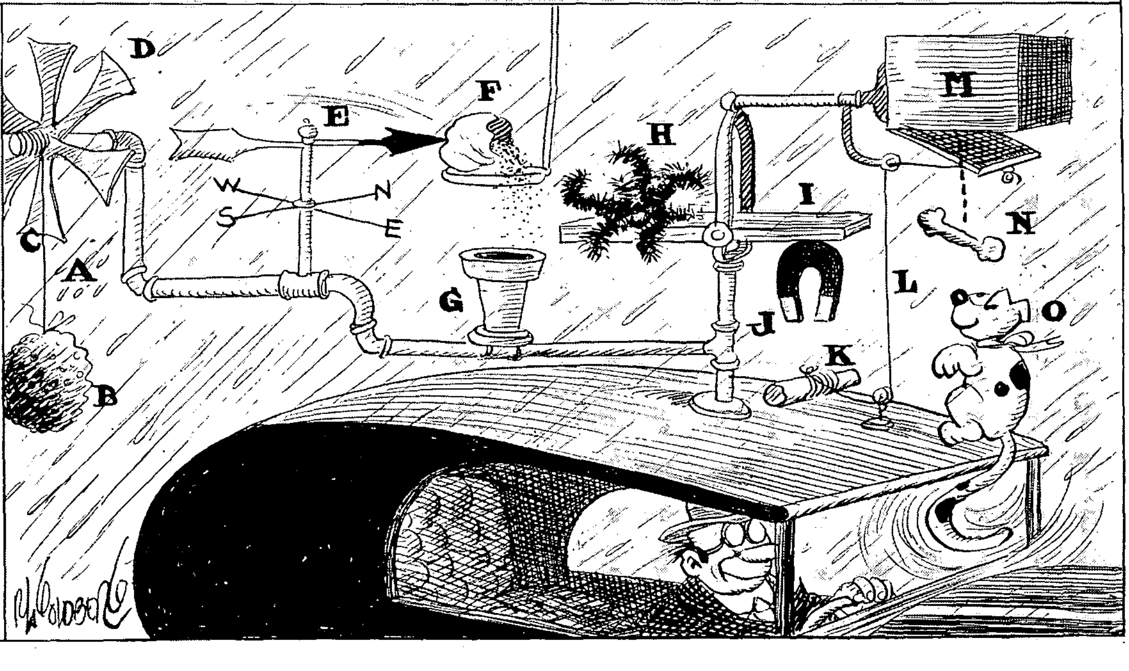
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS LOCKS HIMSELF OUT IN THE RAIN AND THINKS UP A DESIGN FOR A NEW WINDSHIELD-WIPER.

WEIGHT OF RAIN (A) IN SPONGE (B) CAUSES STRING (C) TO SPIN FAN (D). BREEZE FROM FAN SWINGS WEATHER VANE (E) WHICH UPSETS BAG OF SEEDS (F) INTO FLOWER POT (G). AS SEEDS GROW & BLOOM CATERPILLARS (H) SPIN COCOONS WHICH NATURALLY BECOME BUTTERFLIES AND FLY TO FLOWERS, THEREBY ALLOWING WEIGHT OF BOARD (I) TO LOWER MAGNET (J), WHICH ATTRACTS IRON BAR (K) CAUSING STRING (L) TO OPEN BOX (M). SOUP BONE (N) DROPS IN FRONT OF ZOZZLE HOUND (O). HE WAGS TAIL FOR JOY WIPING RAIN FROM WINDSHIELD.

THE BIG PROBLEM IS TO GET THE BUTTERFLIES TO HATCH BEFORE THE RAIN STOPS. ASK THE KING OF SPAIN ABOUT THIS. HE HAS PLENTY OF TIME TO FIGURE IT OUT.



Animal Magic

Don't you put your trust in a rabbit's foot if you go to the Orient. The local gods of chance can't be swayed by anything less impressive than a tiger's gall bladder or a leopard's shoulder bone. Here Mr. Buck tells you to what lengths the natives will go in order to acquire these potent charms

By Frank Buck with Edward Anthony

MY IDEA of the strangest book that could possibly be written would be one dealing exclusively with Asiatic superstitions. One of its queerest chapters would be the one devoted to the various superstitions that prevail regarding animals.

There is, to begin with, the belief among the Chinese that the gall bladder of the tiger contains a panacea for all ills. There is no ailment, no matter how severe, that cannot be cured by the bitter gall—dried and taken internally—of the jungle's great striped cat. Diseases of the heart and lungs, so the legends go, disappear as soon as a little supply of tiger gall appears on the scene. For he who possesses this magic substance instantaneously becomes a lucky man, a favorite of the gods. Realizing the futility of trying to vanquish one so richly endowed, the demons of ill health move out of the body of the blessed one and take up their abode in a frame that will offer less resistance.

This superstition about the curative powers of tiger gall once proved costly to me, under circumstances that eventually managed to get fairly exciting.

Practically all boats plying Far Eastern waters have Chinese stewards and crews; so it wasn't surprising that, on a trip I was making some years ago between Singapore and Hongkong on a British freighter that carried a small passenger list, there should be considerable interest on the part of the help in the news that one of my tigers was sick. This animal was not well when I came on board, but I figured that a thorough worming would be good for it. The treatment left the big cat alarmingly weak—in fact, I had never before seen a husky full-grown tiger go to pieces in just that fashion—and it began to look as if the animal were developing serious complications.

Animals Are Poor Sailors

A situation of this kind is always unpleasant; but it's all part of the business of collecting animals for the zoos and circuses. In the twenty years I have devoted to this work, my losses have averaged about eighteen per cent, most of these occurring on shipboard, so I'm always prepared for the worst when I put a load of live freight on board a vessel.

My tiger kept getting worse and worse and it began to look as if there wasn't much chance of saving him. It soon became apparent to the Chinese help that Lal (my No. One Hindu boy who accompanied me on the trip) and I were using heroic measures to keep the animal alive, and there was naturally much excitement among the crew.

The stewards were Hunan boys and the deck crew Cantonese. I hadn't been on board that boat very long when it became plain to me that the Hunan stewards and the Cantonese crew hated each other. Enmities between different Chinese are a very ordinary phenomenon and I saw nothing in the situation to get excited about.

Both the Cantonese and the Hunans were helping me in my operations on that glorified tub. The Cantonese assisted me in loading and placing my specimens, shifting cages when I thought that necessary, rigging up awnings over cages, etc. The Hunan boys helped me in such matters as boiling the great quantities of rice I needed for my birds and small animals. There was other food for my specimens that had to be cooked and these boys always responded cheerfully.

Waiting for the End

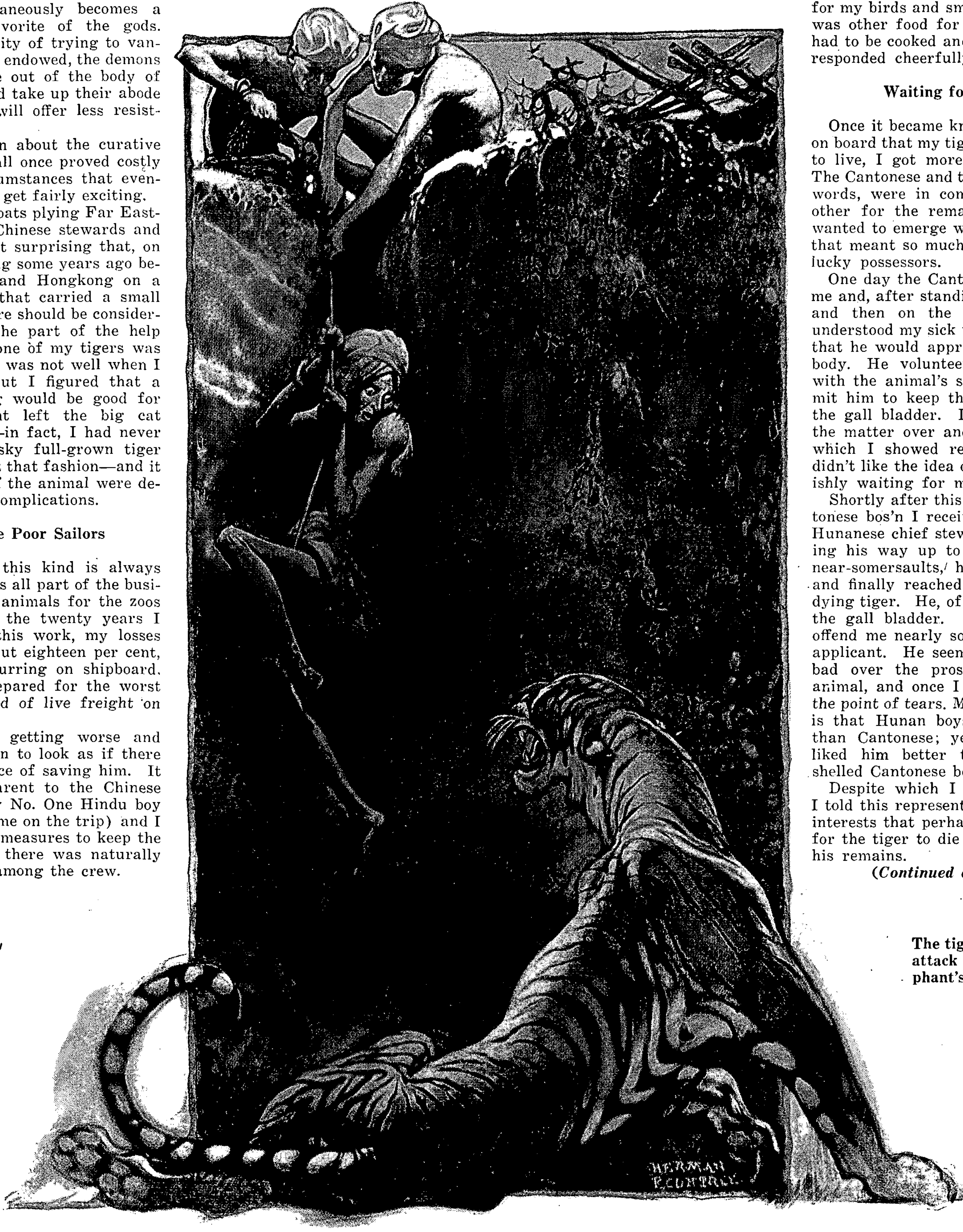
Once it became known to all the help on board that my tiger was not expected to live, I got more service than ever. The Cantonese and the Hunans, in other words, were in competition with each other for the remains. Each faction wanted to emerge with the gall bladder that meant so much good health to the lucky possessors.

One day the Cantonese bos'n came to me and, after standing first on one foot and then on the other, told me he understood my sick tiger was dying and that he would appreciate receiving the body. He volunteered to present me with the animal's skin if I would permit him to keep the body and remove the gall bladder. I promised to think the matter over and let him know—in which I showed real restraint, for I didn't like the idea of this chap's feverishly waiting for my tiger to die.

Shortly after this visit from the Cantonese bos'n I received a call from the Hunanese chief steward who, after bowing his way up to me in a series of near-somersaults, hemmed and hawed and finally reached the subject of my dying tiger. He, of course, also wanted the gall bladder. Somehow he didn't offend me nearly so much as the other applicant. He seemed to realize I felt bad over the prospect of losing the animal, and once I thought he was on the point of tears. Maybe all this proves is that Hunan boys are better actors than Cantonese; yet, on the whole, I liked him better than the too-hard-shelled Cantonese bos'n.

Despite which I made no promises. I told this representative of the Hunan interests that perhaps we'd better wait for the tiger to die before disposing of his remains.

(Continued on page 46)



Illustrated by Herman Rountree

The tiger made no effort to attack the youth. His elephant's-hair bracelet had saved him

No Errors

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By F. R. Buckley

Illustrated by Donald Teague

"AND it was my pride—it *is* my pride—" said the thin old gentleman.

"This is Judge Raleigh, Bill," said the fat man wearily. "Oldest member of the club. Used to be judge around here."

The old gentleman arose and bowed. The man from Chicago, starting late on Southern manners, compromised by retaining his chair in the posture of a sitting hen alarmed.

"In our community on business, sir, I presume," said the thin old gentleman, reseating himself. "I regret that we should present you with such a spectacle as today's."

The fat man sighed.

"Oh, that's nothing," said the man from Chicago. "We got worse at home."

"In point of numbers killed by gangsters, doubtless," said the judge politely. "I was alluding, however, to the acquittal of the murderers. It seems to me that if the law is defied with impunity it makes little difference whether the dead have numbered two, as in our case, or twelve as in your St. Swithin's Day massacre—"

"Seven. St. Valentine's Day," snarled another fat man.

"I stand corrected. As I was saying, however, it was my pride, and is becoming more so, sir, as times change, that I could always say—"

"Hey, George!" called the fat man to a passing waiter. "Hey, George!"

"—that never," continued the thin old gentleman bravely, "did any culprit who appeared before me escape punishment—if I was myself convinced of his guilt."

"That's fine," said the fat man. "An' now, Bill, what're you havin'? Same again? All same? Me too. Judge, can you be tempted?"

The thin old gentleman smiled and shook his head, and, from the depths of the chair into which he had relapsed, arose and bowed once more.

"Charmed to have made your acquaintance, sir," he said to the man from Chicago. "These other gentlemen will explain my—ah—"

"Won't drink, 'cause he was once a judge," said the fat man. "An'—hey! George! A big bucket of ice. So long, Judge."

THE thin old gentleman withdrew; not very far; some three yards inland from the plate-glass windows which overlooked Main Street. It was dusk in the smoking-room, and the man from Chicago thought he had gone.

"Who's the old—"

He paused before a powerful wink.

"Club bore—old fool," whispered the fat man; and then in a louder tone: "Speaking of crime, I don't suppose you ever heard about our prize murder, up your way? The Gilson case?"

"I don't think—"

"Oh, you wouldn't. It was years ago, but don't you imagine it wasn't a hellbender. All right, George. Leave the ice. Well, 's I say, it's a long yarn, but it just goes to show that gangsters didn't invent everything. Nor prohibition, neither. There used to be a prohibition about runnin' after another guy's wife, but that's just what this Gilson did, and when the woman's husband got after him, Gilson shot him. He was a poor sap anyway, the husband—bookkeeper or something. Hired a couple private detectives—had 'em right there when he busted in on Gilson, but they didn't do him much good. He says somethin' like 'Now I caught you,' I suppose; an' this Gilson says, 'O yeah?' an' shoots him a coupla times— More ice, Bill?"

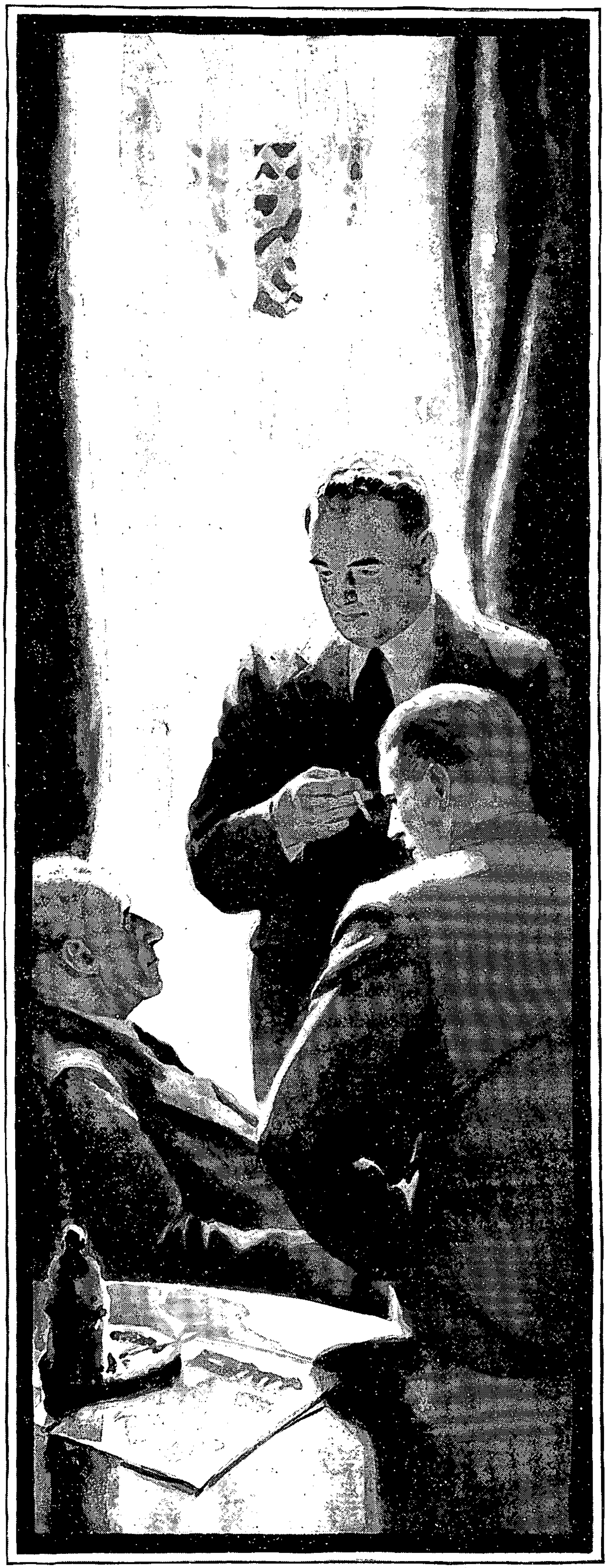
"Uh-uh."

"Of course they arrest Gilson—an' the joke was, he'd been after the D. A.'s wife too, only the D. A. didn't know it—an' when the D. A. says, 'How come?' he says, 'Self-defense'; an' when the two dicks say the husband didn't have a gun, he says they're liars; an' when they commit him for trial, he says, 'What of it!' an' comes out on fifty thousand dollars bail. Oh, sure, he had it. He was *old* man Gilson's son. The big oil works. Sure! You can imagine. And did he have lawyers—wow!

"WELL, they came to trial, an' the jury disagreed; an' they got a new trial, an' the jury disagreed; an' they got a *third* trial, an' the jury disagreed an' three of the jurors went to jail for bribe-takin'—five or six years apiece, see?—the jurors.

"And that wasn't the funniest. See, time went by, an' whether the D. A. got hep or what, I dunno, but he was hell-bent he'd convict Gilson. And accordingly they got all set and they tried him for the fourth time. And right in the middle of the trial, one of the state's witnesses disappeared, an' one of the private detectives said the husband *had* had a gun, an' that the other dick was lyin'; an' up comes the guy's wife, an' weeps an' says she perjured herself the other times, an' Willie did try to shoot her boy friend, an' Gilson was quite right to let him have it. So the detective gets five years for perjury, an' the wife gets two but don't serve it, and Gilson gets acquitted! Can you beat that?"

"No kidding?" asked the man from Chicago.



"Never did any culprit escape—if I was convinced of his guilt"

"Haw, haw! Cert'nly," said the fat man. "An' the *funniest* thing is that the judge in the case was that old duck that was just talkin' about how in all his years on the bench he hadn't— Oh, sorry, Judge! I thought you'd gone home."

The thin old gentleman, who had risen, looked serenely at the group by the window.

"On the contrary, gentlemen," he said, "you will excuse me for my inadvertent eavesdropping. It was unintentional, I assure you. Good evening."

With a step that was less a totter than a delicate precision of tread, he crossed the wide room and passed through the door leading to the staircase. At the foot, the porter presided over the cloak-room; while that functionary was seeking the judge's muffler—his invariable top hat shone conspicuous among so many felts—the man from Chicago was asking for the end of the story.

"Well, this Gilson—does he run the oil works now?"

"Oh, Lord, no! This was *years* ago. Old Raleigh resigned right after that, an' he musta been off the bench twenty years. Eh, boys? No—funny thing; I meant to tell you. After spendin' all that money to save his neck, Gilson went along a coupla years, an' then somebody bumped *him* off. Shot him. Some brother or father or somebody—they never found out."

"No kidding?"

"Haw, haw!" said the fat man. "Cert'nly! Nobody hung for him, either. Well, here's how!"

DOWNSTAIRS, the cloak-room porter was talking to an old gentleman who seemed to be abstracted beyond his usual wont.

"Yes, a fine evening," said Judge Raleigh, fastening his gloves. "Michael! you read that those gunmen were acquitted?"

"I did, sorr. They should have had you there, sorr!"

"Yes. Do you know it was—it *is* my boast," said the judge, "that not one culprit who appeared before me, when I was on the bench, ever—if I personally believed him to be guilty—escaped the proper punishment."

"Is that so, sorr?"

The thin old gentleman turned his gaze on Michael. Usually, it was a mild blue gaze; but now, for just an instant, Michael was startled.

As the fat man upstairs broke into a distant but still loud guffaw, Judge Raleigh took his cane and added the final set to his hat with a final, old-fashioned rap. Like a pistol shot.

"Yes, that's so, Michael," he said crisply. "Not a single one! Good night!"

Peter A. Juley & Son

Two artists and a portrait at the studio of J. Campbell Phillips

Portrait of a Singer

Lily Pons at thirteen completely captivated her first audience, the soldiers in a war hospital in France. Today, in the world's great opera houses, she wins the same applause. Mr. Phillips, who painted her portrait in oils, here draws a word picture which shows us why

By J. Campbell Phillips

A RECREATION hall in a war convalescent hospital at Cannes. The sunlight streaming through the long windows is real. So, unfortunately, are the wheel chairs and the crutches. The blue uniforms and the khaki have not been supplied by an accurate property man. There is no painted scenery, no backdrop, no orchestra, not even a spotlight for the slim, dark-haired child playing the piano.

Nevertheless she manages to meet the demands of her triple alliance. The sprightly chorus of Tipperary follows the Long, Long Trail. *"Un moment,"* she pleads to the clamor for Madelon, "I cannot play them all at one time!"

A tall American, whose smile—if not his French—is his fortune, drapes his long form over the piano. "Never mind Madelon, Lily. We're tired of it. You sing for us."

A deep blush spreads from her smooth young forehead down to her neck. She is only thirteen. She is not accustomed to singing for an audience. But these boys are her friends—her mother is head nurse at the hospital—and Lily has played their favorite tunes for months. Still she hesitates.

But the Yankee doughboy has a way of getting what he wants. "You wouldn't go back on your pals, would you, Lily? Come on and sing. Something you like!"

The child strikes a chord and begins an aria from La Tosca. Silence. Then bravos, cheers, excitement. The audience want more, and they are going to have it. Little Lily Pons has taught herself another song. Not even her mother has heard her sing it, but perhaps her pals in khaki and blue will like it.

Another chord, and the clear, flute-like notes of the Bell Song from Lakmé echo to the high gilt-corniced ceiling. These convalescents have not been nursed on a diet of grand opera. It does not occur to them that they are listening to one of the most difficult compositions for coloratura soprano, nor that the voices able to encompass the high notes of the Bell Song have been few and rare. They only know it's great, top-hole! Chairs are wheeled to the piano. Crutches beat the floor. "Don't stop, Lily!" "Encore!" "We want more!"

A Magic of Her Own

That was Lily Pons' first public appearance, fourteen years ago. Today her name is like the refrain of a popular song. It echoes from Paris to San Francisco, from New York to Rio. Not only are musicians and music lovers stirred by her voice, so are those countless individuals known as the general public, for Lily Pons has a magic of her own. Call it magnetism, personality, what you will. It brings tears and laughter to her audiences.

My own most vivid impressions of Lily Pons are without benefit of spotlight or limelight, for we enjoyed one of those rare friendships that are so difficult of description. They leave behind bright and whimsical memories unimportant to anyone who has not shared them.

Long walks in the sunshine—Lily loves the sun; visits to art galleries—she collects primitives; her interest in all things American: in skyscrapers, new dishes, and the circus where she refuses to miss the antics of a single clown. Her pleased surprise when a French tailor waited for two hours at her apartment door so that he should be able to present her personally with a brass-buttoned blue coat which he had made, "to express in a small degree my gratitude and admiration for my countrywoman."

Her delicious and unfailing laughter. It was this laughter which led to her career—but of that later. Lily whistling to my wife's canaries, calling them her flute chorus. Lily in high Russian boots and a small blue cap waiting in line to see Charlie Chaplin. And Lily Pons sitting for her portrait, as interested as a small child at a new game.

It was this portrait which was directly responsible for our friendship. Earle Lewis, treasurer of the Metropolitan Opera House, telephoned me last fall. He said they had discovered a remarkable new coloratura soprano, and he wanted to arrange for sittings immediately.

The Hit of the Season

Despite three successful years in France, Lily Pons was practically unknown in America before her début at the Metropolitan last fall.

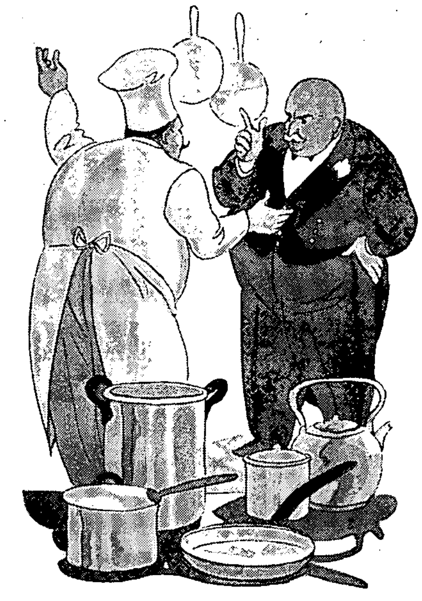
I knew no more of her than the rest of my countrymen. I was engaged with a good many sittings at the time, so I told Earle Lewis quite frankly that I didn't know whether it could be arranged on such short notice.

But he was insistent. "She's going to be the hit of the season. You've got to paint her right away. She's having a concert at the Plaza tomorrow. Come on up with me in the morning. Once you see her, Cam, you won't have to be persuaded. An armed guard couldn't keep you from painting her. She's irresistible."

I was not convinced, but I went.

(Continued on page 42)

Love with Truffles



"Enough!" roared M. Picard

Today's special, ready to serve: Romance Hollywood, à la Chimmefon

YOU will prepare the sandwich, Monsieur Chimmefon."

"With the peanut butter?"

"For certain—with the peanut butter."

"Never!"

The beautiful mustachios of M. Chimmefon twitched violently, as if endeavoring to stab M. Chimmefon in either cheek. His chef's cap wobbled under the stress of an eloquently negative gesture. He drew himself up on his high heels and made a gallant if futile effort to glare eye to eye with this monster, Jules Picard. But M. Picard's fat chins remained serene above the storm.

"You will prepare the sandwich," M. Picard repeated, "or the contract it is broken. And if the contract it is broken you will pay the ten thousand francs forfeit at once."

M. Chimmefon hesitated. *Nom de Dieu*, that contract. That villainous, hateful, odious contract. Always it hung above him like a veritable guillotine. From that accursed moment when he had yielded to the blandishments of Jules Picard and left his beloved Paris, always the contract had menaced him. Were it not for this unspeakable scrap of paper with its forfeit of ten thousand francs he would have put an end to the torture long ago.

He tried to hedge.

"This making of sandwiches is Rodeigo's task," he muttered. "I am the chef. The contract states—"

M. Picard shook his fat, glistening head.

"The contract states you are to be under my orders. And I command you to prepare one Dolores Lopez sandwich immediately. Breast of chicken, currant jam and—" the little pause was impressive—"peanut butter."

In despair, M. Chimmefon sought for one last plea which might move the hard heart of Jules Picard.

"Breast of chicken—yes. Currant jam—yes," he agreed. "But peanut butter—no. It would be monstrous. Reconsider, I beg of you. Oh, monsieur, have you forgot that you were once a Frenchman and a chef? Has this hideous town, this Hollywood, so destroyed your sensibilities that the thought—"

"Enough!" roared M. Picard. "The customer is waiting for one Dolores Lopez sandwich. Prepare it or forfeit the ten thousand francs." Then, rather apologetically, "It is business. It is what these Americans eat. It is Hollywood, monsieur."

So saying, M. Picard waddled through the service door. It was the rush hour in the Montparnasse restaurant and M. Picard would be needed in the dining-room.

Little M. Chimmefon turned sadly to his sandwich board.

Louis, the waiter who had brought in the order, was sympathetic.

"PICARD is a hard man," he said, "but one must count his blessings, monsieur. Think of poor Roderigo. He had to make these sandwiches day after day. It is small wonder he has come down with a disordered stomach."

Shuddering, M. Chimmefon regarded the Dolores Lopez sandwich named for a noted cinema star.

"Who is to eat it?" he inquired.

Louis shrugged.

"A fat woman. A tourist. But that is nothing. I had two girls yesterday who ordered America's Sweetheart salads. Raspberries, avocados, fresh figs, chile sauce—"

M. Chimmefon stopped him with a frantic gesture of his hands. Wincing, he shoved the Dolores Lopez sandwich across the serving table. Louis departed.

In a very bad humor, M. Chimmefon moved to the door of the salad pantry and stared through a peekhole at the dining-room and the diners.

It was a rather small room decorated with mirrors, black porphyry, brown and red onyx, aluminum, gilt, red plush, Spanish leather and Louis XIV crystals. Heavy leather lounges ranged against the four walls and a solid row of tables stood in front of them. Guests could thus sit with their backs to the wall and watch everything that went on in the center of the room. The central space was crowded with tables. At these tables M. Picard grouped his celebrities, the movie stars. The tourists who came to gape at the movie stars M. Picard arranged around the walls. An orchestra was stationed under a canopy made to resemble a gilt cornucopia.

Taking it all in, M. Chimmefon muttered into his high starched collar: "That I should have left Monsieur Frédéric for this!" He watched M. Picard bowing and scraping before three young women who had just entered. All the tourists stopped eating chicken à la king and stared. The orchestra leader who was broadcasting his program on the radio announced: "We will now play Goil of My Dweams in honuh of Miss Marion Mayfayuh, who is the honuhed guest and incidentally, folks, a wealy gweat ahtust. I'm shuah you've all seen huh latest pictchuh, Lady Be Good."

M. Chimmefon sighed. At the Chez Frédéric, now, there would be a leisurely rustle. Paneled walls of old ivory, venerable linen, well-worn carpet. Old M. Larue would be sauntering in with his top hat and umbrella. He would pause for consultation with Fritz, the head *sommelier*. Shaking his silver head, M. Larue would murmur of Chambertin or Montrachet or Romanée Conti. Then he would summon M. Chimmefon from the kitchen. Perhaps it would be *bécasse flambé* or *canard aux oranges* or *poulet maison à la Chimmefon*. . . .

"Mr. Ludlow wants to see you, sir," said a bus boy.

M. Chimmefon brightened.

"Where is he?"

"He says he'll come back here if it's all right with you."

"Of a certainty."

He was always delighted to see M. Stephen Ludlow. He considered M. Ludlow his only friend in all this mad city of Hollywood. M. Ludlow had lived three years in Paris. M. Ludlow knew the Chez Frédéric well. He knew Foyot's and Madame Nini's and Montagne's and Laurent's. M. Ludlow was *le bon gourmet*. What taste! What appreciation! Had he not proclaimed M. Chimmefon's *quenelles de brochet* the finest that had ever blessed his noble palate?

"Hullo, Chimmefon!"

"My good friend!" said M. Chimmefon, bowing.

M. Ludlow seemed perfectly at ease in M. Picard's pantry. M. Chimmefon eyed his tall figure admiringly. What eyes, what shoulders, what a presence! Ah, it was good to look upon M. Ludlow even when one must reflect bitterly how few Americans were like him. He had a smile as engaging as that of the great Chevalier. He had a nice long thin nose admirably adapted to the expert sniffing of wine bouquets. His lips were of the sensitive sort that can do justice to the memory of a good dinner. *Joie de vivre* twinkled in his eyes. And what a lovely flat stomach! What capacity there!

"You don't look very happy today," M. Ludlow observed.

M. Chimmefon shrugged.

"It is this Hollywood," he said.

His visitor nodded with complete understanding.

"A town that tries men's souls, Chimmefon," he agreed, lightly. "But cheer up. I have a job for you!"

A sigh.

"THANK you, my friend, but I cannot accept it. My contract—"

"No, no—a job right here," the other broke in. "You must cook me a dinner for two this evening."

"For two?"

M. Ludlow smiled.

"I've found her, Chimmefon!"

"No! The girl? The one you have been seeking?"

The other nodded, happily.

"Miss Reardon—herself—in person." His voice became grave and he frowned. "It hasn't been going so well with her."

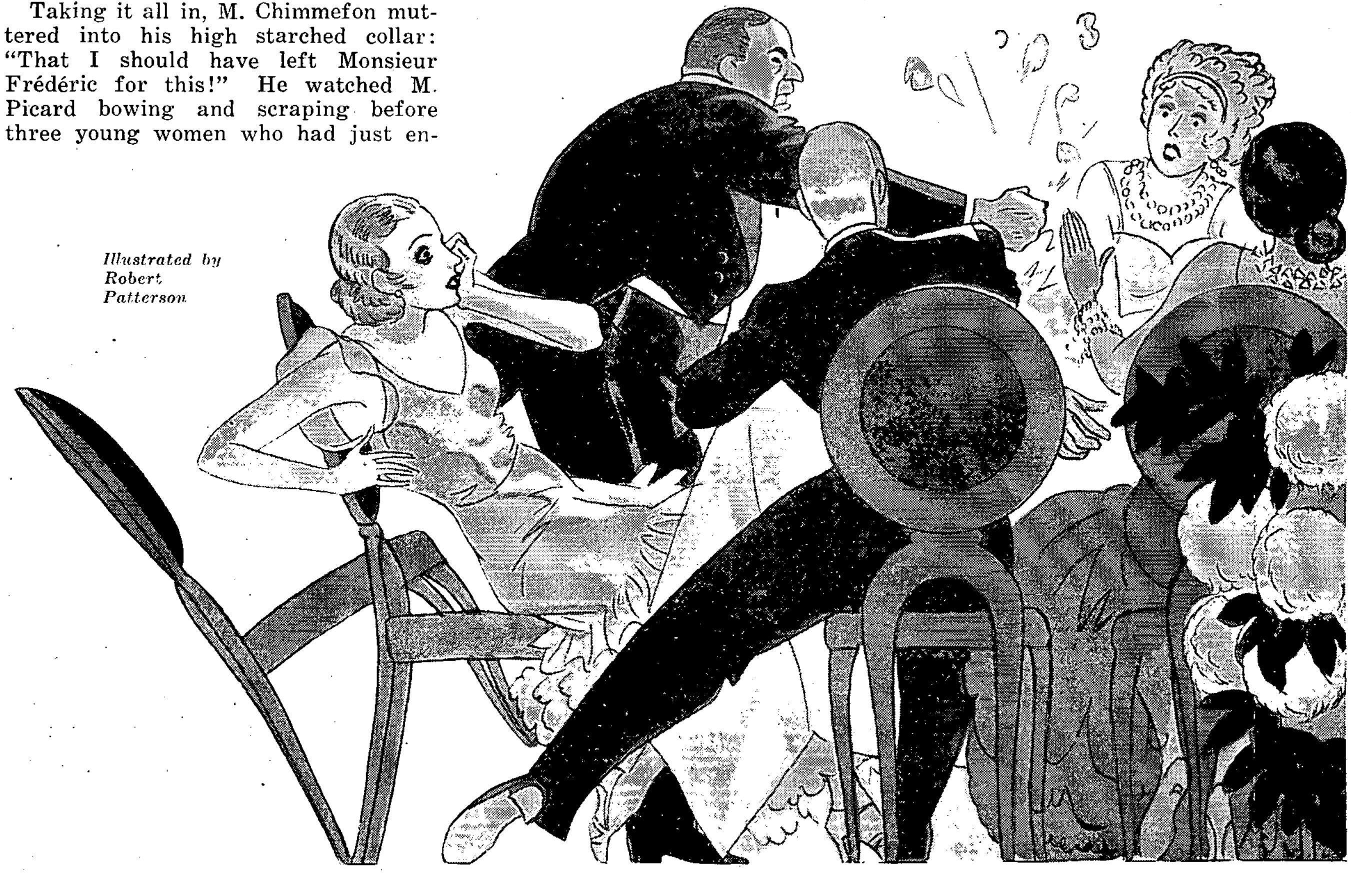
"She has been ill—yes?"

M. Ludlow shook his head.

"No. Just discouraged. The blue devils, Chimmefon."

The little chef snapped his fingers.

"Pouf! That is easily cured, my friend. When she eats one of my dinners the sadness will pass. I will make my *bouillabaisse* and then an omelette and then perhaps some braised truffles *en cocotte*—"



Illustrated by Robert Patterson

In a rage he slapped with his fist at the

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

"Not truffles, Chimmefon. Perhaps a little of your creamed chicken. Everything must be very light and simple."

M. Chimmefon eyed him keenly.

"She has not been eating lately, eh?"

M. Ludlow winced.

"You are a man of discernment, Chimmefon."

"Tell me of it, monsieur," he gestured apologetically. "I would not presume except that I have but two interests in life. One is cookery and the other is love."

His friend smiled.

"It's a short story beyond what I have already told you. I found her at a cheap hotel on Sunset. She is determined to make a go of it in pictures. You know what that means. Casting office to casting office. Nothing doing anywhere. I think she was glad to see me, Chimmefon."

M. Chimmefon's mustachios quivered with delight.

"I am sure of it, my friend. This Hollywood, it is cruel to little girls. You will take her away soon—eh?"

M. Ludlow's voice was troubled.

"If she'll go," he sighed, and then added, "Ambition is a damnable thing, Chimmefon."

Cheerily: "Come, come, my friend. It is going to be fine! What do you say to *crêpes Suzette?* I am certain the Jap can find some liqueurs. If not, I will use my Armagnac. Or I will make some of my little cherry tarts—"

"You are the chef, Chimmefon!"

"Thank you, monsieur. I pledge you my word you will not be disappointed."

M. Ludlow gave M. Chimmefon a comradely slap on the shoulder and departed.

Consoled after the day's sorrows, M. Chimmefon set blithely to work. He selected from M. Picard's ice room the loveliest of young pullets. "Ah, my pet," he said, fondling the bird, "you must nestle into the pot and stew there until you are of a great tenderness. I shall make for you a delicious cream sauce, a veritable paradise of a sauce. In it you shall slip down her little throat so soothingly that she will forget her sadness and smile. She will make laughter for the noble M. Ludlow and return the love he bears for her."

And as he busied himself with his numerous tasks, M. Chimmefon almost forgot how much he detested his enforced servitude in Hollywood. What if these barbaric Californians did insist on eating Dolores Lopez sandwiches, hamburger steaks de luxe and America's Sweetheart salads? What if they neglected the choicest items on M. Picard's menu to gape at Maria Montreux and Byron Gordon?

THERE was one true romance in Hollywood. M. Chimmefon himself had never found romance. What did they know of love, these bare-legged, bobbed-haired, Indian-brown young savages? They said: "Are you in foreign versions, Frenchy?" or "I guess you been doing character bits, hunh?" And when he replied, with dignity: "I am Jean Baptiste Chimmefon, the chef of the Café Montparnasse," they giggled and exclaimed: "Oh, my gosh, he's a cook!" They cared nothing for love; all they wanted was a job in the movies.

But the case of M. Ludlow and Mlle. Reardon was different. He had met her—so he told M. Chimmefon—four years ago when she was an obscure actress in New York. His people, who were wealthy, had packed him off to Paris to study architecture. However, the gallant fellow refused to forget Mlle. Reardon and vowed he would see her again. Now, after all these years, he had found her.

Thinking about M. Ludlow and Mlle. Reardon made M. Chimmefon very happy. He sang a little love song as he busied himself among his pots and pans: "Evray leetle breeze seems to whispair Louise . . . Ooo la la'la!" And even when M. Picard chided him for neglecting sundry duties connected with that evening's table d'hôte dinner, he only shrugged.

"I shall attend to the tourists presently, monsieur," he said. "Just now I have a dinner of importance to prepare."

M. Picard wheezed suspiciously.

"What? Double cream for a sauce? You will ruin me!"

M. Chimmefon's eyes flashed.

"I have not forgot that *I* am a chef, Monsieur Picard."

Seeing he had gone too far, M. Picard rumbled a conciliatory: "You oughtn't to waste your art and my cream on these Americans, Chimmefon. They like hamburger steaks de luxe." He left the kitchen before M. Chimmefon could start an argument. None knew better than M. Picard that M. Chimmefon was an asset to the establishment. Even if these barbaric Americans did prefer hamburger steaks de luxe they liked the idea of having them prepared under the auspices of Jean Baptiste Chimmefon, former chef of the Chez Frédéric, Paris.

That evening was an exciting one for M. Chimmefon. He saw to it that M. Ludlow and Mlle. Reardon were seated at one of Emil's tables in a corner. He hovered above his private range, lifting off covers with critical sniffs, tasting, stirring, blending, creating. Finally, when the meal was served, M. Chimmefon stole a moment to peek into the dining-room. He wished to see Mlle. Reardon.

She was seated facing him. Emil, a Swiss waiter of cultured dignity, had just served the crêpes Suzette, flaming on the tray. M. Chimmefon gasped appreciatively. Mlle. Reardon—and let *le bon Dieu* be thanked—was of a great beauty. She had hair of the straw color of the best Chablis. Her cheeks glowed as if they had been splashed with rare old Burgundy. Her eyes were as blue as the haze of Capri.

But, alas, she did not look happy. M. Chimmefon studied her with his sharp, piercing glance.

"She has an ambitious nose and a very determined chin," he said to himself. "My friend has been asking her to marry him. He has said, 'We will be married and go away and forget this horrible Hollywood.' But, no. She has made up her mind that she will stay and become a star in the cinema."

M. CHIMMEFON had no chance for further ruminations just then. M. Picard bore down on him in a thunderous rage.

"Are you the chef of this establishment or an idle bus boy, Monsieur Chimmefon?" he demanded. "That dolt Lorelli has burned an entire quarter of lamb while you sneak off here to gape at the customers. Get to business or I myself will declare the contract broken!"

M. Chimmefon's heart leaped.

"And you will return my ten thousand francs?" he questioned, eagerly.

"Get to business!" M. Picard repeated, evading the issue. "It is you who will violate the contract, not I."

An hour later, Emil brought word that M. Ludlow wished to speak with M. Chimmefon.

He approached M. Ludlow's table in a flutter of excitement.

"Edith," said M. Ludlow, "this is Monsieur Jean Chimmefon, an artist and a gentleman!"

M. Chimmefon bowed. The girl smiled.

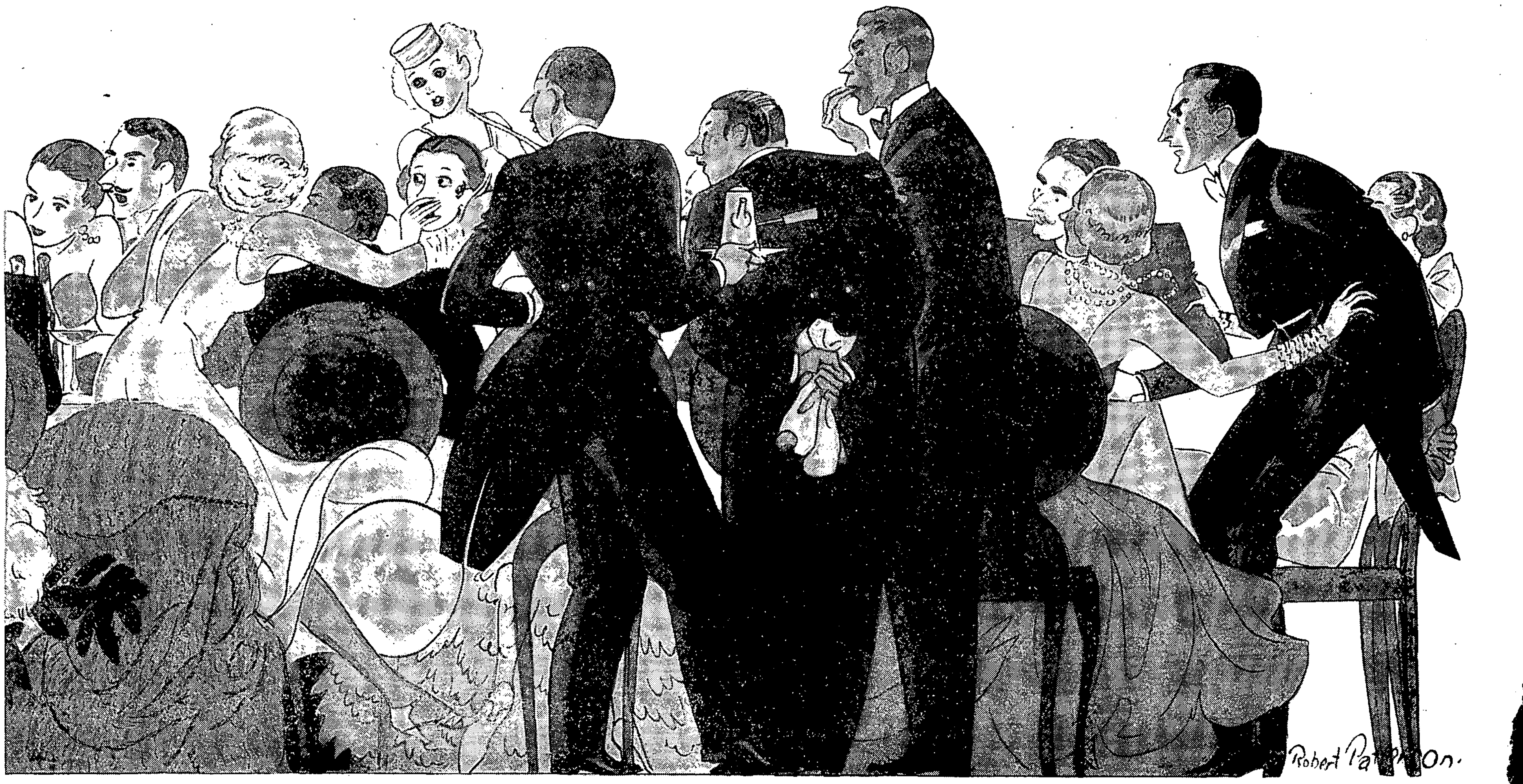
"The dinner was a masterpiece," she said. "I never ate such chicken in my life. And the crêpes were just . . . just heavenly."

Beaming, M. Chimmefon said: "It was a verry great honair to haf the dinnair eat by you, Mademoiselle."

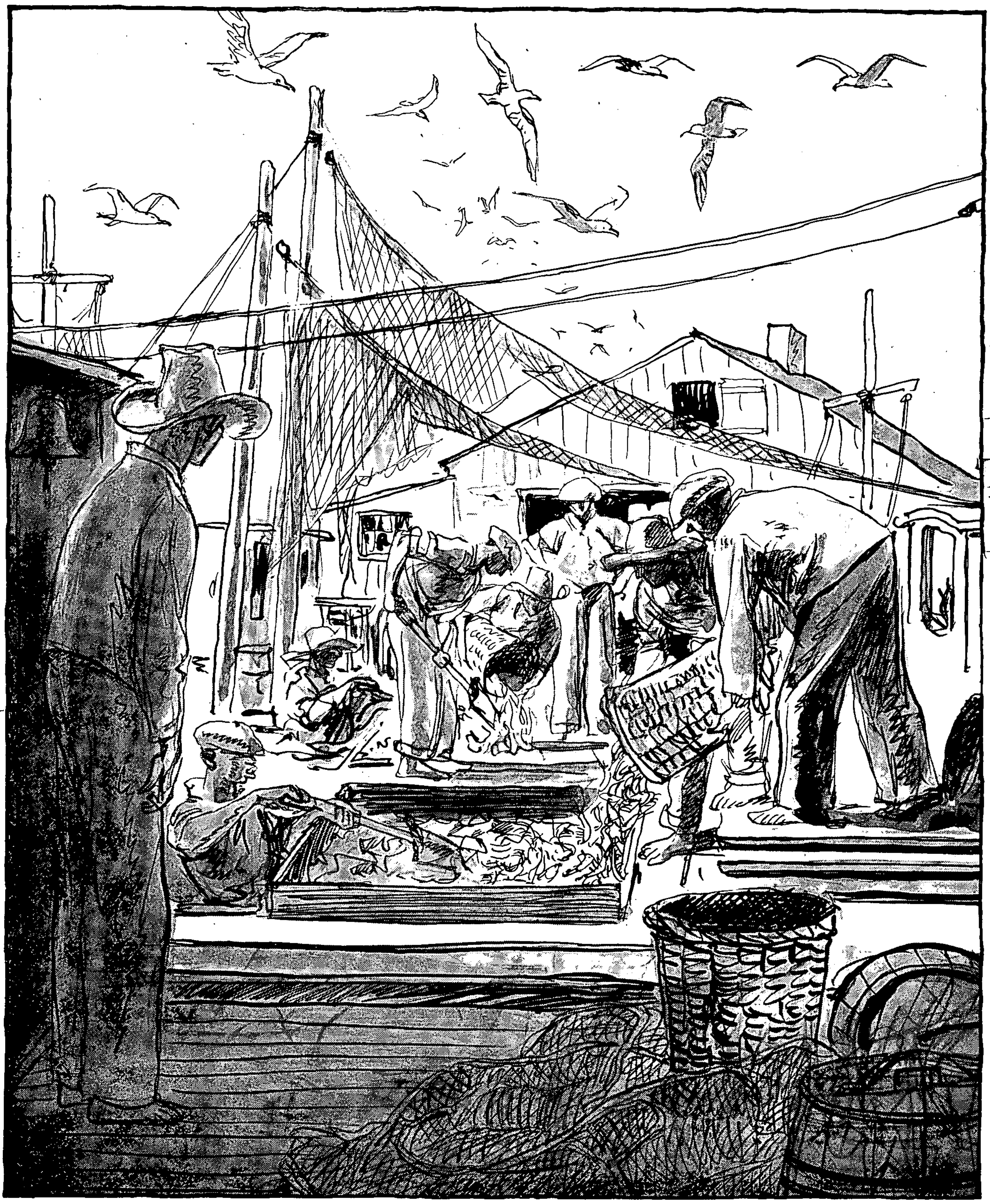
M. Ludlow chuckled.

"I'm afraid I've made a tactical blunder, Chimmefon. Now that she's discovered your cookery she'll never want to leave Hollywood."

(*Continued on page 35*)


Robert Patterson.

house of sugar and the women. The house collapsed. Rich custard splashed right and left



Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

The

Each lugger moors alongside an ice boat and transfers the cargo to be stowed in alternate layers of shrimp and ice

It's called Manila Village and it exists for one purpose—to catch shrimp. But the ghosts of the pirates that first populated the place still haunt it, and color and romance are by-products of its industry

MULATTO, *mestizo*, Eurasian—one glimpse of that motley island suggested words that signify a mixture of human races; and Volapük, Esperanto, *patois*, to hint at their mutterings in mongrel tongues. Within sight there were perhaps fifty men who represented forty-nine different nationalities, for at birth each of them must have known some natal allegiance and a definite color. They must, originally, have been black men, brown men, yellow men, red men, and men who were probably born white, but now were sun-blistered to a sameness with the half-breed Malay. Chance and necessity had jumbled them here on a vast platform supported by an entanglement of stilts which raised it above this marshy island; an island so very flat that it seems to sink below the level of the sea. Not actually below; the island merely has that appearance.

Plank runways, also on stilts, led to shanties where men slept, crazy runways darting off at erratic angles from the platform that was spread with drying shrimp. For days these low red ridges and redder valleys of shrimp had lain there under a blazing sun, being constantly stirred by nondescripts who wielded enormous rakes. When every suspicion of moisture had evaporated they were shoveled into a huge cone around which the men formed a ring. Derelicts and hideaways from all nations rested fraternal arms on one another's shoulders, like convicts in a lockstep, and circled the red hillock, treading out shrimp at its base. Tramp, tramp, tramp, their bodies swayed in unison as the men sang, not exactly a song, more of a barbaric chant whose words, if they were words, came from all languages and were intelligible in none. Tramp, tramp, tramp. More shrimp and more shrimp slipped in avalanches from the heap. Shrimp, like grain, must be shelled for market, and the shuffle of many feet trod them out, as the Biblical ox trod out his master's corn.

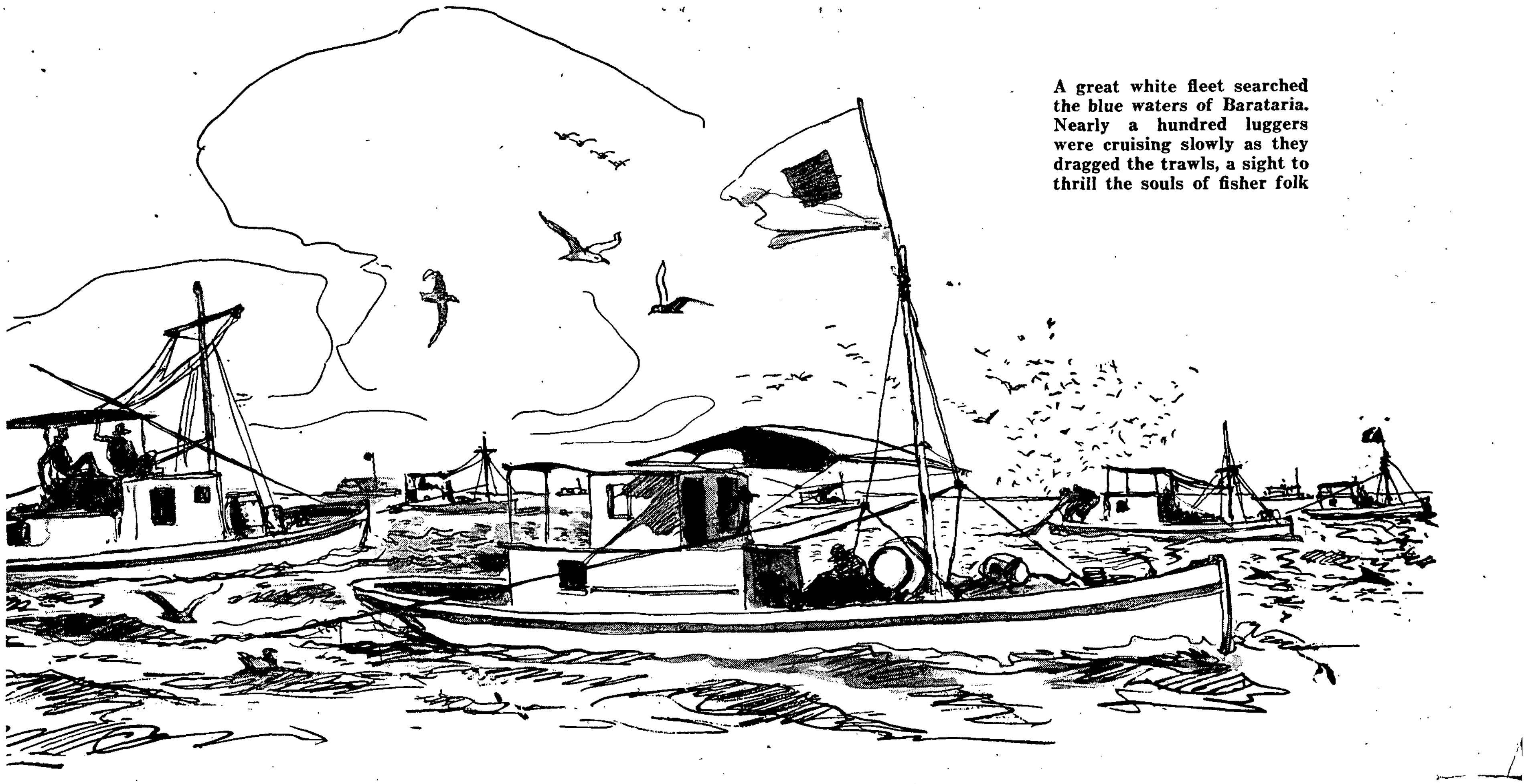
Flotsam from the Seven Seas

The human equation, however, was far more interesting than the process; all sorts and conditions of men, flotsam from the seven seas tossed up on lonely shores. Some spoke their English with pedantic accuracy, the purest Parisian or Florentine Italian. Others, perhaps, used a blend of jungle African and Portuguese. So it was easy to imagine among them the absconding American, the refugee from Mexico, escaped French galley slaves and ex-gangsters. Here they were safe, and here they were; yet it seemed incredible that such an island of lost men should exist in our modern state of Louisiana.

Returning after a lapse of fourteen years, much of the remembered glamour seems to have passed from Manila Village, as the place is called; or perhaps the first brief visit had left a distorted impression. Its ramshackle wharves remain, more rickety and weather-beaten. Luggers still come and unload their catches of shrimp—gasboats now, for the rakish lateen sails have disappeared. The same old runways still lead to the same old shanties from whose windows dark-eyed women peer so curiously at a stranger. But picturesque derelicts no longer chant around a red hillock, for progressive winds have blown them to other ports of vagrancy, and a songless machine has taken over their job.

The canning industry becomes standardized although the population does not. Toward the close of the eighteenth century pirate crews that infested the Spanish Main were driven from Martinique and flocked here to establish new headquarters on Grande Terre, a sandy island that lies forty miles west of the mouth of the Mississippi River. At this point Grand Pass enters Barataria Bay, a shallow sheet of water which on its land side is accessible only through a tangle of bayous that intersect the marshes.

To this ideal haven the pirateers brought every blood strain of the globe, and several families on Grand Island claim descent from men who sailed under the flag of Jean Lafitte. Once they were all sea rovers, but have now turned stay-at-homes. We are not speaking of Manila Village, but of Grand Island, where about four hundred people live. Grand Island is directly on the Gulf, eight miles long by half a mile wide, a length and breadth sufficient for isolated



A great white fleet searched the blue waters of Barataria. Nearly a hundred luggers were cruising slowly as they dragged the trawls, a sight to thrill the souls of fisher folk

Island of Lost Men

By Harris Dickson

folk who dwell remote from any telephone or telegraph. Three times each week a dingy little gasboat comes chugging down the bayous from New Orleans, yet only a few islanders have ever ventured as far as the Crescent City.

Shrimp fishing on Barataria Bay is pretty much like raising cotton on a swamp plantation. The cotton planter, say, has fifty tenants and assigns twenty acres to each, with a mule and cabin. Through the year he feeds his Negroes and their families on credit, furnishes gas to backfire in dilapidated flivvers, clothes them from Christmas to Christmas and hopes for the best.

Tenants usually work on shares, and if the planter strikes a streak of luck they may gin out sufficient staple to square their ration accounts and pay a reasonable rental for the land. Otherwise, in a bad season or if the boll weevil multiplies too rapidly, he must sign a bigger mortgage. Where crops fail, all moneys advanced by the planter are uncollectable because his tenants possess no assets except their labor.

The Gardens of the Sea

On all fours with the cotton planter is a canning factory that has fifty shrimp catchers, and to each pair of partners assigns a gasoline lugger with all essential nets and equipment. Twenty-five sturdy little seagoing crafts will foot up a substantial amount of invested capital. In spite of this the canner may find himself better off than the planter.

A plantation Negro makes one crop, cotton, and produces nothing else. Around his cabin you'll see no pigsty, fowl, or kitchen garden. Instead of digging fresh vegetables out of the fertile soil, he digs them out of a can from the planter's commissary. On credit. And milks his cow with a can-opener for condensed milk. On credit.

The average island fisherman also makes one crop, shrimp, and his family, like the Negro's, must live for twelve months on the earnings of a few weeks' work.

But Allah the Compassionate has himself planted a garden for the islander, a garden in the bountiful sea. During slack times, that is, about eight months of the year, he can always gather a few fish. His children need only sink a basket net to capture plenty of crabs. The yelping of his dog in the marsh will notify him that a terrapin has been cornered. The islander rarely eats this terrapin. Diamond-backs are too valuable and can be sold to Mr. Ludwig's terrapin farm, and gourmets will pay six bits a bite for them in New York.

A thrifty Creole housewife makes both ends meet even if she has neither end. Her small home cuddles beneath a live-oak tree on the north side of Grand Island. It is painted the color of a second-hand mustard plaster, with doors of vivid blue. There Madame tends her cow, her pigs, her chickens, a truck patch, and contributes annually to the population. Although her husband may harvest no crop except shrimp, he can always produce a numerous progeny.

Taking Shrimp on Shares

Some of the more industrious Grand Islanders hoard money and are thus enabled to sail their own boats. Consequently they sell their catch in a free market and pocket all the profits. M'sieu Marcel Pitot, however, and his partner, Señor Pedro Bustamente, were not among these lucky ones, for Sel and Busta must use a craft that belongs to the Grande Terre Fisheries Co., and divide the shrimp. It seemed that Sel and Busta could never get ahead. Their patient planning came to naught. Between seasons, during eight intellectual months, they dangled their bare feet from a wharf and talked things over, and talked things over, and talked things over, yet always took the Company's boat and set out again on shares.

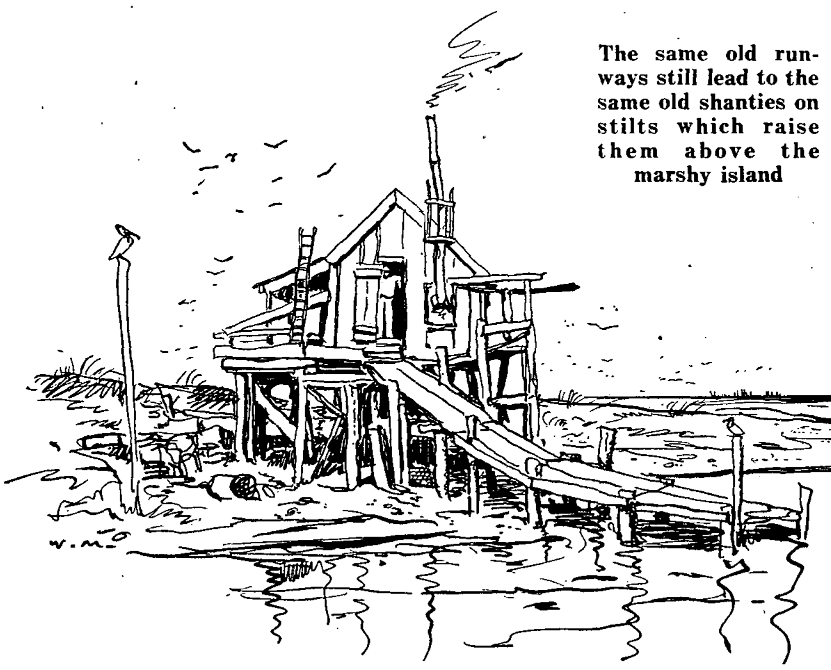
This arrangement had its compensations, for while discussing, debating and considering, the Company advanced them money and supplies against their expected catch. So that year after year, when the shrimp season opened in August, the partners found themselves confronted by a debt. Schoolbooks to buy. Dresses. Tobacco. An occasional surreptitious quart. A bill from the doctor. A new room must be added to Busta's overflowing home, for he was too frequently a father, and others would arrive as regularly as lambs at springtime. Sel was French and Busta Spanish, so they kept up an unfaltering courage; a single catch would pay everything.

After summer's scorching lassitude, through which the partners rested more diligently than usual, a sudden frenzy struck their coast. Luggers began to assemble at Manila Village. Fishermen hurried to the Chinese Platform.

The wide platform was swept clean and soon would be piled again knee-deep in shrimp. Keen eyes observed the weather signs and grizzled sea-dogs exchanged their prophecies.

Sel and Busta tingled with excitement on that crucial day when the Company sent down their boat, the Dos Amigos. There she lay moored in Bayou Rigaud, freshly painted white with a broad red stripe, her engine purring like a contented cat.

(Continued on page 45)



The same old runways still lead to the same old shanties on stilts which raise them above the marshy island

Winter Range

By Alan Le May

The Story Thus Far:

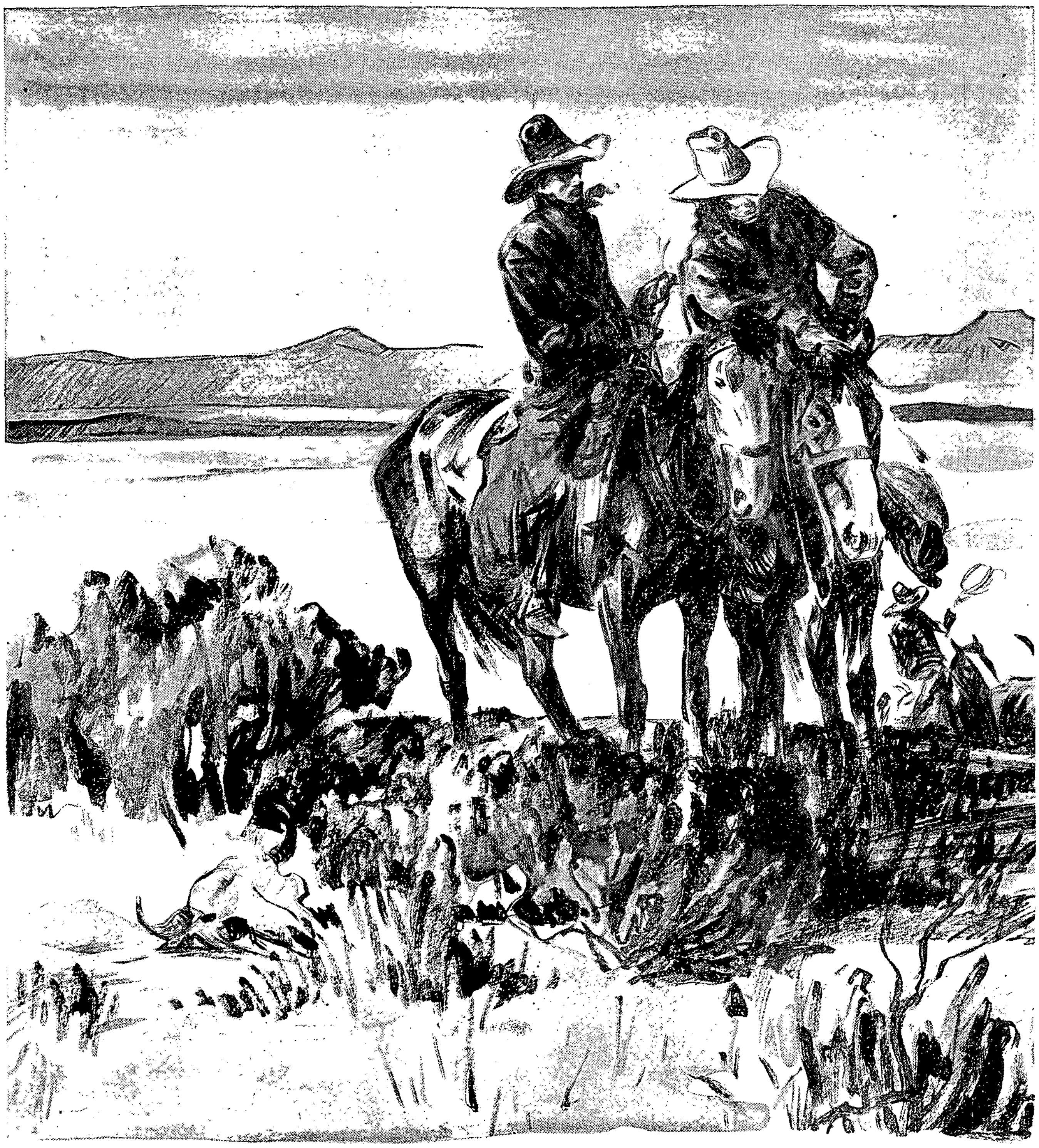
KENTUCKY JONES, livestock trader on the Wolf Bench range, receives some shocking news: John Mason, head of the bank in the little cow-town of Waterman, has committed suicide. Mason, he well realizes, had been a tower of strength to the entire region. Times are hard. For months, only Mason's courage and sagacity had kept the little bank and the Wolf Bench country solvent.

Kentucky attends the coroner's inquest. Everyone of importance is there—Sheriff Floyd Hopper; Clive Pearson, who will succeed Mason as head of the bank; Bob Elliot, owner of a ranch—the SS; Campo Ragland, boss of the Bar Hook—a sour-visaged man who sits with his pretty daughter, Jean, and follows the proceedings closely; and many others. . . . Mason's body, according to the testimony, was found in the snow, within fifty yards of the Ragland ranch house. In his hand, tightly gripped, was his revolver. Jean Ragland testifies that, at the time of the tragedy, she and her father were away.

The girl is excited, near hysteria. Presently, escorted by her father, she leaves the room. As she passes Kentucky, she slips a small object into his hand. Kentucky examines the object. It is a used bullet! . . . "Death by accidental discharge of own weapon" is the jury's verdict. While it is being brought in, Kentucky approaches Campo Ragland, asks him for a job. Campo gives him one—as a cow-hand.

Sheriff Hopper summons Kentucky, informs him that someone has stolen the bullet which caused Mason's death. "But," he adds, "we don't need it—we've got a mold of it!" He then admits that he believes Mason was murdered—that someone at the Ragland ranch (he will not name the person) may be involved. He suggests that Kentucky get a job at the ranch, and act as a spy. Kentucky declines the offer, instantly. "But," he adds. "I'm going to do some work. I'm going to try to get me the man that killed John Mason."

II



"I see you're moving a few head of stock," Bishop began.

CAMPO RAGLAND struck a match, and as the light of three or four lamps filled the room the faces of the riders likewise lightened. They had been more than four hours on the way. From Waterman, Kentucky Jones had pushed his horse steadily, and as darkness closed down he had overtaken the Bar Hook people. With them he had ridden the long Bar Hook horse trail across the Bench, until they came out at last upon long rolling reaches and the rambling buildings of the Bar Hook loomed before them, dark and shapeless.

The kitchen wing in which they now gathered was built of big, square-hewn logs; but the interior was neatly plastered, roomy and hospitable, like the kitchens of the big Spanish-grant ranches a long way to the south. They could cook for the combined outfits of Wolf Bench in that kitchen, when need arose.

Jean Ragland said, "There's no fire made." And Kentucky noticed the odd way in which they all fell silent for a moment, as if it was a strange and uncommon thing that a fire should not spring into being and set coffee on itself at a deserted ranch.

"You see," Campo Ragland said to Kentucky, "we generally have a cook around here; lately it's been a lame boy named Zack Sanders. Used to be a rider, but his horse fell on him and turned him into a cook." The broad, bland curve of his forehead receded to thinning hair the color of rust. Where his hat protected his forehead it was blotched with freckles, suggesting what a bran-splattered face he had offered the world in his youth. "But this boy is kind of gone missing on us, it seems."

"Been missing long?"

"Last week he was supposed to take two days off, and he rode over to see a girl he has over here thirty, forty mile," Ragland said. "I didn't notice it so much Saturday when he didn't come in, that being the day that this—this accident happened to Mason. But in Waterman today his girl said he left there Saturday sunup. That's four days gone."

"HE'LL probably show up," Lee Bishop grunted.

"Oh, I suppose so," Campo Ragland jerked himself into activity again, and began throwing wood into the great stove. "The way things been going around here, it gets a feller nervous, I guess."

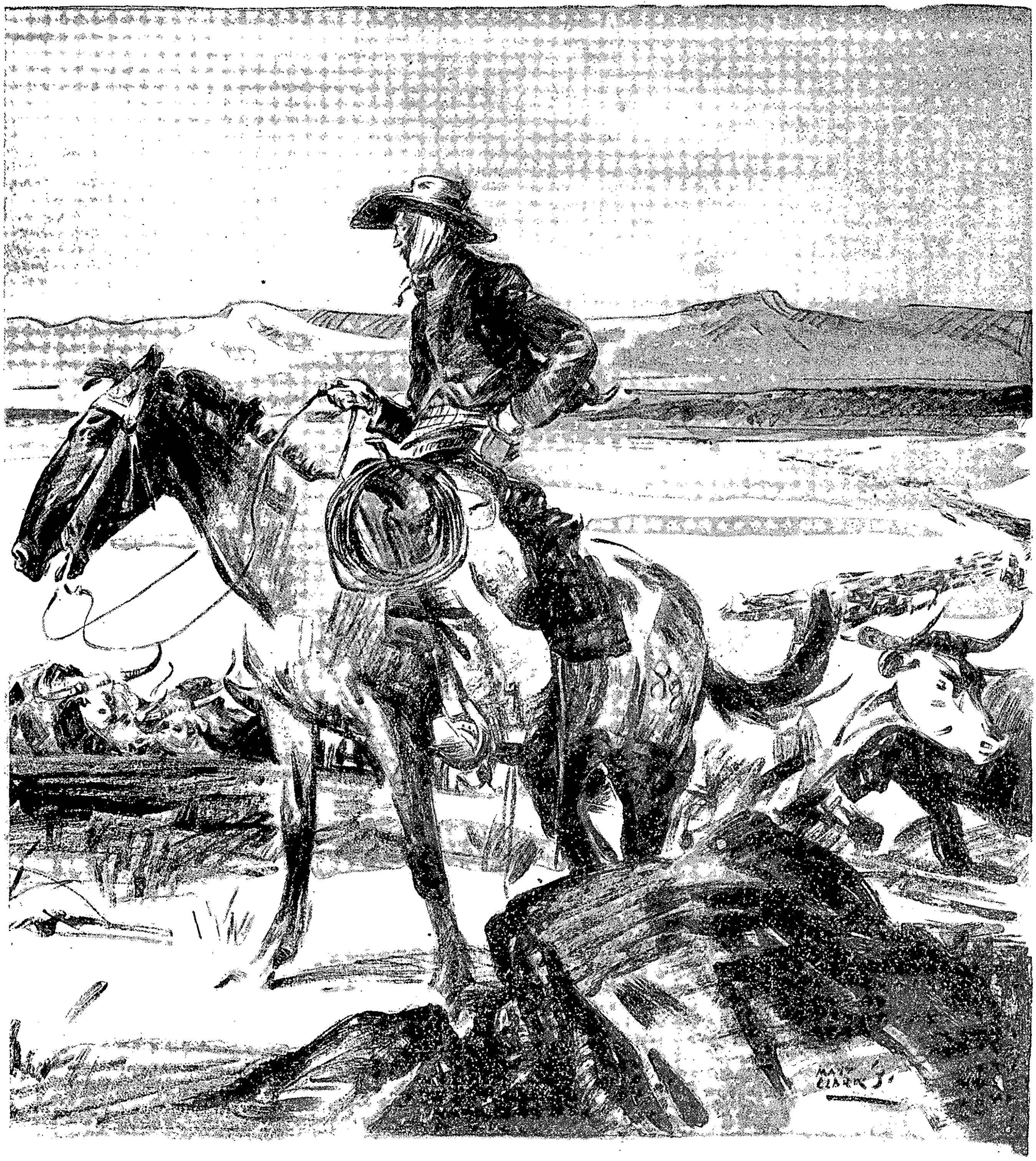
In a little while the big stove began to fill the room with a lazy warmth, and the hot, smoky smell of frying beef and potatoes began to thaw the riders out. Kentucky Jones, a butcher's apron draped over his easy-going frame, whistled through his teeth as he dug out caches of canned goods with the unerring instinct of the born grub-hunter. With the heartening warmth the mood of the Bar Hook changed, so that for a little while it could have been any ranch house, anywhere—except that the presence of Jean Ragland made a difference here. That girl could subtly change the time and place, making it different from any other ranch house and any other night. Perhaps no cowboy ever rode for the Bar Hook without feeling that he was in some part riding for this girl.

Looking at her now Kentucky Jones would not have guessed that she had today testified concerning a death that had occurred within fifty yards of this door; and that in the midst of those proceedings she had felt impelled to thieve the heart out of the evidence of that death. The cool, balanced poise of her head and the quiet of her face—beautifully alive even in repose—belied the shadow which he knew must hang over her here like a storm cloud over a lonely rider trying to hold his herd.

He had come here to find out the exact nature of the shadow which had fastened itself on the Bar Hook, and upon Jean Ragland as a part of the Bar Hook; and, accordingly, he turned now to studying the others as they ate. Lee Bishop, the solid, square-set foreman, was not a man, he decided, who could be counted on for any very great variety of imagination nor for quickness of insight. Undoubtedly he would stand steady as a rock in a pinch. Evidently he was a man born at a branding and raised in the saddle, for he would hardly have attained a foremanship at thirty had he been handicapped in experience.

THE other two cowboys Kentucky Jones classified as a couple of kids. Jim Humphreys, though only five years younger than Bishop, would perhaps always be a kid. And Billy Petersen was the youngster, essential to every outfit, who would be given the undesirable jobs of horse-wrangling and night herd, and errands which were a nuisance. Two more cowboys who had been reluctant to leave town were expected in before morning; and when these were in, the winter outfit of the Bar Hook would be complete. The outfit as a whole was typical, ordinary.

But Campo Ragland remained silent throughout the meal; and for the moment Kentucky could make out no more about him than he already knew—which was little enough.



Illustrated by Matt Clark

"Figure to," said McCord. The two foremen eyed each other

"Sure miss Zack Sanders around here," Campo said at last, getting up. "Might's well set out what we'll need, handy to breakfast, I guess."

"Dad," said Jean, "I'll take care of all that."

"You get along to bed," her father told her gruffly. "I want you to get some sleep."

Jean hesitated, as if she would argue the point; but appeared to reconsider, and obediently picked up a lamp.

Kentucky Jones moved efficiently about making ready for morning, bringing wood handy to the stove, locating the breakfast grub, as if preparing against an intricate problem. Out in lonely camps upon the range these men would have got their own breakfasts effortlessly, without thought; but here, where a cook was supposed to be, a cookless breakfast loomed as an ordeal untold.

"I wish I knew—" Campo began; he was ladling fresh coffee into a big pot with an enormous spoon—"I wish I knew—" Suddenly he stopped and stood staring, while from the poised spoon a thin trickle of dry coffee dribbled to the floor.

Jean Ragland had returned, and was standing in the broad doorway. She still carried the lamp, and its sharp, near light, illumining her face remorselessly, showed that her features were drawn by a hard and unaccustomed emotion. It took a moment or two for Kentucky Jones to realize that what he saw in the girl's face was fear.

For a moment no one spoke. Jim Humphreys let an armload of wood fall with a thundering crash. Then Ragland said, very low, his coffee spoon still motionless, "What is it, Jean?"

JEAN RAGLAND'S voice could hardly be heard. "Someone's been through the house."

"Been through the house?"

"Ransacked it—through and through!"

Her father let the big spoon splash into the coffeepot. Jean turned, throwing the light into the room beyond, and for a moment father and daughter stood together in the doorway, staring at what the others could not see. Then slowly, with a curious uncertainty, Campo Ragland moved out of their sight. Jean followed him with the lamp.

Billy Petersen, the youngster, made a jump for his sheepskin coat, jerked a gun out of its pocket, and stuck it in his waistband; Jim Humphreys said, "Don't be a damn' fool, Billy!" And they followed Kentucky Jones to the door through which Campo had disappeared.

The room which Kentucky Jones now studied from the doorway was long and broad, but it had the low, log-beamed ceiling common to the northern ranches rather than to the desert layouts of the Southwest. In one end a huge fireplace with a six-foot opening was built of rugged chunks of the native rock, and near this Campo stood, holding up a second lamp. The owner of the Bar Hook was turning slowly, his face expressionless as he combed the details of the room.

They heard him say, "You're right; there's no question about it."

Jim Humphreys said, "Is there anything we can—"

Ragland shot them a quick glance, as if momentarily he had forgotten that he was not alone. "It's nothing much, I guess," he said in a rocky voice. "This dump has been searched, all right. That's all. Wait back, you."

Jim Humphreys and Billy Petersen returned to the kitchen. At the doorway Kentucky Jones turned and stood for a moment in a final survey of the main room. He saw Ragland pass to the next room. Jean moved to follow. Then suddenly the girl stopped and stood rigid. Following her eyes, Kentucky Jones saw at once what she was looking at. It was a trivial thing; yet sufficiently out of the way to identify itself at a glance as the focus of the girl's attention.

ON THE wall hung a cheap picture frame, perhaps ten inches in its longer dimension, made of narrow dark wood, with acorns represented at the corners. And it was distinguished from other picture frames by the fact that there was no picture in it. Through its glass could be seen the torn manila paper which had backed the frame, and a section of the wall.

Jean Ragland set her lamp down, stepped forward and jerked the empty frame from the wall. For a moment she stood irresolute, glancing quickly about her.

"Do you want me to wrangle that for you, too?" said Kentucky from the doorway.

For an instant she stared at him, her eyes wide and hostile. It was surprising to him—a little. That afternoon, at the inquest, she had pressed into his keeping the bullet she had taken from the exhibits. But now he knew that she had not elected him as her ally, nor wanted more than momentary aid.

Her father's step sounded close at hand beyond the other door. Jean dropped the picture frame behind a wooden chest that stood against the wall, and picked up her lamp again as her father reëntered.

They went back into the kitchen. Billy Petersen, Jim Humphreys and Lee Bishop were waiting there, as they had been told to wait. Campo Ragland paused in the main room a moment to exchange the briefest sort of word with Jean. But his announcement was to all of them, at once.

"Somebody's ransacked this dump," he told them slowly. "Somebody's ransacked it good. There's a rifle gone."

Lee Bishop said, "Is that all?"

"They pried open the cash box, but didn't take anything, so far as I know. It beats me."

"We can spare a rifle, I guess," Jean said sharply. Except for a certain soberness, Kentucky was unable to make out in Jean's face any sign of the cold, still terror he had seen in it a little while before. But he saw now that a change had come over Campo Ragland. Campo's face was stiffly expressionless; but the eyes were those of a man lost in uncertainty.

Kentucky Jones did not know Campo Ragland well. In the course of his efforts to establish himself in rimrock cattle, he had held parley with Campo perhaps half a dozen times. But he knew Campo to be typical of the Wolf Bench breed of owners, a man as durable as the hide of his own range-bred ponies.

BEHIND his genial façade Campo had always been completely sure of himself. But now, while the outer aspect of the man was still little changed, Jones saw that the inner confidence was gone, as if the qualities which had made him the fit boss of a hard-held and forever-resistant range were cut through at the root.

"We may as well get some shut-eye, I guess," Campo said. "One of you fellers better turn out in the morning and load the stove."

"I'm a pot-buster," Kentucky offered. "Leave breakfast to me."

"All right. Might's well turn into Zack's bunk, then."

Alone in the little lean-to room off the kitchen where Zack had lived, Kentucky Jones sat for a little while on the bunk and smoked a final cigarette. The bullet that Jean had taken from the inquest was now displaced in his mind by the empty picture frame which the panic-stricken girl had hidden from her father's sight—and his puzzlement was immeasurably increased. It was time to take stock of what he knew.

He did not conceal from himself that his interest in the murder of Mason turned upon the involvement of Jean. The foundation of the thing was, of course, the fact that John Mason was dead, shot from the saddle within fifty yards of Ragland's door, as he arrived from the 88 on Bob Elliot's pinto horse. Jean Ragland had stolen from the evidence the bullet that had killed Mason—and the sheriff probably had a mold of that bullet. Upon this foundation now rested a miscellany of puzzling and unrelated detail.

A Bar Hook rider had lied about his whereabouts at the hour of Mason's death. A lame cowboy cook was missing from the Bar Hook. Somebody had ransacked the Bar Hook ranch house, taking away a rifle and a picture out of its frame. Jean thought little of the disappearance of the rifle, much of the empty frame. Unquestionably, he needed more of the missing fragments before he could piece that picture together.

In the meantime the range was thrown out of balance by the death of the cow financier. Bob Elliot, facing ruin, could save himself only by forcing Ragland over the edge in his place. In one stride Kentucky Jones had stepped into a situation of greater pressure than any he had before encountered in an active life. Things had happened at the Bar Hook which did not explain themselves, and other things would follow upon them which, could they be foreseen, must be averted at all costs.

For what seemed a long time he lay awake, listening to the snap of the frost in the heavy timbers of the house, while his mind quartered the case like a lion hound seeking a scent. Presently he became aware that there was something he had left undone. Without striking a light he opened a seam in the lining of his coat and extracted the bullet which Jean Ragland had pressed into his hand that afternoon. He opened the window, and found that the snow had drifted here against the log wall. Kentucky Jones hesitated a moment more; then flicked the bullet that had killed John Mason out into the drifted snow.

WHATEVER else happened the work had to go on. Campo Ragland had contracted to ship five carloads of longhorn two-year-old steers to a Southern feeder, but although the cars were already waiting on the Waterman siding, the gather and cut for the shipment still lacked many head. The two other Bar Hook cowboys—Harry Wilson and Joe St. Marie—had come in from Waterman during the night; and with this full force Campo himself jumped into the job of finishing the work in a day.

After breakfast Kentucky Jones made an opportunity to familiarize himself with the scene of Mason's death. "I suppose," he asked Lee Bishop, "that's the pump house?"

"Yeah, that stone dump. The place where I found Mason is about three horse-jumps southwest. He was lying face down with his head this way, and I—but I guess you heard all that. The trail he was coming in off of, from the 88, strikes four miles down the edge of the cut and then turns along the edge of the rim and strikes the 88 layout after about eight mile more. There's a shorter way up over Cat Ridge; but what with the rocky going, it takes about as long."

"It worked out so I missed part of the inquest," Kentucky said. "Did it come out why Mason was riding from the 88 to the Bar Hook? Seems kind of funny—the way things stand between the two brands."

"Yeah, that was all thrashed out," said Lee Bishop. "Old Ironsides was just making one of his regular circuits of the range."

"I heard he was riding one of Elliot's plugs."

"Yeah. His way of doing was to borrow some horse that could be counted on to go home by itself, and at the next outfit borrow another such horse, and so on. This time he was riding an 88 horse."

"YES, I got that," Kentucky said. "One of Bob Elliot's top horses—a big pinto with white forelegs."

"So they said. We got to get going, Kentuck. You and me aren't working with Campo today; there's a little job over here we got to wrangle separate. Rope you a low-grade horse."

Kentucky had expected that Jean Ragland would make a chance to talk to him; but Lee Bishop was in a hurry to be on the move, and they took the trail toward the rim before Kentucky could talk to Jean alone.

"Where ya goin'?"
"T'get a drink!"
"Look in my stockin' too!"

George Marcoux

For a long time they rode in silence; Bishop had given no hint as to the nature of their errand, as yet.

"I don't know exactly what we're up against here," the foreman said at last; "I haven't said much to the old man yet. I think we'll be able to tell just about how it's going to work out when we get up here four, five miles. It's made a beginning, I think."

"What has?" said Kentucky.

"You'll pretty soon see. I wish to God Jean was out of here. There's no better cattle woman anywhere than Jean. But this might not be a good place for her, pretty quick here."

"What's become of her mother?" Kentucky asked him. "Seems like there used to be a Mrs. Ragland, last summer when I first came to Wolf Bench."

"There's still a Mrs. Ragland. She's putting in the winter out on the Coast."

"I reckon she's got judgment," said Kentucky. "I hear that out there they've got a big rock-candy mountain, where the rivers are whisky and the cows have rubber horns. Though, come to think of it, that might not interest her."

The foreman shrugged moodily. "You can call it judgment. It looks more like a run-out to me. She doesn't take to cattle, I guess."

"Looks like Jean would have gone with her."

"Jean takes after her father," Lee Bishop said. "This busted-up country is bred into her, blood and bone. She's a true Ragland. There's been a Ragland running cattle on Wolf Bench since the first long-horn showed."

"And how long has there been an Elliot?"

"Well, there's always been an Elliot, too; though until Bob Elliot took it over from his old man the 88 was just a kind of a chicken-yard outfit. It's Bob that's got ambitious."

Kentucky Jones decided to try one of his shots in the dark. "Lee," he said casually, "have you let anyone in on the fact that Mason was not killed at the time he was supposed to be?"

Lee Bishop did not respond for a moment; then he turned to face Kentucky Jones slowly. "How's that?" he said without expression.

"Let it go," said Jones.

"KENTUCKY," said Lee Bishop, "I want to know what you were driving at."

"Not much, Lee. From the way you talked at the inquest, it seemed to me like you didn't join in with the others in figuring that Mason was killed before the snow begun."

"I said," Lee Bishop responded combatively, "that there wasn't no snow under him, didn't I?"

"You mean you grant that he was dead before snow flew?"

The foreman did not answer.

They came out, at last, upon a high point of the rim, a monstrous declivity, so sheer that it seemed as if at some time the world itself must have cracked to let the desert down. Far below the Bake Pan country began, a flat plain stretching into blue distance.

At a glance the vast flats of the Bake Pan seemed utterly devoid of life. Cowmen's eyes, however, could pick out here and there among the dark dots of sage and catclaw other dots that were cattle. They grazed in little scattered bunches, and the bunches themselves were far between, for this land could carry but ten or fifteen head to the mile. But what interested the riders on the rim was something else—a greater concentration of cattle, a long, dark irregular string of them lying on the face of the desert like a blacksnake whip.

"Uh-huh," said Lee Bishop. "There you have it! How many head would you count that drive?"

"Maybe twelve hundred," said Kentucky. "88 stock?"

"Sure they're 88! You know now why Bob Elliot put on six more hands!"

Already, then, this thing had come. Legally the public domain was open to all, whatever tradition or moral justice might hold. But Bob Elliot must have known that the brand which held this range would defend it bitterly; and this land had been Bar Hook graze for a long time.

Perhaps, Kentucky Jones considered, Bob Elliot could not wholly be blamed. It was hard to withhold all sympathy from a man making a stubborn fight in the face of a crush-out. But it seemed to him that there was something grossly unnatural about the manner in which the move was being made. The force of Elliot's motive, as well as his general method, he could understand. In Elliot's position almost any enemy of Ragland might have been expected to attempt a gradual infiltration of the Bar Hook range. But this sudden, openly hostile mass move was like nothing Kentucky Jones had ever seen. The thing was too swift, too unequivocal, too bald-faced.

"Eight riders," Lee Bishop commented. "He certainly is figuring to make this stick! He wouldn't be laying on all those riders if this was anything more than a beginning, Kentuck."

"Can the Bar Hook stand it, Lee?"

"We'll damn' well see," said Lee Bishop. He squinted at the sun. "It's pretty near a three-hour ride to get down to where them cattle is, but I guess we got to go; sorry we didn't bring no sow bosom and hard-tack with us, Kentucky."

"To hell with grub," said Kentucky, swinging his horse into the down trail.

IT WAS warmer down on the Bake Pan and the snow, which lay deep and unbroken on Wolf Bench, had here already dwindled to wetly glistening rifts. Across the long flat reaches the cattle plugged dustlessly, to a persistent bellowing of cows separated from their calves. Out from the herd, as the Bar Hook men drew near, rode a lank, angular man on a hammer-headed roan pony.

"This is Bill McCord," Lee Bishop said in an undertone; "he's from away. Bob Elliot's run through half a dozen range bosses in the last three years, but this one will suit him, I guess. He—"

"Yeah—I know him. If he found you drinking at a crick he'd ride through upstream, to see if you objected to mud. Hello, McCord."

McCord ignored Jones. "Howdy, Bishop."

"I see you're moving a few head of stock," Bishop began.

"Figure to," said McCord. The two foremen eyed each other. A certain amount of humor showed in the hard-seamed lines of McCord's face, but it was the kind of humor that starts trouble; and in his green eyes there was no humor at all.

"Moving right on through, I see," said Bishop.

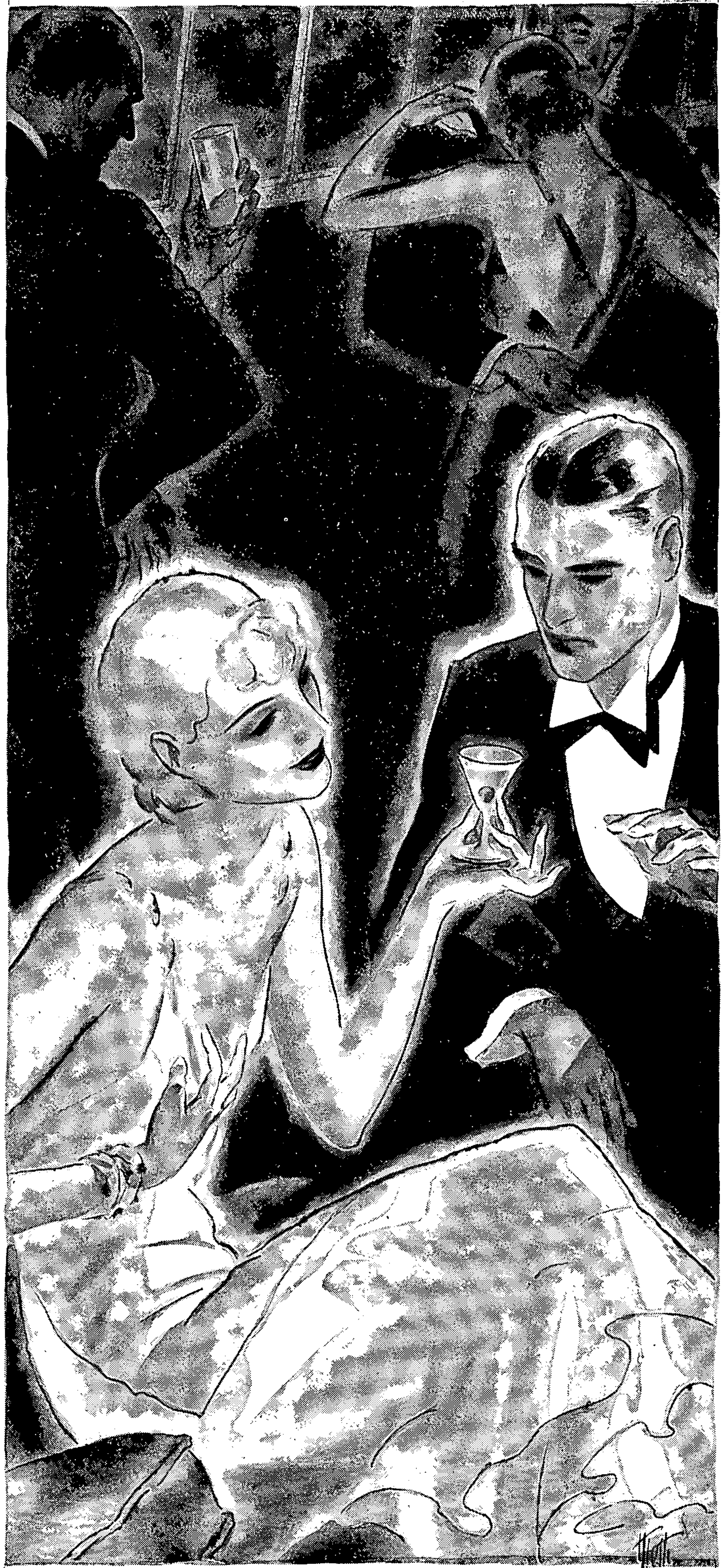
(Continued on page 38)

Old-Fashioned Folks

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By John B. Kennedy

Illustrated by Walter C. Klett



"You're funny," she said. "You come to a lively party and act like a mourner. At least, you look like one"

THE last time they met had been at a party like this one of the poet's. Charles, who had grown to like the girl to a degree where he was intensely curious about her, didn't like something she had said. She had called him old-fashioned, because he didn't drink.

Here they were again, in a crowded studio, jazz blaring from a radio, a miniature bar exceedingly busy in a corner of the room, everybody drinking, nearly everybody drunk—and Charles, seriously sober, pinning her in a love-seat.

"You're funny," she said, sipping a cocktail. "You come to a lively party and act like a mourner. At least, you look like one."

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'll get drunk if you insist."

He left her for the bar. The poet monopolized it, reciting his poems which dealt with death, disaster and the melancholy triumph of the tomb. He had an audience because the gin had run out and they were awaiting replenishments from a neighboring novelty store. So Charles returned to the girl, drinkless.

The replenishments arrived in charge of a colored maid bearing bottles in one hand and a pail of ice cubes in the other. She picked her way through the hilarity, teeth white and grinning, eyes scornful.

The poet bawled a toast. "It's Christmas Eve," he cried. "All good little boys and girls should hang—" he missed the "*g*"—"their stockings."

Everybody laughed. A willowy girl, with a loose mouth and hair burnished in bright waves, put her glass down in the wrong place. It spilled on an actor's vest; but he didn't mind—he didn't know. The willowy lady was the poet's friend, acting as his hostess. Thus matters were socially simplified.

"Let's all hang up our stockings," she shrilled. "Let's."

The idea caught on. Men and girls backed into divans, sat on cushions. Bare limbs gleamed as shimmering stockings were hung on the mantel, the bar and elsewhere—held down by books, book-ends and gutta-percha Buddhas.

ISLANDED from the rest of the party on their love-seat, Charles and the girl seemed miles removed from making love. They watched the revelers stumble to and from the bar, dance to the radio and mock intrusions of sales blarney on jerking jazz. Suddenly, a hymn, Adeste Fidelis, cut like cool water through the medley of sound.

"It's a hymn," shouted a tipsy girl. "Shut it off."

Jazz returned and, with it, dancing. The hostess came along the floor uncertainly with her poet.

"Helen!" she cried. "Join in the fun. Take off your stockings. Nobody wears stockings. It's Christmas."

Charles arose: "Helen," he said, "that is, Miss Norstrom, prefers to wear her stockings."

"Don't be so serious," the hostess chided.

"Naughty Charley," said the poet, wagging a finger. "Tha's Charley," he informed his companion. "He's an architect. Designs warehouses and freight-sheds, doncher, Charley?"

He roared at this devastating sally and reeled away with the hostess.

Left to themselves again, Charles observed Miss Norstrom frowning. "Another drink?" he suggested.

Her gray eyes pondered. "Who told you," she asked, "that I wouldn't take off my stockings?"

"I know you won't," he said. "This is a stupid party. I'm a fool for not spending Christmas at home—up in Peterboro."

"That's just one way of being a fool," said the girl, eying him steadily. "Why don't you go to Peterboro?"

"Why don't you go to Taunton?" asked Charles. "That's where your home is, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the girl. "But my job's here."

"And where will you spend Christmas?"

"Part of the day at the office," she said. "And a silly dinner at the club."

"Which club?"

"The Women's Advertising Club, if you must know."

"Why not have Christmas dinner with me?" he asked.

"It might be too exciting," she said.

HE CAUGHT the mockery in her tone, turned away, barged through wrestling dancers and reappeared before her, bearing drinks. "Your health," he said, handing her one. She refused it, and he stood for a while, contemplating his untouched glass. He placed it on the floor where it was promptly kicked over by an overjoyed cartoonist who shouted, "Whoopee!" as he did it.

"Why didn't I go home?" said Charles, in disgust.

"Why didn't you?" the girl echoed.

"It's a stupid old house," he said. "It was built by somebody who didn't know the difference between a mansard and a pent, so he slapped on both. But it must look pretty tonight—if it's snowing in Peterboro."

He mused, and she mused with him.

"Peterboro's only thirty miles from Taunton," she said.

"Just about," said Charles. "I'd be willing to walk there the way I feel."

The girl smiled—a smile of alert sympathy.

They were rudely interrupted. A group of the boys pulled Charles away to the bar where the poet, wobbly and voluble, poured him a drink. Charles took it. When he returned to the love-seat, the girl had vanished. She was nowhere in the studio.

Grabbing hat and coat, he departed, plunged into a cab and went slipping and snorting to the station. He just had time for the twelve-forty-five to Peterboro.

"No berths," said the ticket clerk.

"Nothing left?"

"Nothing. Unless the conductor has something."

"Damn the conductor."

"Merry Christmas," said the clerk, slapping down his window.

Enraged at the idea of sitting up all night in a day coach, Charles elbowed through commuters making end runs to the lower level. He cursed all the way to the train gate. Then he stopped cursing. The girl was there.

"OH," he beamed. "You're going too?"

She waved a ticket, triumphantly.

"Cost me all I had, for a compartment," she crowed. "But I'll be home for Christmas."

"So will I," said Charles. He took the ticket.

"I'll buy this from you and share it," he said.

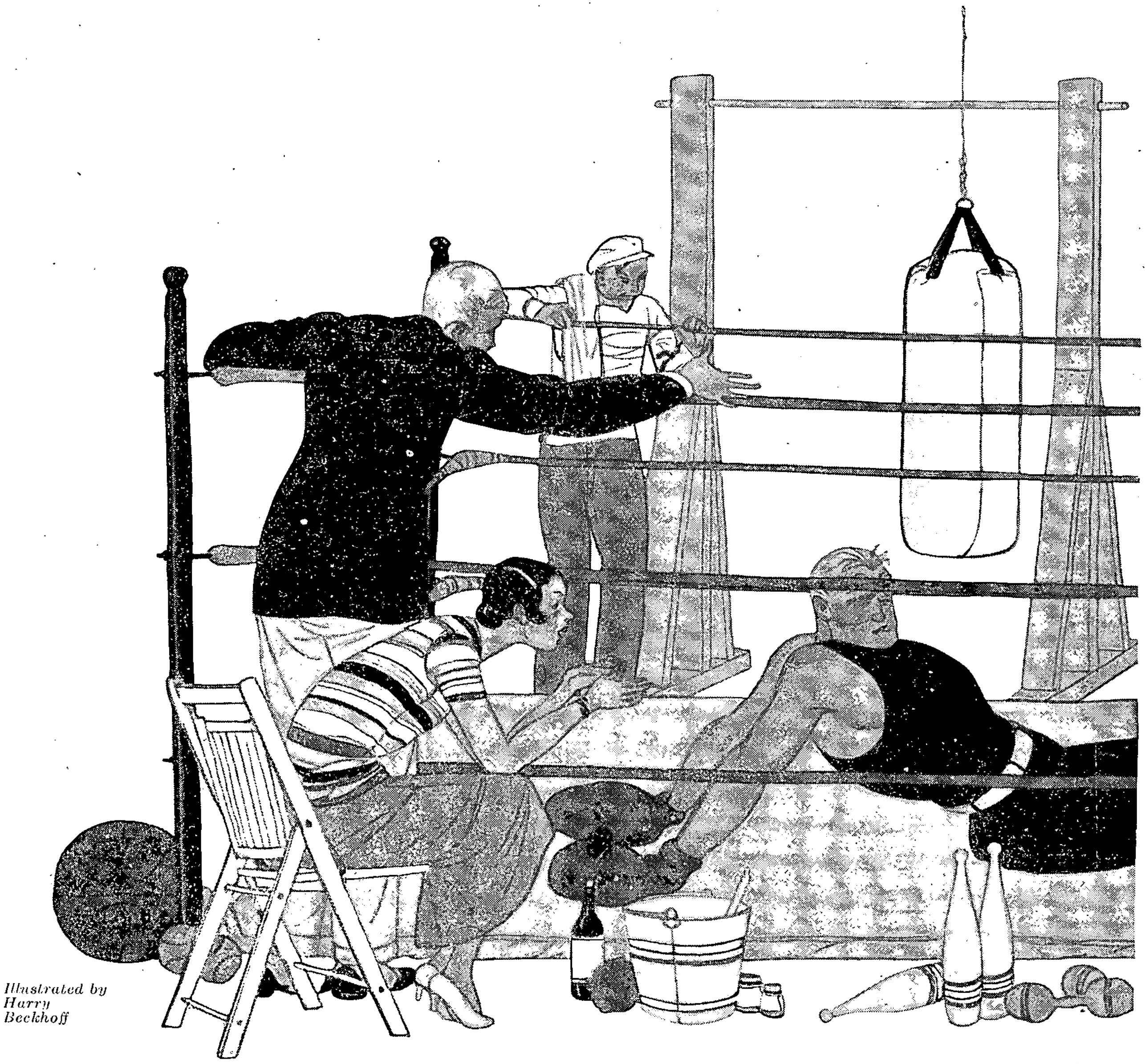
"We can't do that," said the girl.

"Why not?" he asked, as a conductor at the checking desk glared disapprovingly.

"Of course we can't," she said. "We're not married."

"Then we'll get married," said Charles.

So they sat up all night in the day coach, and did.



Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

The Big Pink

The Story Thus Far:

EN ROUTE to Narrow Harbor, where they are to spend the summer, Edwin Bleecker Jewett III, "Beechy" Gwynn (with whom Eddie is in love), and Dr. Beekman Winship, Eddie's tutor, have a thrilling adventure with some bandits in a gambling house to which Winship has been innocently led, one of whom the doctor—a large, but usually timid, college professor—knocks out.

Convinced by Eddie (who has a remarkable sense of humor) that his victim was a cop, not a bandit, and that he may have fatally injured him, Winship is terror-stricken. He has a weird pink beard. The police, glimpsing it, will recognize him. He removes it (at Eddie's suggestion) with hair-killer.

Eddie (seized with an inspiration) calls on Dan McGurk—who trains pugilists—has a secret interview with him, and introduces him to Winship who, devoid of whiskers, might, because of his ferocious appearance, easily be mistaken for a prize fighter.

Strange events follow at Narrow Harbor. McGurk arrives, hovers mysteriously around the home of Eddie's Aunt Julie, where Eddie and Winship are guests. Trooper Wilbur Dill, of the New York State Police, also appears on the scene.

McGurk approaches Winship, offers to make a great fighter out of him. Winship, a cultured soul, is shocked. He declines the offer. "Okay, big boy," says McGurk, who knows of his secret terror, "it's you for jail!" Whereupon Winship surrenders—agrees to train, under McGurk's tutelage, for the world's heavyweight championship.

Nevada Sullivan, a night-club queen, becomes deeply interested in the future champion. Nellie, a maid at Aunt Julie's, whom Trooper Dill is courting, is likewise impressed by "The Big Pink" and his financial possibilities. In the midst of a secret rendezvous in the kitchen, she kisses him and declares herself in on his "racket."

VI

"WE'RE letting Mr. Edwin sleep a little late this morning."

The crisp frostiness with which on principle Julie Bedloe addressed all servants was absent from her voice. She spoke to Ellen almost as to a fellow creature.

"Late, ma'am?" Ellen stared. "Why, Mr. Eddie and Dr. Winship had their breakfast at seven."

It was Mrs. Bedloe's turn to stare. Even her husband, startled, detached his gaze from his plate.

"Seven? Then where are they now?"

"They went out right afterwards, ma'am, in Mr. Eddie's car."

"What! They've gone?"

"Yes'm, but they'll be back for lunch."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Oh, yes'm. Mr. Eddie said he'd like to have steak."

"Steak? For lunch?"

"Yes'm. You'll find it on cook's list."

Ellen departed kitchenwards. Ronald Bedloe, keeping his gaze upon his plate, spoke with an impatience almost husbandly.

"Now don't fuss, Julie. It only shows that the boy feels at home here, and that's what you want, isn't it?"

"But beefsteak! For lunch! Why, Dr. Frisbee says—"

"I know, but if you want to keep Eddie you've got to break a few of Dr. Frisbee's rules at first. If you try to make that boy eat creamed spinach and pineapple salad for lunch he'll just pack up and go before you have a chance to do anything for him."

"But it's positively revolting! Red meat! For lunch!"

"What do you expect of a boy who's never had a chance to learn better habits? Eddie's all right. Just see how much he's improved already! Out of bed and out of doors before eight o'clock!"

Julie brightened. "That's Dr. Winship's influence."

"Yes, and if he's done that much in two days, think what he could do in a whole summer! Why, at this rate it won't be long before he'll have Eddie actually studying!"

Ellen, reëntering, made bold to offer respectful interruption.

"Beg pardon, sir, but they've started already. Mr. Eddie said something about having a lesson this morning."

"There!" Bedloe spoke triumphantly. "What's a little thing like steak for lunch, compared to—"

Julie nodded. "Perhaps you're right," she said. "I'll—" bravely, "I'll order the steak."

She turned to Ellen. "But tell cook to have it very well done."

"Mr. Eddie particularly said to have it rare, ma'am."

THERE was a brief pause before Mrs. Bedloe made the magnificent sacrifice.

"Very well, Ellen. We'll have it rare."

"Yes'm."

Lightly Ellen departed. Mrs. Bedloe drew in a long, rapt breath.

"Lessons! And so soon! I can hardly believe it's really true!"

Precisely this difficulty of belief afflicted Beekman Winship. From the beginning of his morning's nightmare he had waited hopefully for the waking moment that would dissipate a fantastically ghastly dream.

In the presence of coarse, uncongenial strangers, including even a gentleman of color, he had been ruthlessly obliged to disrobe. He had been weighed and measured like a beef-bullock. Clad in the singlet, tights and footgear of Signor Primavera, he had been driven by harsh chidings through calisthenics even less dignified than the push-ups and squattings of his secret habit. Even when, given a skipping-rope, he had acquitted himself almost brilliantly, he received no praise.

"I thought so!" McGurk spoke darkly. "He played with girls!"

Winship denied this charge with an irrational heat of anger. McGurk's pessimism lessened slightly.

"Well, le's see you shadow-box, then."

It was necessary, for Winship's enlightenment, to provide him with an object-lesson in this art. A gentleman of strangely skewed features and oddly swollen ears, who answered for obvious reasons to the name of Split-tooth Ganley, was chosen as instructor. Sliding between the ropes that inclosed a square, canvas-carpeted space in the center of the barn, this person, assuming an aspect and posture of sinister ferocity, proceeded to commit atrocious assault and battery upon an imaginary antagonist. With this antagonist Winship somehow associated himself. He seemed to stand as target for the wicked, swishing blows. At first, impressed by Mr. Ganley's swiftness and manifest bloodthirstiness, he cowered, mentally, before the fusillade of fists. Slowly, as he watched, a deep, abiding dislike for Mr. Ganley took form in him.

"See?" McGurk's hand fell ungently on his shoulder and Ganley, breathing fast from his exertions, paused. "Get in there and le's see you do it."

Winship crawled gingerly between the ropes and made forlorn endeavor to imitate the pantomime. Mr. Ganley coarsely expressed his opinion by making a lingual noise which Winship had heard described as the raspberry.

"Whadduyuh think you're doing? Playing post office?"

Winship's dislike deepened slightly, but he made no answer. Into his next pretense of a blow, however, he found it possible to put more energy.

"What's the idea of leadin' with your right?" McGurk demanded.

"I'm right-handed," Winship explained.

"Whatcha tryin' to do—kid me?"

McGurk spoke with heat. Winship smiled appeasingly.

"By no means. I merely explained that since my right arm is more powerful and under better control than my left, it is natural that I should—uh—strike with my right."

McGurk sighed.

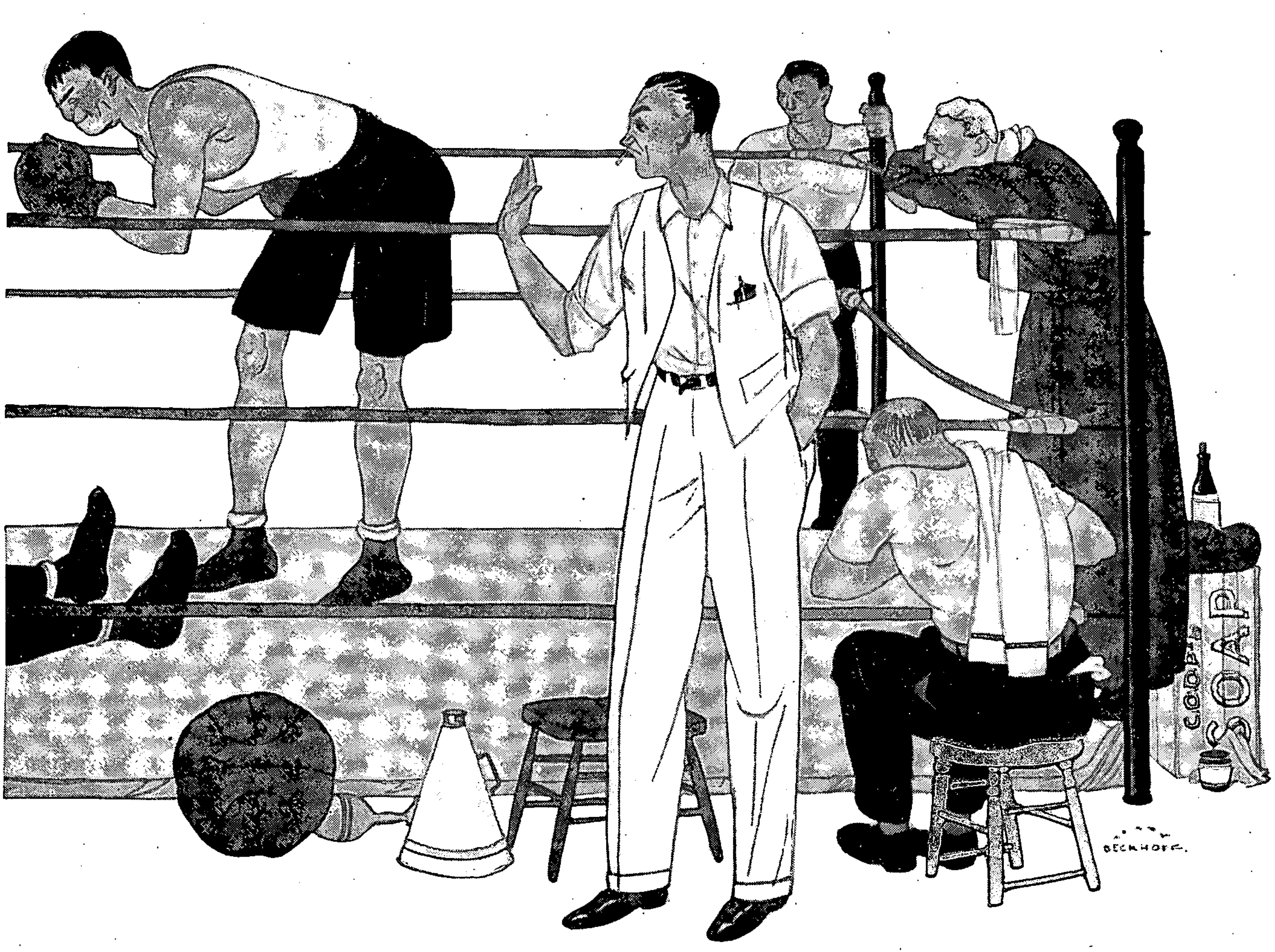
"I FORGOT that there ain't but one way to learn the big ones. Get in there, Split-tooth, and do it."

With malevolent alacrity Mr. Ganley slid between the ropes. His disarranged features achieved a leer of singular ill will. Leaning down to one of the padded posts, he pretended to speak into a telephone.

"Hello. Gimme the glue fact'ry. Say, if you got any use f'r a dead el'phant, shoot your truck over."

Loud mirth greeted this crude witti-

Mr. Ganley, resting the back of his right hand on his hip, leaned down once more to the imaginary telephone. "Glue fact'ry? Say, your dead el'phant's ready f'r yuh!"



By Hugh MacNair Kahler

cism, the gentleman of color, in particular, uplifting a falsetto squeal of high delight. Mr. Ganley advanced upon Winship with awkward, shuffling speed, his neck telescoping turtle-wise, his gloved fists raised and in constant, menacing movement.

Normally, under attack, Winship would have assumed the bodily and mental attitude of a purely passive defense. Early in life, confronted constantly by the mystifying rancor inspired by mere bigness in the breasts of those who did not suffer from that misfortune, he had developed, of stern necessity, a technique of self-protection. Beyond this it had not occurred to him to go. He disliked those who attacked him, to be sure, but his dislike did not inspire him, as it appeared to inspire others, to do physical damage to those who aroused it.

He had learned, therefore, to play for time, to block cunningly, to dodge and duck and sidestep. He had discovered, too, the tactical value of a clinch, especially against an enemy whose weight was less than his. It would have been almost second nature for him, now, to use these tactics against Mr. Ganley and yet, for two reasons, he did not use them.

One of these reasons sprang from Mr. Ganley's aspect, attitude and personality. For the first time in his life, indeed, Winship had encountered a fellow creature upon whom he actually wished to do bodily injury.

Vehemently he wished to injure Mr. Ganley, to cause him to suffer physical anguish and spiritual humiliation. He desired earnestly to smite the leering countenance before him.

Below this elemental and deplorable craving, however, Winship possessed a nobler motive. McGurk, a person admittedly uncultured, had contradicted, on a question of simple physics, a doctor of philosophy, a professor in Leicester College. It was incumbent upon Winship, therefore, as a point of personal and professional honor, as an educational duty, to prove to McGurk the superiority of knowledge over ignorance, of science over superstition.

Wherefore, as Ganley's shuffling advance brought him within range, Winship drew back his clenched right hand and launched it in a mighty blow.

A SEQUENCE of events wholly unforeseeable immediately followed. Mr. Ganley's right hand thrust Winship's arm upward; Mr. Ganley's left came into violent collision with the meeting-place of Winship's lower ribs. A third hand, seemingly, was whipped upward to the underside of Winship's chin. The canvas-covered floor gave forth a mellow, booming sound. Mr. Ganley, resting the back of his right hand on his hip, leaned down once more to the imaginary telephone.

"Glue fact'ry? Say, where's your truck? Your dead el'phant's ready f'r yuh!"

It became apparent to Winship, rather to his astonishment, that his head was still united to his body. He shook it, partly to make sure of this connection, partly to clear it of whirling mists and sounding echoes.

He came face to face with a realization more repugnant even than the disfavoring countenance which Mr. McGurk turned upon him.

He had been wrong. There were, it appeared, items of human knowledge upon which even a doctor of philosophy could be mistaken and a grossly ignorant person could be right!

"I guess I seen enough, kid." McGurk addressed himself to Eddie. "Just another big one, that's all. Take it away and don't bring it back."

Winship came somewhat shakily to his feet.

"You were correct in your position as to striking with the right hand, sir, and I was wrong."

McGurk stared disbelievingly. Slowly, profoundly, he inhaled.

"He weighs two-twenny," he said under his breath, "and he learned somepin the first day!"

He swung about to Eddie.

"Bring him back t'morrah, kid. Maybe he's got yuman intell'gence after all."

As he embarked upon the journey homeward from the training quarters Winship's spirits rose a little. Even a temporary release from his forced, degrading labors at McGurk's harsh bidding was a cause for gladness. In this gladness, however, he presently perceived that neither of his young companions shared.

They were silent with a silence that had meaning. They looked sober, almost sad.

"Well, we get another chance," Beechy said at last, in the manner of one determined to see a silver lining. "Perhaps he won't look so terrible tomorrow."

Eddie shook his head, saying nothing.

"He'll try, anyway. Won't you?" Beechy twisted to address Winship directly. "It'll be your last chance. If you don't do better tomorrow, Mr. McGurk is perfectly sure to think it isn't worth his while to bother with you."

HOPE, like the dot of daylight at a tunnel's mouth, beckoned to Winship.

"You mean that if, tomorrow, I appear to be more inept than I seemed today, McGurk will abandon this absurd design of his to force me to become a pugilist?"

"Of course he will. He almost gave it up this morning, didn't he? You've just got to do better tomorrow. You will, won't you?"

"Certainly not. I shall endeavor to do worse!" Winship said firmly.

"Worse!" Beechy stared.

"Yes, worse. Surely you must see that here is the simplest way out of this impossible situation. If I can convince McGurk that there is no hope whatever of teaching me to be a pugilist, he will give up this ridiculous plan of his."

There was a short silence.

"You don't mean that. You can't. When you've got this wonderful chance to—to *be* somebody—"

"Thank you!" Winship tried to speak with fitting irony. "I prefer to remain—as you appear to regard it—a nobody."

"I don't believe it!" Beechy said flatly. "I don't care what Aunt Minnie says, I just won't believe that you haven't got any ambition. I know you've got simply gobs of it!"

Winship stiffened. "You mentioned your aunt. Am I to understand that she approves of pugilism as a career for me?"

"Of course not. As if I'd be mean enough to get her all excited about it before we know whether you're any good!"

"But you spoke as if she had expressed an opinion—"

"Just about you. She likes you but she keeps saying that you haven't any gumption and I know you have! I know you've got just gobs of it."

JUST indignation glowed in Winship. On several occasions he had gently explained to Miss Borden that there was no such word as gumption in the English tongue, but she had no ground for believing, still less for saying, that there was no such quality in Beekman Winship! No gumption? She'd find out, in good time, that Beekman Winship had plenty of it. Gobs of it, in fact.

"I just know she's wrong," Beechy was saying. "I just know you've got too much gumption to let that awful Split-tooth knock you out without even trying to get even with him!"

Suddenly, clearly, Winship saw eye to eye with this young woman, a mere child in years, and yet, he realized bitterly, a far shrewder judge of character than at least one of her elders.

"You're quite right," he said. "I had not seen the matter in the proper light." His voice hardened and he discovered that his hands, resting on his knees, had compressed themselves into large, hairy fists.

"You'll try harder tomorrow, then?"

"I shall do my utmost."

Beechy squealed with gladness. "I knew it! And I just know you can simply assassinate that awful Split-tooth Ganley, too. You will, won't you—Beekie?"

Beekie! Winship, thus addressed for the first time, seemed to become a different person. His naked knuckles whitened.

"I shall," he said. The statement, a mere declaration in the future tense, seemed to lack force. He rephrased it:

"I will."

Thus stated the speech became a promise and was both factually and grammatically correct.

It contented Winship. It appeared, also, to satisfy his companions. Beechy beamed; concern erased itself from Eddie's countenance.

"Swim?" he suggested.

"Let's." Beechy's glance invited Winship to include himself in the proposal. He shook his head. Bathing he held to be a process altogether private; he had lately enjoyed a shower at the training quarters.

"I think not."

"Do you good, Doc," Eddie urged. "Nothing like salt water to toughen up your skin. Jack Dempsey used to spend hours at a time pickling his hands and face."

WINSHIP remained unmoved by even this august example.

"I think not, thank you."

"Please, Beekie."

Again Winship observed the curious effect of this irreverent address.

"But I have no suit."

"We'll stop and buy one," Beechy said. "There's a place right ahead, Eddie."

"Unfortunately—" Winship discovered that he actually regarded it as unfortunate, "I—I neglected to bring any money with me."

"That reminds me." Eddie steered neatly to a parking space. "We haven't split up our winnings." He withdrew from his hip pocket a formidable wad of yellow bills. "You've got twenty-one forty coming to you, Doc, after deducting the five hundred we paid McGurk for your outfit."

"I don't understand. How could I possibly have a share in—?"

"Twenty, twenty-one *and* forty," Eddie counted. He thrust the bills resolutely into Winship's hands.

"But I can't accept this. I had nothing whatever to do with winning it."

"Oh, no!" Eddie said ironically. "Not a thing! If it hadn't been for you, Beechy and I wouldn't have got away with a cent."

"But really—"

Eddie's face sobered. "Look, Doc. I don't like people who don't pay when they lose, but I like them better than people who don't collect when they win."

Winship suddenly remembered his duty. He stood obligated, at any cost, to cultivate and keep this young man's liking and respect. Something in Eddie's eye warned him that persistency in refusal would imperil both.

"If you put it that way—?"

"I *have* put it that way."

"Very well, then." Winship took the money. It felt, he discovered, quite unlike any other money he had ever touched. There was a singular thrill in the touch of these unlawful gains. Merely to fold and pocket them gave him a sense of achievement, of acumen and boldness, of, in short, gumption. The word came grimly into his mind. He set his teeth and followed Beechy into the shop.

A languid young woman, advancing without haste, gave Beechy indifferent greeting. Her glance, at Beechy's statement of her errand, moved to Winship. It became a glance of interest and attention. It appeared to measure and to estimate. Turning, at last, to the shelves behind her, the saleslady searched among yellow cardboard boxes. One of these she placed on the counter and opened, revealing a jersey banded horizontally in broad stripes of brilliant green and gleaming white.

Winship blinked.

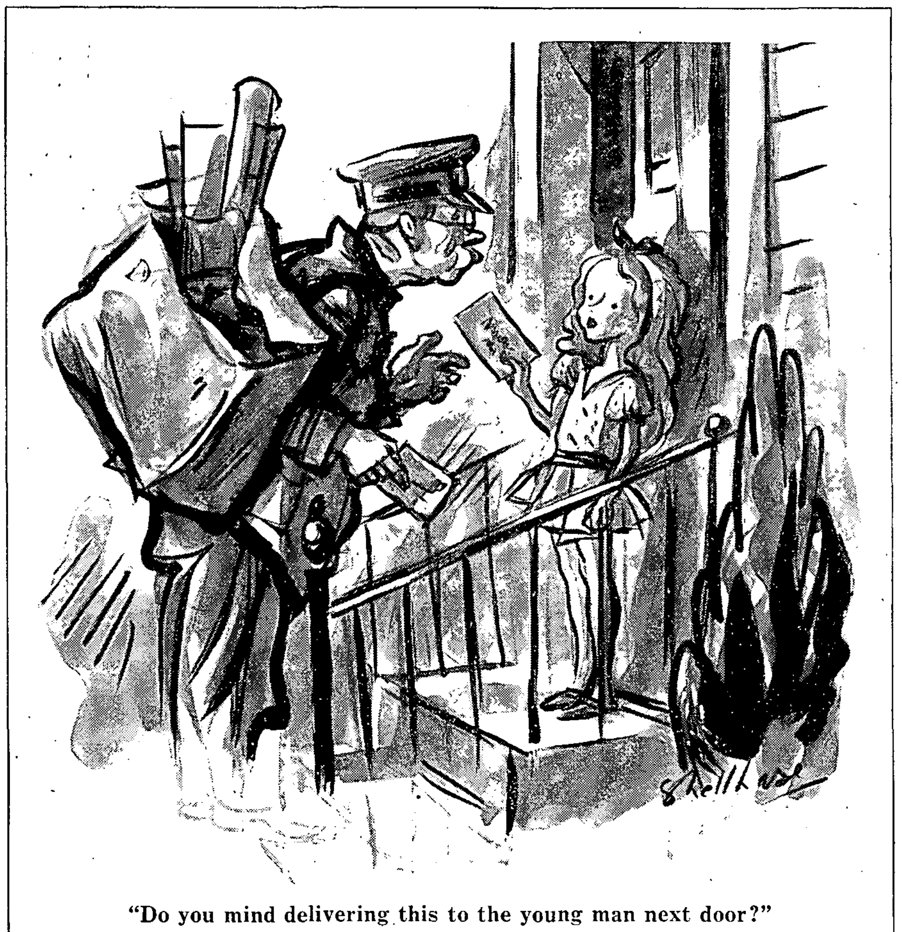
"Have you something a little more—?"

"I'm afraid this is the snappiest thing we've got in your size, sir."

THERE was regretful apology in the voice. Winship understood it. Naturally the clerk judged him by the apparel inherited from Signor Primavera, by the double-breasted, brass-buttoned jacket of green flannel, the pale lavender trousers, the lilac-banded panama.

"I was about to say that I should prefer something a little less—"

He paused. He had been on the point of behaving, he perceived, like a person devoid of gumption.



"Do you mind delivering this to the young man next door?"

George Shellhase

"However, if you're sure you have nothing—ah—snappier, this will do."

Once more he found pleasure in the feel of the yellow bills, in the respectful glance with which the saleslady observed them. It became apparent to him that this young woman had no prejudice against large, unwieldy, reddish persons who wore flamboyant raiment and exhibited, with ostentation, needlessly large quantities of paper money. This absence of good taste, curiously, failed to depress Winship. Instead, as he bore away his purchases, it caused him to straighten his shoulders and lift his chin.

He continued to enjoy this ill-founded feeling of self-satisfaction during the brief remainder of the journey to Miss Borden's driveway, where Beechy descended, exacting of him a needless promise to appear, without fail, on the beach. His complacency deserted him, however, at the sight of the Bedloe cottage.

"Stop!"

Eddie obeyed. "Well?"

"We shall have to—to invent some satisfactory explanation for our absence. Your aunt will certainly—"

"I told you yesterday that there's no sense explaining things to women, Doc. They—"

"But—"

"There's Aunt Julie on the porch," Eddie interrupted. "Give you two to one she doesn't even give you a chance to explain."

"But—"

A cooing hail of welcome came from the veranda. Mrs. Bedloe fluttered down the stairs. She laid glad hands upon her nephew.

"You dear boy! I'm *so* pleased!"

"Going for a swim." Eddie effected a deft withdrawal and clattered up the stairs. Winship was made captive, in his stead, by hands that fastened on his lapels.

"I just can't tell you how wonderful you are! I know what you and Edwin have been doing!"

Winship gasped, goggled.

"It's just too, too marvelous!" Mrs. Bedloe glowed. "I could hardly believe my ears when Ellen told us."

Winship's heart performed, in swift succession, a push-up and a squat. He found no words.

"I was surprised enough to find that you'd managed to get the dear boy out of bed so early, but when Ellen said you'd actually begun with *lessons—!*"

She left the sentence eloquently incomplete. Winship found it possible to breathe again.

"I never *dreamed* that Edwin would let even you persuade him to begin studying so soon! Do tell me how you managed it."

WINSHIP, suddenly perceiving that the truth would serve him even better than wily invention, found it possible to smile.

"I had nothing to do with it," he said. "Edwin himself suggested it."

She glowed upon him.

"You wonderful man! You even did *that!* You even managed to make the dear lad believe that it was his own idea!"

"It was."

"Ah-h! And where did he get it? Would he have had it if he'd never met you?"

"Perhaps not," Winship admitted, once more discovering the strategic value of truth judiciously employed.

"Of *course* not!" She laughed softly. "You've been too, too wonderful! The uncanny way you've made him forget that you're a professor, made him think of you as a friend, a—a playmate!" She paused. "What's in that box?"

"A bathing suit." On impulse Winship raised the cover. "Rather—ah—rather snappy, I think."

Mrs. Bedloe breathed deeply.

"*Machiavelli!*"

Her whisper, the almost reverent movement of her hand, dismissed him. He made haste. At the doorway of their common bathroom Eddie waited, one lifted eyebrow making mute inquiry.

"She—" Winship paused. "Ellen overheard you say something about a lesson. Your aunt is persuaded that I am—tutoring you, in fact."

"I told you." Eddie nodded. "Tutoring me! Can you tie that?" He paused, reflected, brightened. "It's a break," he said. "Any time we need an alibi we've got one ready-made!"

He wagged his head sagely.

"That shows you, Doc. They won't believe you if you try to tell 'em, but if you sit back and give 'em a chance they're always apt to dig up an alibi you'd never think of."

He withdrew. Winship removed the green flannel jacket. A very faint tapping at his door startled him. He tiptoed to open it.

In the hallway stood a young woman upon whom the costume of a housemaid had the effect, somehow, of a cunning disguise.

"Lissen," Nellie whispered. "Lissen, I found out where she keeps 'em."

"Where who keeps what?" Winship demanded.

Triumphantly Nellie brought from behind her an upturned palm upon which lay a string of lustrous globes that Winship instantly identified as Mrs. Bedloe's pearls.

"When," demanded Nellie, "do we blow?"

UPPERMOST in Winship's mind, as he stared down at Mrs. Bedloe's stolen pearls, was the distressing thought that here was another situation with which scholarship, even of the purest type, was powerless to cope.

For this emergency, precipitated by a mere domestic servant, his years of research, his intimate association with the greatest intellects of his day, had failed to prepare him.

He could not speak, he could not think, he could not even move hand or foot. He could only blink.

"Didden I tell you?" Nellie challenged happily. "Didden I say—"

Tardily Winship's trained intellect vindicated itself. He knew, suddenly, exactly what to do.

"Eddie," he called. "Come here!"

Eddie appeared, serenely unconscious of a costume lamentably inadequate.

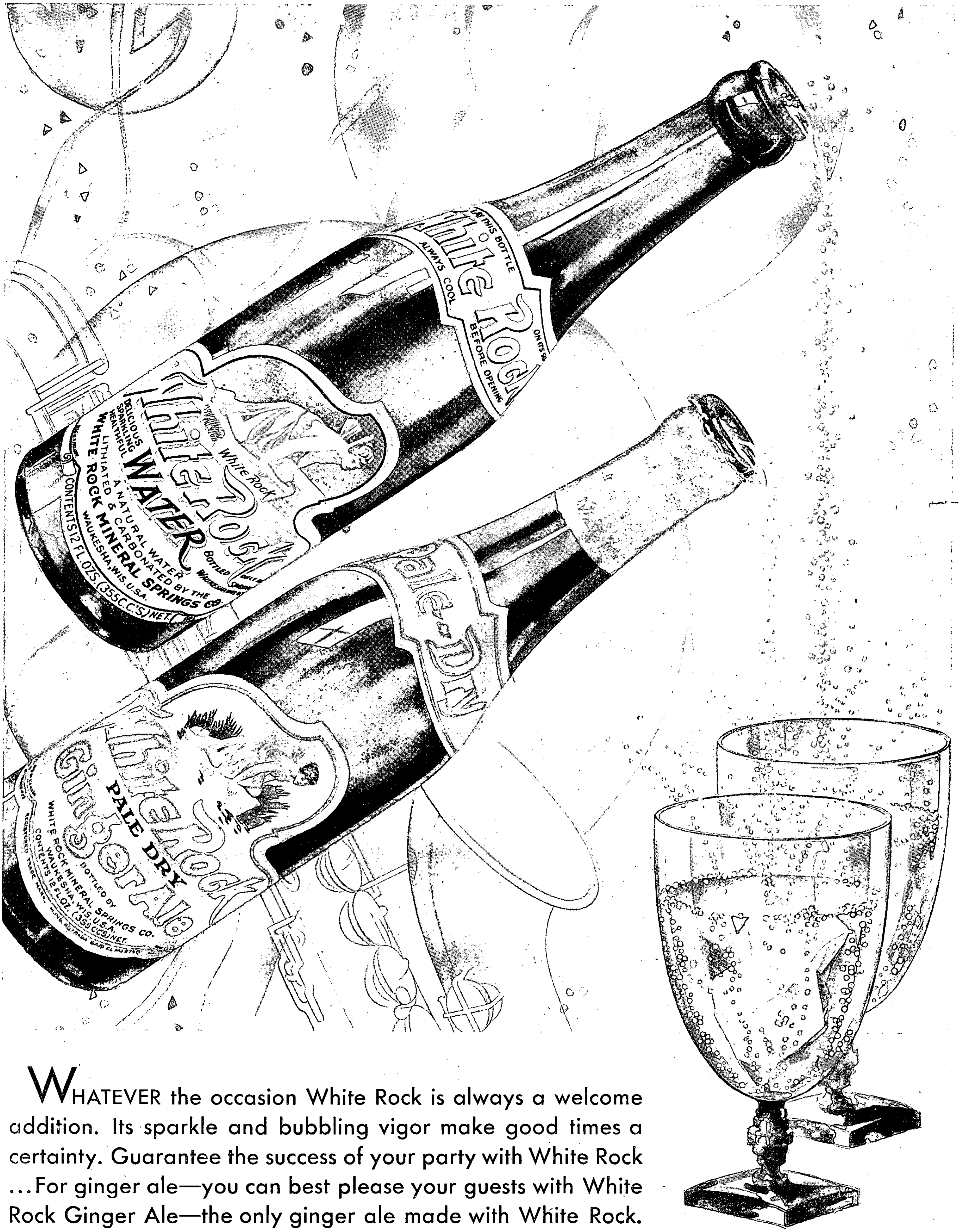
"Yeah?" He became aware of the pearls. "What goes on here?"

"She thinks—" Winship struggled for utterance—"she thinks I came here just to steal those pearls. She—she insists on helping me do it. Perhaps you can make her understand—explain to her that—"

Under Eddie's frown he paused. Here, he perceived, was another test of Eddie's theory as to explanations. The case, in any event, was in experienced hands. Winship felt better.

"So?" Eddie glowered at Nellie.

(Continued on page 49)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Love with Truffles

Continued from page 23

Mlle. Reardon stiffened perceptibly.

"Oh, I'm here for the duration of the war," she said. Her tone was casual but hinted of a stubborn determination.

"The war is over, my dear," said M. Ludlow, gently.

"Now, Stephen, please—"

M. Chimmefon said with Gallic suavity: "I theenk you haf both deserve a leetle peace—no?"

"Right!" agreed M. Ludlow, heartily. "I have told her my sufferings, Chimmefon. Today I designed a neat satire on a movie set. Monsieur Frumberg said: 'Nah. It ain't pictorial enough.' So I went back and designed a crude burlesque of a movie set. Monsieur Frumberg said: 'Dat's de stuff!' But some day soon I shall, in an absent-minded moment, design a good interior. Then it will be *fini!*"

M. Chimmefon nodded sadly.

"They do not want art, my friend." He darted a glance at the girl. "It ees best to realize that soonair than latair."

She lifted her chin, defiantly.

"Oh, it isn't as bad as all that," she said.

M. CHIMMEFON perceived the menacing bulk of M. Picard; saw M. Picard's fat paw beckon imperatively from the service doorway. So he was obliged to bid M. Ludlow and Mlle. Reardon a hasty adieu.

The next day M. Ludlow and the girl lunched together at the Montparnasse. On the evening of the following day they had dinner there. M. Chimmefon tried to outdo himself with *borsch* and steak *marchand de vin* and pastry. But, peeking from the pantry door, he observed that the lovers were paying scant attention to the food. Emil, the waiter, reported: "She was angry because monsieur had written his family announcing their engagement. She says they are not engaged."

On Friday, M. Ludlow lunched alone. Bustling from the kitchen under the pretext of inquiring if the sole Marguery was acceptable, M. Chimmefon confronted a very sad young man.

"And how is the health of the young lady, monsieur?"

"Eh? Oh—er—why very fine, Chimmefon, thanks."

"She is still determined to become a great star in the cinema?"

Mr. Ludlow grinned, wryly.

"Determined isn't strong enough. She's hell-bent for it." He sighed. "I got her a job in pictures, you know. Had to do it. She needed help and that was the only help she would accept."

"You—you have quarreled, monsieur?"

"I am afraid so, Chimmefon."

M. Chimmefon's mustachios trembled with sympathy.

"Would it be possible to invite her for luncheon tomorrow, monsieur? I will prepare my braised truffles *en cocotte*. I swear to you that when she tastes them her anger will vanish!"

"Thanks, Chimmefon, but I'm afraid it's no use. Not even your truffles could change the lady's mind."

"Artichokes *foie gras*, perhaps? Or *soufflé de barbue?*"

"You are a great cook. But when it comes to love—"

"I also am an expert with love, monsieur. Leave it with me, I beg of you. I will find a way to help you."

M. Ludlow held out his hand.

"Nobly said, anyway, Chimmefon."

"Then—then, you will not ask her?"

"She wouldn't come. She is too busy with her career."

M. Chimmefon returned to the kitchen with a heavy heart. This thrice accursed Hollywood! Was there anything it would not destroy? M. Chimmefon swore nine good oaths. And he said to himself: "We shall see, you—you Hollywood, you. We shall see!"

But the happenings of the next week were not encouraging.

First of all, M. Ludlow disappeared. Then, on Tuesday noon, Mlle. Reardon came to the Montparnasse in company with a strange man.

"Who is he?" M. Chimmefon hissed at Emil.

"Otto Zumwalt. Mademoiselle is very fortunate. He is a big movie producer."

"What has he ordered?"

"Fresh figs, avocado salad, iced coffee, a Marion Mayfair parfait."

"I thought so," said M. Chimmefon, grimly.

He shot several villainous glances at Otto Zumwalt, the presiding genius of Soul Art Pictures, Inc. M. Zumwalt was a paunchy, red-haired gentleman, racing gayly through his early fifties. He had fat, puffy hands; fat, puffy jowls; fat, puffy eyelids. His third wife had but shortly divorced him, naming corespondents A, B, C, D and E.

M. Chimmefon endeavored to focus a reproachful stare on Mlle. Reardon. But she had her back toward the service door and was entrancing M. Zumwalt with a determinedly sprightly smile.

The girl and M. Zumwalt lunched together at the Montparnasse almost every day for two weeks.

Louis, who had their table, reported to M. Chimmefon: "He wants her to marry him. He says he will make her the biggest star in Hollywood. Already, he has made her the leading lady in a new picture. I think she will do it. She gives a little shudder and draws her hand away when he tries to paw it; but her eyes show it when he talks about making her a star."

Very much worried, M. Chimmefon tried to find M. Ludlow. He telephoned the Hollywood Athletic Club. A clerk informed him that Ludlow had checked out a week ago. He called the studio where M. Ludlow had been employed as a set designer. The girl at the switchboard said: "Mr. Ludlow is no longer with the studio."

DESPERATE, Chimmefon screwed up his courage and resolved to speak to Mlle. Reardon the next time she came to the Montparnasse. Chance gave him a good opportunity. One day she ordered an omelette soufflé.

He accompanied Louis and the omelette to Otto Zumwalt's table. Bowing, he said: "It ees as mademoiselle weeshes?"

The girl looked up, reddened.

"Oh, quite all right, I'm sure. Thanks," she stammered.

"You haf seen my frien', Monsieur Ludlow—yes?"

"Why, no. N-not recently."

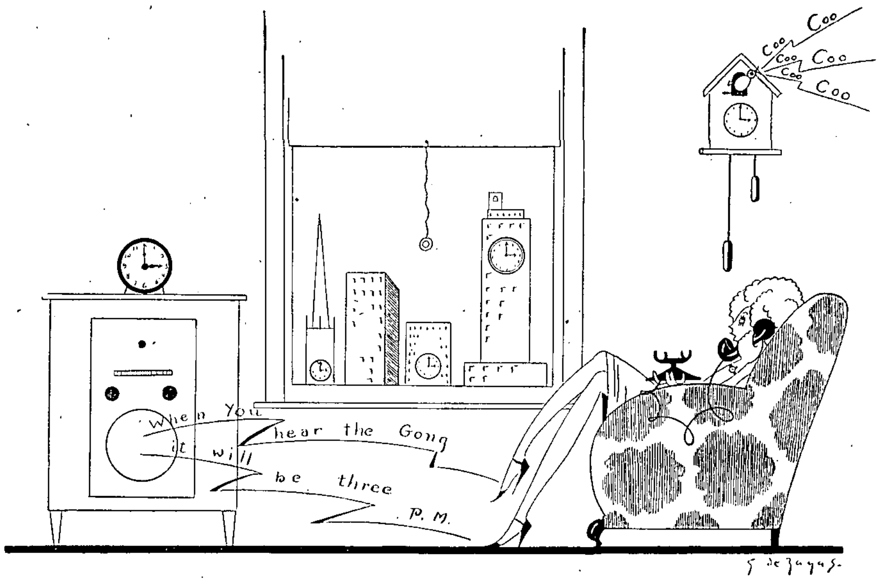
"I am afraid it ees not so well weeth the young man," said M. Chimmefon, pointedly.

As the girl hesitated, in a fluster, M. Zumwalt spoke up. "Hey, now—ain't you needed in the kitchen?"

M. Chimmefon clicked his high heels together, bowed and marched away.

The following evening—it was his night off—M. Chimmefon was trudging disconsolately along Hollywood Boulevard near Vine Street. Enterprising merchants had renamed the boulevard "Santa Claus Lane" with red cardboard street signs. Christmas was approaching. M. Chimmefon paused to watch

(Continued on page 36)


Coo
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When You hear the Gong it will be three P. M.
J. de Jong

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Despite the fact that broadcasters give station announcements every 15 minutes, and that clocks are visible in nearly every business block, about 50,000 New Yorkers spend $3,000 *every day* to telephone for the correct time.

During radio conversations across the Atlantic Ocean, your voice, as it is sent from shore station to shore station, has to be amplified *ten million billion times.—By Merwyn Strausbaugh, Elgin, Ill.*

Men of genius are not to be envied. Not only are they frequently morbid, but the incidence of disease and insanity among them is higher than in the general population.

Although America produces 67 per cent of the world's petroleum and is known as the greatest oil country, the largest oil refinery in existence is in Curaçao, Dutch West Indies. It has 10,000 employes and a *daily* capacity of 295,000 (42-gallon) barrels.

France has just inaugurated the first wireless medical consultation service for ships at sea. When urgent cases arise and no physician is aboard, boats may radio one of the four coastal stations and obtain advice—promptly and gratuitously.

The present equipment of the American soldier weighs 75 pounds, which is 9 pounds *more* than the heavy metal body armor worn by the knights of the 15th century.—*By Harold Urie, Wellsville, Ohio.*

Wooing in the insect world is sometimes a dangerous job. In a certain species of spider, the female weighs about 1,400 times as much as the male. When she does not like the young man, she gently slaps him—into eternity.—*By Earl Minderman, Columbus, Ohio.*

Approximately 70 per cent of all articles found on street cars and busses are lost by women.—*By C. W. Wirtz, Portland, Ore.*

Some South American bees produce poisonous honey. So you see, "Honey"—as an appellation of affection — may or may not imply that you are sweet.

During recent years, England has imported many thousands of Egyptian mummies and ground them into powder for fertilizer. — *By Rev. L. P. Buroker, Brazil, Ind.*

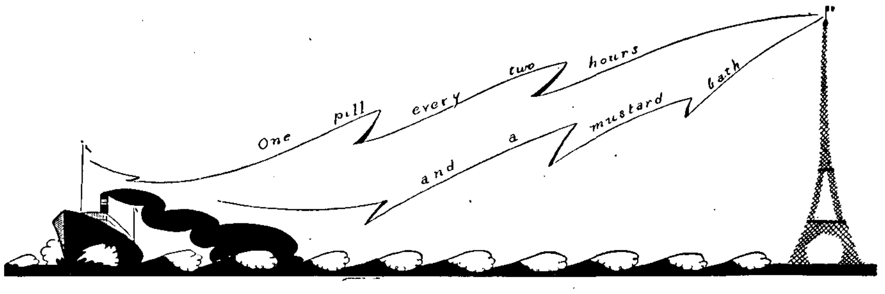
The normal temperature of the human body is 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit. When it goes down to 80 or up to 106, it portends real danger. But persons have recovered from temperatures as low as 75 and as high as 112.

More than 100,000 persons are in prison throughout the world for expressing their political ideas. Ironically, nations still glorify free speech but crucify free-speech makers.

Kleptomania, the irresistible desire to steal, is believed by psychoanalysts to result from childhood deprivations, especially the deprivation of parental affection.

The Bantu tribes of Northern Rhodesia practice one of the quickest and least painful methods of suicide known. They merely set fire to a root of the Phyllanthus plant, take a deep inhalation and instantly keel over—dead.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.


One pill every two hours and a mustard bath

(*Continued from page 35*)

Santa Claus ride by. Two motion picture wind machines on trucks following the sleigh blew paper snow over Santa Claus and his reindeer. The night was sultry; a musical comedy moon rode the sky above Hollywood's badly constructed mountains.

M. Chimmefon thought of Paris, and the snow filtering gently along the walks of the Rue Norvins, and fat Normandy geese turning on the spits in the kitchen of the Chez Frédéric. He thought of that odious contract which bound him to M. Picard and the Montparnasse restaurant. He thought of Mlle. Reardon about to sell herself to Otto Zumwalt and become a famous movie star. And he thought of poor M. Ludlow . . . when suddenly . . .

"Monsieur! Monsieur Ludlow! Wait!"

He ran after M. Ludlow.

"Oh . . . hullo, Chimmefon."

"Where have you been these weeks? I thought I should never find you."

M. Ludlow winced.

"I've been all the way there and back, Chimmefon," he said. And he looked it. His eyes were bloodshot. He needed a shave. He needed a drink, several drinks; and much good food.

"You—you have heard nothing from the mademoiselle?" M. Chimmefon inquired.

"Oh, no, Chimmefon. Why should I? She has her career. She has her—what shall we say?—her patron? Yes, that is the word. Fellow by the name of Zumwalt." And then, with dry bitterness, "Amazing how quickly one may forge ahead in this town. She is to be starred in Zumwalt's next picture." M. Ludlow turned away abruptly.

M. Chimmefon followed him.

"Monsieur—it is not so bad as that. Some day soon she will look at this pig of a Zumwalt and realize she cannot marry him. It is you she loves, monsieur. I swear it."

M. LUDLOW said gruffly: "You are a great little guy, Chimmefon. But take my advice. Never swear by a woman."

He kept walking on and M. Chimmefon was obliged to break into a half-trot to overtake him.

"Monsieur! Would you do me the honor of a visit to my apartment? I have an Haut Brion of 1916 which I am extremely impatient to open. Or perhaps monsieur would be more in the mood for brandy? There is on my shelf full half a bottle of Vieux Marc which will lose its glory soon if not consumed." Then, detecting only polite attention on M. Ludlow's gloomy face, he continued: "Or perhaps monsieur could do with a bite of food—yes? My *fondue fromage* with *kirsch* and *croûtes*—"

"Thank you, Chimmefon—no. Perhaps in a day or so. It should not last longer than a day or so more, should it?"

And with this cynicism, M. Ludlow plunged ahead into the night. M. Chimmefon looked after him and two big tears dripped onto his mustachios.

Next morning, M. Chimmefon was at the gates of the Soul Art Studio demanding to see Mlle. Reardon. A uniformed messenger who took in his card returned with the verdict: "She says she's sorry but she'll be busy on the set all day and can't see you."

M. Chimmefon went hopelessly back to the Montparnasse. He felt so low in his mind that he was on the verge of saying to M. Picard: "Take the forfeit of ten thousand francs. I am breaking the contract. I am returning to Paris."

M. Picard was awaiting him in the kitchen.

"So? Is this the time to be reporting for work, Monsieur Chimmefon? Perhaps you are of the impression that the Montparnasse no longer serves luncheon?"

The moment had come. M. Chimmefon rose on tiptoe and snapped his fingers under M. Picard's bulb of a nose.

"My time is my own, Jules Picard!" he said. "I have resigned. I have—"

"Nonsense, my good Chimmefon. I was but having a little joke. Come, come. You can see that I am not angry. And I can see that you are not angry. Let us—"

"I have resigned. I have broken the contract."

M. Picard's fat smile died in full stretch.

"Broken the contract? Oh, come now—you do not wish to forfeit ten thousand francs. You know you don't. And besides—" his eyes glittered craftily—"you would not leave when there is a great dinner to be prepared."

"Dinner?"

M. Picard nodded.

"It is to be one of your masterpieces, too. Think—fifteen dollars a plate and the instructions are 'Go the limit.' Ah—I see you are interested, eh?"

"Who is the host?"

"Monsieur Otto Zumwalt, the big producer. He gives it in honor of Mademoiselle Reardon. I think perhaps he announces their betrothal." And knowing M. Chimmefon's weakness, he jabbed M. Chimmefon in the ribs jovially, saying: "A bit of romance, too, my good Chimmefon."

"When is this dinner?"

"Tomorrow night."

"For how many?"

"Twenty."

M. PICARD, wishing to clinch the matter, handed his chef a guest list, saying:

"I leave it entirely in your charge. Menu, decorations, everything. Monsieur Zumwalt's only suggestion was that there be appropriate favors inscribed with each guest's name. Perhaps you could do that with some of your marvelous pastries as the dessert—eh?"

"Perhaps," said M. Chimmefon, slowly. Then, to conceal a wicked gleam in his eyes, he grumbled, "Oh, very well. I'll cook the dinner."

"My good Chimmefon!"

That evening, M. Chimmefon sent for one Raymond Detaile, a journalist of his acquaintance. M. Detaile was Hollywood correspondent for a Paris paper which specialized in describing for its readers the seamy side of the movie capital.

He handed M. Detaile the guest list.

"You know these people, Raymond?"

M. Detaile scanned the twenty names.

"All but Edith Reardon," he replied. "Isn't she that Ann Harding blonde Zumwalt's got a pash for?"

"I happen to know Mlle. Reardon well," M. Chimmefon said hastily. "But I desire the dirt, the lowdown as you call it, on the rest of them. Particularly Monsieur Zumwalt."

"That is easy. Shall we consider them alphabetically? We'll start with Arturo—"

M. CHIMMEFON stood behind the service door of a private dining-room at the Montparnasse. He was tense and anxious. The dinner had gone off splendidly thus far. M. Chimmefon had heard Otto Zumwalt remark: "Pretty nifty grub—hey?" He had heard others exclaiming in phony British accents: "I say, this is simply mahvelous food," and "Reminds me of Paris, you know."

Through a crack in the door, every time one of the waiters opened it, M. Chimmefon could watch Mlle. Reardon. She sat beside Zumwalt at the head of the table. She wore a blue evening gown and looked more radiantly beautiful than M. Chimmefon had ever seen her before. But she did not appear very happy. There was something forced about her gayety; she seldom joined in the alcoholically inspired banter around the table; on two occasions M. Chimmefon noted that when Zumwalt sought to put his arm around her she leaned quickly forward to toy with silver by her plate.

Emil jerked at M. Chimmefon's sleeve.

"It is time to serve the pastries, monsieur," he said.

M. Chimmefon's heart beat faster. He tried to keep his mustachios from twitching.

"Very well. But mind that you keep them covered until all are served. Then you yourself pass around the table and remove the covers."

Emil nodded and clapped his hands.

Half a dozen waiters took up the trays of pastries. Each pastry was swathed in bright-colored paper.

"Oooh . . . surprise, surprise!" exclaimed a thirty-year-old actress, trying to be an ingénue.

M. Chimmefon put an eye to the crack in the door as Emil passed quickly around the table, removing the paper covers.

There was a stunned silence.

The masterpieces of Jean Baptiste Chimmefon, once the most artful pastry cook in Paris, were unveiled one by one. Bright, shimmering sculptures in sugar and icing.

Frances Fairfax, the goddess of twenty million fans, looked down at a neat little hypodermic syringe. Perdo Arturo, the Latin lover of the screen, saw before him a miniature gravestone on which was written the name of an extra girl he should have remembered. Miller Muntz, the great scenarist, stared at a sugary replica of a parchment on which was written the word "Yes" . . . "Yes" . . . "Yes" . . . exactly eighty-six times. Lucile Lovely, the renowned chatter writer, had for her favor a candy pen stuck in a pastry bottle labeled "Poison."

On the table before Max Frumberg rested a small plaque inscribed with a coat of arms in colored icing. The escutcheon consisted of a fat pig rampant on a field of cooties. The motto was "Dat's lousy." And before John Percival, the famous director, ranged six little condiment pots labeled Brains . . . Good Taste . . . Honesty . . . Courage . . . Art . . . Genius.

But the pastry set before Otto Zumwalt was the largest of all. As Emil snatched the cover off M. Zumwalt gaped.

It was a replica of M. Zumwalt's Beverly Hills mansion. M. Zumwalt, somewhat fatter of paunch, could be seen leading a girl toward the portico. From a side door trailed a procession of scantily clothed women. So cleverly sculptured were they that three of them resembled ladies quite prominent on the screen. They carried coats and furs and jewelry in their arms.

"Say-y—what's the idea?" M. Zumwalt demanded, his voice breaking the hush.

M. Chimmefon saw Mlle. Reardon glance quickly at M. Zumwalt's favor. She looked away after an instant's pause. Her face was crimson.

Then Emil took the cover off her own bit of pastry. M. Chimmefon watched her determined struggle not to look at it. But she did, finally, glance at her plate.

Her favor was a broken heart.

Otto Zumwalt heaved to his feet.

"I didn't order nothing like this," he roared. In a rage he slapped with his fist at the house of sugar and the women.

The house collapsed. Rich custard splashed right and left under the force of M. Zumwalt's blow.

"Hey . . . Picard! Get Picard. Don't stand there like a bunch of dimwits. Clear away this truck. Quick! Get it out of here!"

M. CHIMMEFON was entertaining two guests at his apartment. He appeared proudly from the kitchenette bearing the *pièce de résistance*.

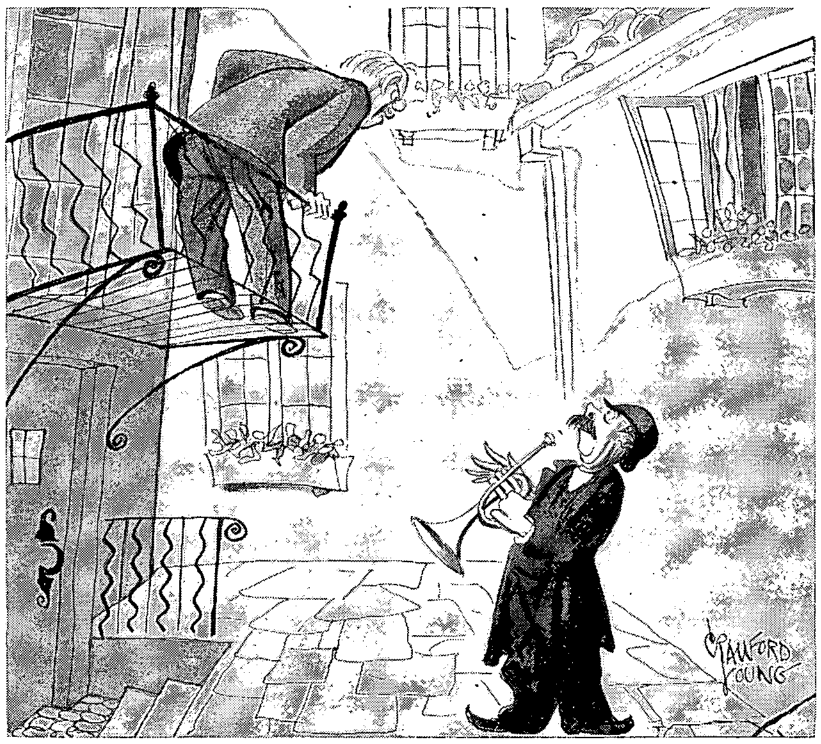
"Ah!" said M. Ludlow, sniffing. He smiled at the girl across the table and said: "Chimmefon and I give you three guesses, my dear."

She laughed.

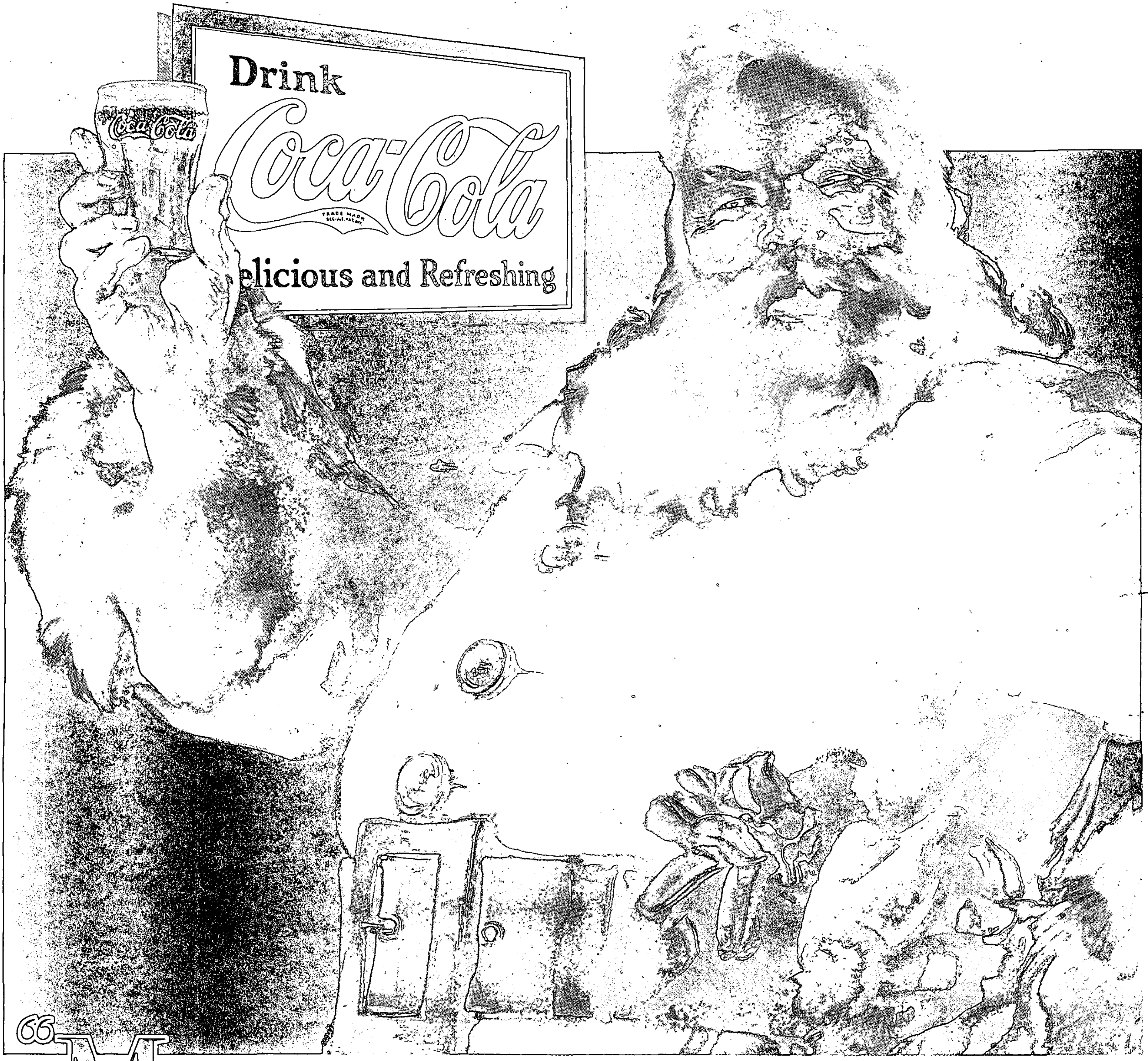
"I know," she said, "it's truffles."

M. Chimmefon beamed.

"I knew she would be ready for them some day," he said. "Truffles and love—they go together." Then, very seriously, "But when you are in Paris on your honeymoon and come to the Chez Frédéric I weel geef you my *navarin de mouton*. It ees best to start the married life on lamb stew!"



"I must apologize for playing here so often, sir, but the acoustics are so good" *Crawford Young*



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OVER NINE MILLION A DAY , , , IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

Winter Range

(*Continued from page 28*)

"Some day, maybe," said McCord. "Not this year."

"No?"

"No," said McCord, his voice casual. "Wouldn't be surprised if we'd stop and turn free, up here ten mile."

"No," said Bishop. His voice, too, was casual, as if he were answering a question. "No, these cattle aren't going to stop and scatter up here ten mile. Not anywheres near it."

"You don't mean to tell me?" said McCord. "Why, I heard this was open range."

"Open," said Bishop, "from your nearest water halfway over to our nearest water; and not one calf jump more!"

Two cowboys had left the loafing cattle and were walking their horses toward the parley with a studied detachment. McCord now signaled them with a motion of his head, and they came up to range themselves a little behind the 88 foreman. Both were armed; but Kentucky recognized neither.

"So?" McCord said to Bishop.

"So," said Bishop. "I'm right sorry to have to set you right on these few mistakes. We'll spare you feed when we've got feed to spare. But just now the Bar Hook bunches are working down off the Bench. There'll be another four thousand head on this range, right soon."

McCord grinned, his eyes unwavering from those of Lee Bishop. "I ain't interested," he concluded dispassionately. "I got my orders—and I'm carrying 'em out."

Kentucky stirred uneasily in his saddle, sorry to see that Lee Bishop was getting mad.

"Save yourself trouble," Bishop was saying. "This herd is going back into the graze it belongs in; and it's going deep back, son!"

THE half grin suddenly dropped from Bill McCord's face, and in its place flashed an ill temper exceeding Bishop's own. He kicked a spur into his horse so that it spun and brought up with the right side of horse and man toward the Bar Hook riders. This move brought squarely into view the holstered forty-five that swung behind Bill McCord's right thigh, below his short coat. Until now the 88 foreman had kept his right hand in his pocket; but he now brought it to the reins beside his left, and they saw that his right hand was ungloved.

"Why, my short friend—" said Bill McCord, his voice hard and even; and he began to swear, slowly and distinctly, his ugly green eyes on Bishop's face. The cursing of Bill McCord was neither varied nor picturesque, but it was hard-bitten, personal and direct, and its slow, evil-toned syllables carried enough efficient ugliness to raise welts on the hide of a mule.

"Put your scabby pony up that rim," Bill McCord finished. "Go tell your old man that I put your proper name to you, and sent you home!"

For a moment no one spoke. The foreman of the Bar Hook sat his horse like a frozen man, apparently unable to believe his ears, so unexpected, so unaccountably sudden had been the break. Then the blood rushed to Bishop's head. With a wrench of his bit he put his horse staggering against Kentucky's; the animal danced crazily, mouth high and open to the raw jerk of the curb. Bishop thrust a widespread shaking hand at Kentucky. "Gun," he stuttered. "For God's sake—give me gun—"

"I haven't got any gun, Lee."

For an instant Bishop hesitated, rigid in the saddle, his horse dancing under him. Then an inarticulate curse broke in his throat; he slashed the spurs into his pony and it bounded forward at the horse of Bill McCord.

Kentucky swung himself half out of the saddle in a wild snatch at Lee Bishop's rein, and managed to catch it near the bit. As the pony whipped to its haunches, Kentucky struck Bishop a terrific wallop on the back with his open hand, seized his foreman's shoulder, and shook him hard.

"Hold it, Lee—damn it, you hear me?"

Abruptly Lee Bishop quieted, straightened in his saddle, ran his gloved hand uncertainly over his eyes. The color was draining out of his face again, leaving it gray. For a moment the man had been insane.

"I'll take it," Lee Bishop said at last.

"And you'll like it," said Bill McCord.

"I'll take it, and I'll like it," said Bishop, his eyes expressionless on McCord's face. "Enjoy it, you! Because you'll never see the like of it again."

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"Can you arrange for me to vanish completely?"

Jack Markow

Bishop turned his horse, unhurrying, no longer rigid in the saddle, and walked his pony away.

Kentucky followed; but as he turned he saw that there was no satisfaction in Bill McCord's grin. Rather it seemed to him that the man was disappointed, chagrined.

Suddenly he thought he understood McCord's deliberate attempt. For some definite reason that remained unknown, Bill McCord had done all he could to make an opportunity to kill Lee Bishop—in self-defense.

THE climb to the rim was a laborious one, and the early dusk was no more than an hour away when they again reached the home ranch of the Bar Hook. They were nearly in before Lee Bishop had anything to say.

"I haven't carried a gun," he declared, "since I was a kid, except to hunt with; and I never pulled a gun on a man in my life. But if I'd had so much as a bean shooter—I'd have killed McCord where he sat."

"Tell me one thing," Kentucky said. "What in all hell did you figure to do there when you jumped your horse at him?"

"I don't know," Bishop admitted. "Seems like my thinking machinery slipped out of gear."

"Do you know any reason why McCord should want your scalp?"

"THAT'S just what gets me," Lee Bishop said. "Dog-gone it, I hardly know the man. He knew I had to tell him to move his cattle back."

Kentucky tried a new shot in the dark. "Lee, how long have you known that Bill McCord was mixed up in the killing of Mason?"

Bishop stared at him. "What you talking about, boy?"

"That man has some reason for wanting to down you, Lee. Ask yourself what you know that isn't good for him."

Bishop did not answer for nearly a quarter of a mile. "It beats me, Kentucky; I can't think of anything I got on him. If I'd only had a gun—"

Immediately they sought out Campo Ragland, whom they found moodily swallowing scalding coffee in the kitchen, his boots clogged with half-melted snow. Lee Bishop briefly told his boss of the drive of the twelve hundred head—the prompt, bold beginning of Elliot's play for the Bar Hook range. Of his own clash with McCord he made little.

"McCord cussed me out good. I would have took a poke at him, one time there, only Kentucky reached out and kind of steadied my horse."

"Twelve hundred head," Ragland considered. His eyes brooded heavily upon the coffeepot. "Well, if that's all of 'em, I suppose the range can stand it; I've seen worse years for grass."

Lee Bishop stared at him dumfounded. "All of 'em!" he finally exclaimed. "Of course that ain't all of 'em! You'll find out that this here is only a pointer and a beginning. It's the start of a freeze-out, that's what it is."

Ragland said moodily, "He's in no shape for that."

"Sure he's in no shape for it," said Lee Bishop spunkily. "But it's what he's after just the same. He's going to load that range, taking what death losses he can't get out of. His only chance of hanging on after he loses his lease is to crowd in here before then—that's what we've got here!"

"He's sure forcing his hand," Ragland growled.

"Sure he is. It's going to be one brand or the other before that boy's through."

"It's bad all right," Ragland admitted.

"Come tomorrow," Lee Bishop said, "I can take our boys and go down there and stop that herd; and—"

"Elliot isn't going to draw back his cattle. He'll—"

"Then, by God, we'll smear into them and put 'em back!"

"They'll pistol-whip you, you start that stuff!"

"I don't believe—" Lee Bishop began. Then he changed what he had started to say. "Well, then, I suppose," he said, "we'll just have to pistol-whip 'em back. Me, I don't know any other way."

Campo Ragland slammed his coffee cup onto the stove. "I don't want any of that," he said. "That's old-time stuff—it don't go now'days."

Lee Bishop stared at him. "Maybe," he said, "I better ride in and ask the sheriff would he please ask 'em to move back as a personal favor to him."

Campo Ragland threw his foreman a short, ugly glance, but did not reply to this sarcasm directly. "After all," he said, "you got to make allowances. That brand is fighting for its life."

LEE BISHOP looked at Kentucky, turned away, and hopelessly spread his hands. Kentucky led the way out; it was time to feed hay, anyway.

"What the devil's got into him?" said Bishop as soon as they were outside. "Do you suppose he's going to lay down and quit on us?"

"Maybe he's holding back to kind of catch Elliot on the rebound," said Kentucky.

"How, for instance?" demanded Lee Bishop contemptuously. "Yah! He's on his knees like a shinneried bull."

"He sure set up an overhopeful holler," Kentucky admitted. "Does he generally bust out with the shilly-shallies this way?"

"No! I've never seen him like this before." Bishop fell into a moody silence while they walked as far as the hay racks. "Look here," he said, suddenly turning on Kentucky. "You know what's holding him back?"

"No," said Kentucky honestly.

"I know! I know only too darn' well. I tell you—" His voice stopped as sharply as if he had been struck, and he stood staring past Kentucky Jones.

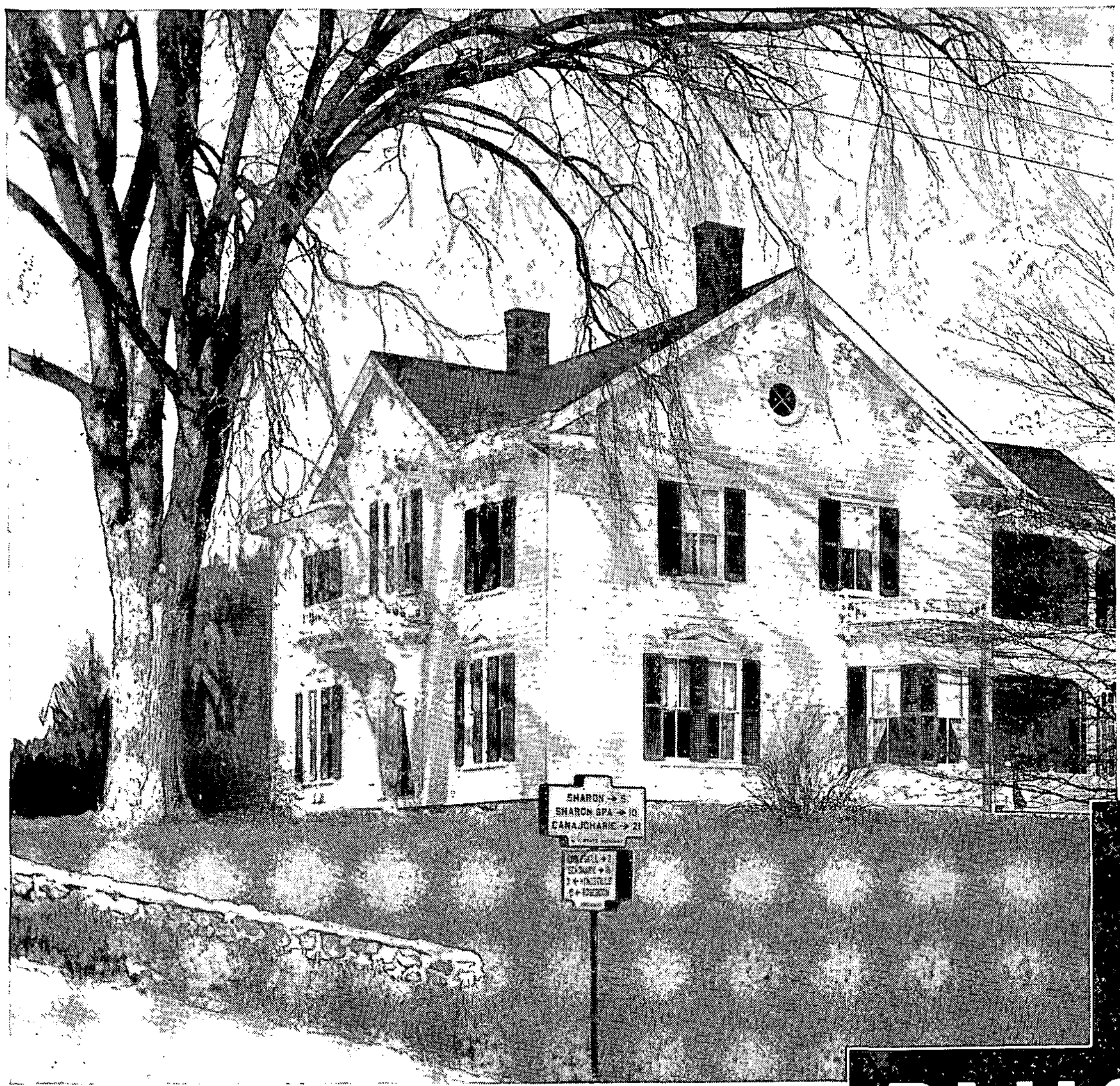
Spinning on his heel to follow Bishop's eyes, Kentucky saw that the foreman was staring at a forlorn dun horse which stood, low-headed, before the bars of one of the corrals. An arm's length of broken rein dangled from one side of its bridle, trailing on the ground; and it stood spread-legged to avoid the chafe of a saddle that was no longer on its back, but under its belly.

"So Zack is dead," said Lee Bishop slowly, at last.

"His horse?"

"Yes."

(*To be continued next week*)



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THE COUNTRY HOME GETS RESULTS

THE Country Home

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK

The Red Czar

Continued from page 15

the whole disturbance fizzled out. Only a few inexperienced young Communists, supported by Stalin, continued their protests, and the governor of the prison entered the cell in which the Georgian was raving like a lunatic.

What happened has not been made generally public. It seems that the brief but scurrilous exchange of compliments between Stalin and the governor was ended by the former seizing the refuse pail, with which every cell was supplied, and emptying its contents on the governor's head. Such an outrage had never been known before, even in the prison of Baku.

Every political cell was immediately locked and the prison authorities withdrew for a consultation. Dead silence reigned throughout the building, and everyone wondered what was going to happen next. Stalin, the man chiefly concerned, was the only one who lay quiet, unperturbed, in his cell, eagerly reading a new essay by Lenin which had just been smuggled in.

At last the verdict of the authorities was made known. On the first day of the Easter celebration, when, as a rule, the prisoners were treated with special consideration and kindness, Stalin and a number of his comrades were to be forced to run the gauntlet through a detachment of soldiers. This was the most ghastly form of torture which could be devised for political prisoners.

When the day arrived the first company of the Zalyan Regiment, then stationed in Baku, led by Colonel Leontovich, came into the courtyard of the prison. The culprits were stripped and the other prisoners were marshaled in the court to watch the proceedings and take warning from them. One after the other the offenders were driven through the ranks of soldiers. Stalin came last; he had calmly witnessed the castigation of his friends without turning a hair. Not all had been able to get through the ranks; many had sunk faint and bleeding to the ground before reaching the end.

A Placid Victim of Torture

Stalin looked on quite indifferently, holding in his hand a book of essays by Lenin. Now and again he would open it and read a few lines. He seemed to be learning it by heart. At last his turn came. "Now hit harder than ever!" roared the colonel.

Slowly and thoughtfully Stalin approached the long ranks of soldiers, calmly opened his book, turned over a page and became absorbed in the words of his far-away leader as he advanced between the lines of his tormentors. This insolent contempt infuriated even the soldiers and they brought down their sticks with brutal violence on his naked body, striking more and more savagely as they found he advanced with unruffled serenity. Blood poured from the open wounds, but not a muscle of his face twitched. He strolled so slowly between the ranks that he might have been a scholar pacing his study, lost in thought. Not once did his eyes leave the book he held before him and after the ordeal he returned, calm and somber, to his cell, washed his wounds and lay down on his hard plank bed in the corner as if nothing had happened.

For weeks he was unable to lie on his back. Even Colonel Leontovich, who had seen many horrors in his day, was honestly staggered and never forgot the incident connected with this strange man.

Stalin ultimately avenged himself on the colonel. He was never able to lay hands on him personally, for Leontovich fled and is living abroad to this day; but on Stalin's orders the colonel's brother and all the other members of his family were forced to end their lives in the cellars of the Cheka in Baku. This happened in 1919 when Stalin marched in triumph through the streets of the oil city and the bodies of his enemies, with weights attached to their feet, were flung into the gloomy, oil-covered waters of the Caspian Sea.

A True Son of the Caucasus

But back in 1909 Stalin was far from the years of his vengeance. Shortly after his terrible gauntlet punishment he was condemned to a long term of exile in Siberia. This brought to an end his career in the Caucasus.

At this age Stalin was fully developed, his mind was set in a definite mold and his nature irrevocably fixed on a solid and enduring base. After that he never changed. He was a Caucasian to the core. It was in the Caucasus that the man Stalin reached maturity, and it is the Caucasus, that strange mountain land, which determines his being today.

In all his actions, in his every emotion and gesture, the peculiar and typical sense of honor of the Caucasian may be found. Behind the walls of the Kremlin there sits today a gloomy and taciturn man who speaks Russian very badly. He rules an empire of 160,000,000 upon whom, as well as upon the rest of the world, he is making it his aim to impose the atmosphere of the Caucasian mountains, gorges and citadels.

He is imbued with that primitive and touching Caucasian sense of justice which is taken for granted by the highland warrior, and which stands out in sharp contrast to all the usages and traditions of the complicated world of politics and intrigue. The moral code of the mountain knight is simple: To kill one's enemy is good, but to kill ten is better, and he who understands vengeance and can kill a hundred enemies has every right to be immortalized in song as a great hero. But it is wicked, extremely wicked, to take money out of one's enemy's pocket, to betray him, or to do away with him when he pleads for peace.

This is the immemorial East, pure and unadulterated. Sublime cunning, unrestrained brutality, the profound conviction of being right, are all qualities to which even the simple, careless and somewhat indolent Caucasian highlander can aspire. Stalin is the very embodiment of this Oriental attitude.

He is deliberate in a cold-blooded way, and even when he cuts his enemy to pieces he does not do so in a fit of hysterical hatred or out of brutal lust for blood, but with a sober belief in the necessity of his deed for the good of the clan.

It is said that Trotsky, in a fit of indignation over some military reverse, was capable of having a whole regiment shot down for having failed at a critical moment and that he sentenced masses of people to death when he was in a rage. If by any chance, however, his orders had not been carried out immediately, he would cancel them when his fury had subsided and give expression to his wrath in highly polemical and extremely intellectual articles.

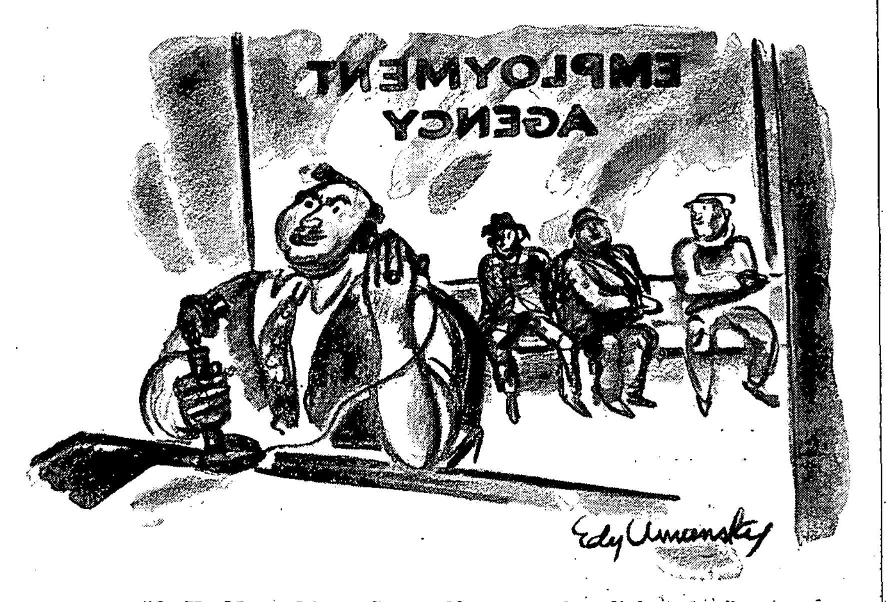
Lenin's Stanchest Apostle

Stalin is quite incapable of acting in this way. He would never, for instance, have a whole regiment shot; but he might have the officers responsible for the reverse cut to pieces, if necessary, in cold blood and in the presence of all the rank and file. When once he has passed sentence, or come to a conclusion, nothing in the world will make him recant or transmute his resolve into an article.

Once more Stalin escaped from the dreaded Arctic lands; this time he fled from the domains of the Czar altogether, and made his way to Capri, the beautiful isle in the Mediterranean where Maxim Gorki, the great Russian author, was conducting a school of Communism.

But the school proved a bitter disappointment to Stalin. It was a center for all the disputes and factional spitefulness within the party. Stalin, though only twenty-nine, had ceased to be a simple member of the party. He was well known among the leaders as an influential Caucasian fighter, a busy contributor to the party funds. So what more natural than for all factions to throw themselves at him to try to win him to their ways of thinking? They did not know their Georgian.

Stalin remained stubbornly and un-



"O. K., Max. Three Santa Clauses and a dishwasher"

Edy Umansky

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questioningly devoted to Lenin and despised the bickering among the exiles. His was the contempt of the combatant who, on leave from the front, finds the lines of communication full of petty spite and jealousy instead of the heroism and calm confidence he has been led to expect.

One day he suddenly took his departure from Capri and made his way to Paris, to Lenin. A very different atmosphere prevailed here! When pupils from Capri came to Lenin for further training, he received them coldly and condescendingly. The intellectual liberty and freedom from control customary in Capri were not to be found with Lenin.

At the Goal of Bolshevism

"You won't find intellectual liberty and rights of private judgment here," Lenin informed every newcomer. "The Central Committee rules here." Stalin was delighted when he heard this, for he had been accustomed to treat his Activists in similar fashion. He could understand Lenin. He was a chip off the same block as himself, cynical, intolerant and laconic as a soldier.

Lenin, on his part, knew how to appreciate the "legendary Georgian" at his true worth. At that time he needed him. Stalin must go to St. Petersburg as Lenin's trusted emissary and carry on the fight there, right in the heart of the Czar's domain and the goal of Bolshevism.

Consequently there soon appeared in the suburbs of St. Petersburg, in its factories and pothouses, a strange but obviously resolute revolutionary who enjoyed the most complete confidence of the supreme heads of his party. In each quarter of the city he went by a different name. In one factory he would be Comrade Ivanovich, in another Chichikov or simply Peter; occasionally he would also go by the name of Stalin.

He was obviously being tracked down by the police. The members of the revolutionary committee alone knew that under these names he concealed the famous Caucasian Activist, Comrade Koba, who enjoyed Lenin's special confidence.

Stalin lived a strange life in St. Petersburg. He spent his nights first with one comrade, then with another, and would saunter apparently aimlessly through the industrial quarters of the city, gazing with admiring eyes on the outside of the huge Putilov factory with its thirty thousand workers. What he really did was, and still is, a mystery. In his shabby clothes, with his pipe in his mouth, he often appeared at revolutionary meetings. With other strange apparitions he would drink his tea in dingy taverns, and at night freeze in the cold, white streets of the city. His real function was known only to the most intimate circles of the Communists.

Nothing prospered in those years for the Bolsheviks; everything went wrong. The most experienced conspirators were arrested, the most carefully thought-out plans miscarried, and the police seemed to get on the tracks of the Bolsheviks everywhere. Stalin found it more and more difficult to conceal himself and he changed his abode, his name and his appearance more frequently than ever.

In spite of his long years of experience as a conspirator, he was ferreted out, arrested and banished to the worst possible spot the police could think of—the village Kureika beyond the Arctic Circle, from which nobody had ever been known to return.

It was only after the triumph of the Bolshevik Revolution that Stalin learned why he had been so constantly outwitted at this time. In the archives of the St. Petersburg police, which he examined, he found the answer to the riddle: his colleague in St. Petersburg, Comrade Malinovsky, the leader of the Bolsheviks in the Duma, had for years been secretly employed by the police!

At the time of the Bolshevik triumph Malinovsky was living abroad, but with consummate skill, and pretending that he had no suspicions about him, Stalin succeeded in luring his "old friend" back to Russia. Malinovsky arrived and was solemnly convicted and shot.

The period of Stalin's life in St. Petersburg is the most obscure in his career. Very little is known of his activities. From his earliest youth he has loved to wrap himself in mystery.

In the case of St. Petersburg Stalin had not much difficulty in covering up his tracks. Immediately after the triumph of the Bolsheviks he hastened to the police archives, where he found that everything he had done and said had been reported to the police by Malinovsky and carefully preserved. With these reports he also found his letters from banishment and an accurate record of all he had said and tried to do while he was in St. Petersburg. He destroyed this huge sheaf of police papers and with it a period of his life was wiped out.

Siberia was no new experience to Stalin. He was only too familiar with the snow-covered steppes, the great frozen rivers, the crooked stumpy trees, and the "villages" which often consisted only of one hut and five or six inhabitants. He was banished to Siberia six times in all and five times he succeeded in escaping from the white wilderness after a sojourn of only a few months or even weeks.

Kureika, the place of his last exile, was dreadfully remote and lonely; a dozen inhabitants, a few huts on the bank of a broad, ice-bound river, and the frozen tundra stretching all round for miles, utterly deserted by man and beast.

In this forsaken place Stalin was no longer allowed the freedom of movement he had before enjoyed. Although escape from Kureika would have been impossible on account of its geographical position alone, the government had him constantly watched by a guard whose only duty it was to keep close on his heels. It is difficult to say whether Stalin or the guard suffered most.

The Revolution at Last!

In spite of his solitude, and the bitter Siberian climate so trying to his Caucasian blood, life in the village of Kureika suited Stalin very well. His muscles developed and he looked fresh and healthy. After his strenuous existence as a conspirator, the simple life of a hunter and fisherman constituted for him a period of rest and recuperation.

Years went by in this way. Somewhere or other the usual party work was in progress and political debates and struggles were taking place. Somewhere or other, too, far, far away, the war was raging.

Five long Siberian years did Stalin, the man of action, spend helpless and inactive in the village of Kureika, smoking, thinking and waiting. Then suddenly the much-longed-for Revolution came as a shock to the whole world! The revolutionary parties went mad with joy. Stalin did not go mad. Calmly and deliberately he packed up his belongings, smoked his last pipe in exile and traveled, still silent and gloomy, down the icy river to Russia and the Revolution!

This is the third article of a series. The fourth will appear in next week's Collier's.

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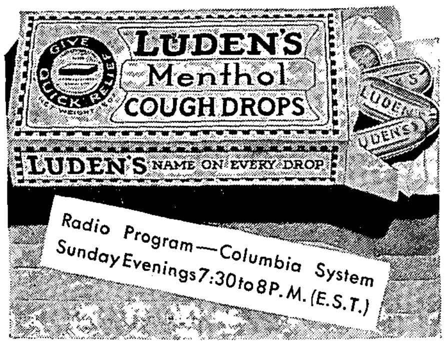

Radio Program—Columbia System
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Portrait of a Singer

Continued from page 21

There was the usual click of lorgnettes, the polite rustle of well-dressed women temporarily diverted from shopping. Then Lily Pons! She seemed more like a child than a prima donna, for at twenty-seven she still weighs little over a hundred, and she has such small hands and extremely small feet.

We all waited somewhat dubiously for her first notes. Suddenly the ballroom of the subdued and conservative Plaza was filled with melody. I don't know what she sang. It made no difference, for it was sheer golden melody that took us all back to younger days and younger dreams. Earle had been right. She was irresistible.

Marriage Begins Her Career

After the concert he took me around to meet his protégée. "Madame Pons, here is the man who is going to do your portrait," he said in French, for as yet she spoke no English. "I've brought photographs of your costumes along, so he can make up his mind what he wants you to wear."

"Costumes! I don't want to see any costumes. I'm going to paint Lily Pons as she is!" I was so indignant that the vivacious young woman in front of me laughed.

"That is charming of you," she replied. "Suppose we go up and look at my frocks, to see if any of them will do for so important an event."

When I saw her gowns I realized that my prospective subject was no struggling artist hoping for a lucky break from fate. The gowns would have been the envy—or the despair—of any Parisian dressmaker. They were so chic, so decidedly feminine, and so individual.

We chose a low-cut evening gown, deep yellow and burnt orange, and the sittings began almost immediately. They proved to be some of the most delightful in a long career of portrait painting. I believe that I achieved an excellent portrait of Lily Pons, small and dark, her white arms and neck gleaming from golden taffeta and golden gauze. But meantime she was painting a series of pictures for me—brilliant, changing impressions.

Enlightened by her laughter, informed by her rapid gestures, I saw the spacious rooms of the Villa Isis, drowsing on a hill in Cannes, amidst the perfume of yellow mimosa and moon-silvered jasmine. There the Pons family spent happy sunlit days; a French father, an Italian mother—which accounts for the daughter's Southern darkness of hair and eyes—a sister who was Lily's constant companion.

Through it all ran the motif of music. The child, Lily, learning to play and performing so excellently that she was sent to the Conservatory of Music in Paris, there achieving gold medals before she was fifteen. Her desire to sing, and those long patient hours at the piano where she trained her voice to follow the melodies which already flowed so smoothly from her young fingers.

The war and the hospital. The breathless day when for the first time she sang for her convalescent pals.

Curious that no one realized Lily's future lay in her voice, not in her playing, however excellent. That was for August Mezritz to discover.

August is her husband, and I was to hear a great deal more of him before the portrait was finished.

She would watch every line, every stroke. "Do you think it will look like me? I have been painted five times, but this time I hope he will be pleased. He is so good, so kind, so clever, and he has loved me since I was a little girl."

"Since you were a little girl!" I echoed in astonishment.

Her laughter rang through the studio. "Well—he thought I was a little girl. You see, Mr. Phillips, he came to Cannes and somebody brought him to see our garden. The flowers were nearly as tall as I. I was nineteen, but my mother could not make me grow. She did not have the luck with me that she has with her roses.

"The next night Aug met me at the house of a friend, and he looked around for my nurse. I knew that he was wondering why so young a child was allowed such late hours, so I said: 'If you are in Paris you must come to see me in the Théâtre des Variétés.' Can you not imagine his surprise?"

I could. August Mezritz is a dignified and distinguished man. He had represented his native country—Holland—on various delicate diplomatic missions. He owned the two largest newspapers in The Hague. He is a lawyer of repute. Yet he had been taken in, and he enjoyed it.

For two years Lily Pons had been playing with Max Dearly, one of the foremost comedians of France. The piano had not satisfied her. She felt that the stage might. As it happened it did not, but it proved excellent training for her future career. One reason that her operatic rôles are so successful is that she not only sings, she acts; and she acts with ability and finesse.

As soon as August Mezritz discovered that the small daughter of Madame Pons had not only graduated from pinafores—or whatever children wore in those days—but onto the stage, he began his suit for her affections.

Naturally she gave up the stage to marry August. The end of her career? No, curiously enough, only the beginning. Her husband had never heard her sing. He did not know that she could. But Lily's marriage was happy, and she was always expressing her happiness by laughter, and each time that happened her husband was more convinced that such a laugh as hers could come from no ordinary vocal chords.

The Début

Then one night while they were waiting for dinner she happened to describe the scene in the hospital. Doughboys, Tommies and poilus clamoring for arias. She laughed at her own temerity.

But her husband was not amused. He was excited. "Sing the Bell Song for me now, Lily."

He listened intently while her voice rose higher, clearer, to the final difficult note. She could sing.

His decision was made. He would take her to Paris to Alberti. Alberti de Gorastiaga is one of the world's greatest teachers of voice. But August Mezritz was so sure of his wife's ability that he did not hesitate to ask for an appointment, and after the first trial the renowned Alberti not only agreed to accept Madame Mezritz as a pupil, he was eager to have her.

After two years Alberti was satisfied. The training must not end. Not yet. But the singing in public might begin. He arranged for the début of his pupil at Mulhouse in Alsace-Lorraine.

Lily had her first attack of stage fright. Her teeth chattered. Her knees shook. Her husband's faith and Alberti's was all that took her onto the stage. Then someone was singing. Surely it could not be herself! For a second time an audience was wildly enthusiastic. The operatic career of Lily Pons had begun.

As the months went by her success was assured. Crowned heads came to hear her. Albert, King of the Belgians, invited her to come to Brussels to sing for him and his queen.

In spite of her success in France, in spite of the five-year contract she had signed after her audition at the Metropolitan, she was perturbed about her American operatic première. She spoke of it to me.

"That's absurd," I exclaimed. "They're all crazy about your voice at the Metropolitan. What is there to worry about? You are singing Lucia. It's your favorite rôle. You've sung it how many times?"

"Oh, dozens, hundreds, I suppose. But this is different. Think of that great place—thousands of people. I dream of those people at night. I have never sung for so many, and they will all be Americans. I am a stranger. I don't even speak English. They do not know me. There is no reason why the Americans should like me!" And she threw out her hands with a little gesture of despair.

More Pleased Than Proud

I shall never forget the night of her début at the Metropolitan. Lily in her dressing-room was white-faced and perturbed. Would she be able to please the great Gatti who had been so kind to her? Would she please his audience?

The musicians tuned their instruments. The lights went down. The curtain slowly parted on the scene in the forest. Unconsciously in my anxiety I twisted my program into a tight ball. I was waiting for Lily Pons. She came out slowly. With my glasses I could see her staring wide-eyed into the dark auditorium—and then she began to sing.

There is no need for me to add a description of that first night to those that have been written by so many of the music critics. She held the audience straight through to the mad scene, when she swept them out of their seats, and the opera house literally rocked with their applause.

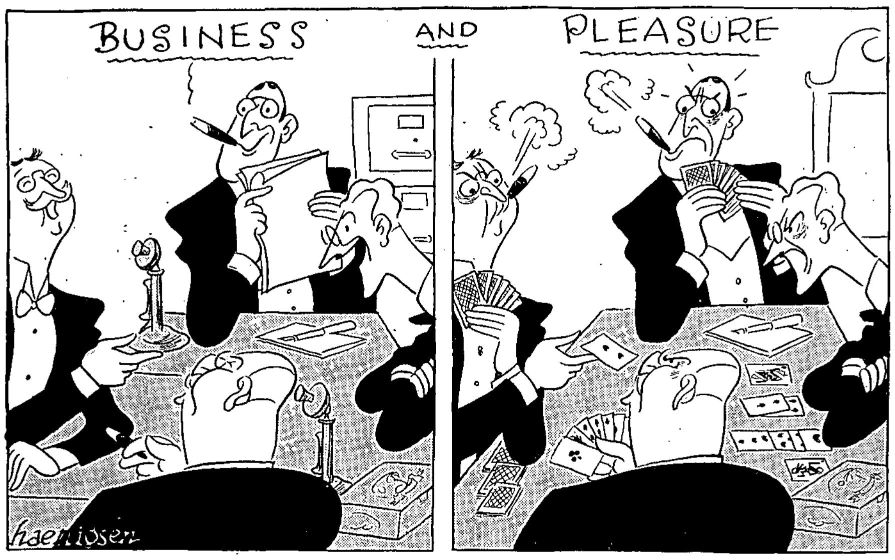
We did not need to wait for criticisms in the morning papers to know that Lily Pons was a success in America. We went back to her dressing-room and found her eating a huge roast-beef sandwich. This was in the nature of a private celebration, for on the day she sings she eats practically nothing from breakfast until after the performance, and she is devoted to roast beef.

She threw her arms about us, sandwich and all, and cried: "They were so kind! Did you hear them? As soon as I looked I knew they would be friendly, these Americans. I am going to love them!"

I think the telegram we received after Lily's triumph in Cleveland last spring was perhaps most characteristic of her modesty and her appreciation of the public's enthusiasm. According to the press the crowd waiting for her to leave the opera house was so dense that she had to be taken out through a secret entrance under protection of police escort.

And this is what Lily Pons wired us:

THERE WERE SO MANY PEOPLE THEY MUST LIKE ME HERE TOO I AM SO GLAD.



How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North
S. 7-6-5-3-2
H. None
D. 7-6-4-2
C. 6-5-3-2

West
S. Q-J
H. Q-8-7-4-2
D. 9-8-5
C. A-7-4

East
S. A-10
H. A-J-10-9-5
D. A-J-10
C. K-J-8

South (Dealer)
S. K-9-8-4
H. K-6-3
D. K-Q-3
C. Q-10-9

THE above hand, which appeared in last week's Collier's, was played at seven tables of Duplicate Contract; game was made at only two.

The bidding at every table was: South one No Trump, West passed, and North with a Seven-high "Yarborough" was much too weak for even a distress take-out. Had North's Spades been longer, a take-out might have been risked; but with North so weak, East probably would bid and thus relieve South of the embarrassment of playing a No Trump contract with a trickless dummy. East had four options; he could pass, double, bid two No Trumps or two Hearts. The No Trump bid and the informatory double would be dangerous because of East's shortness in Spades; the points to be gained by passing and setting an invulnerable Declarer would be few compared with the game that seemed to be in the hand; so the seven Easts all bid two Hearts. The Souths passed, and all the Wests bid four Hearts. The four-Heart bid was doubled by all the Souths and at two tables redoubled by East.

At Auction there probably would be only two bids—South's one No Trump and East's two Hearts; North might venture two Spades on second round, but East would obtain the contract at as many Hearts as he or West would have to bid.

At five of the seven tables South's initial lead was the King of Diamonds, which closed hand (East) won with the Ace. Dummy was put in with the Ace of Clubs for the lead of the Eight of Hearts which East intended to finesse, but when North refused, he won with the Ace and continued the trump lead, parting with the Jack. South won with the King and led a third round of Hearts. Declarer won in dummy and led a Club to finesse East's Jack; South won with the Queen and continued the suit. East's King won and he put South in by playing the Jack of Diamonds. South won with the Queen and passed the buck back to East by leading his last Diamond. Now Declarer's sole chance was to put dummy in with a trump and try the Spade finesse. This failed also, and Declarer had lost one trick in each suit.

At the remaining tables the Declarer reasoned that South's original bid showed a No Trump count of 13; so South must hold the three Kings and two Queens not held by Declarer's combined hands, and none of East's finesses would win.

Playing on this basis East at one table ducked the first trick, leaving South in the lead; South made his only harmless lead—a small Heart. East, winning with the Nine, continued the trumps, leading the Ace, and then put South in with the Heart King. South now led the Ten of Clubs, hoping that North held the Jack. Declarer won this and the next two Club tricks, led the Ace of Diamonds, and then put South in with a Diamond.

South now was forced to lead from a King-x-x-x suit, and Declarer won the last four tricks. Even if South had held and led the thirteenth Diamond or the thirteenth Club at trick 10, Declarer would have won the last four tricks by ruffing in dummy and discarding East's Spade Ten.

The other successful Declarer made game in a less spectacular manner. He won the first trick with the Ace of Diamonds, put dummy in with the Ace of Clubs, and led the Queen of Hearts. South, permitted to win, returned a Heart. East won and led a third round, exhausting South. East's Jack of Diamonds was won by South, and a Diamond returned. To trick 8, East led the Ace of Spades, followed by a small Spade. South had to win or lose his Spade King; then had to lead a Club or a Spade. The Club was up to East's King-Jack; the Spade permitted a ruff by dummy and a discard from closed hand. East could have achieved the same result at trick 8 by leading the King of Clubs followed by the Jack.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. 5-4
H. A-K-Q-6-3-2
D. Q-7
C. 8-7-6

East
S. Q-8-7-2
H. J-10-8-7-5
D. K-8
C. 5-4

West
S. K-J-10-9-6
H. 9-4
D. 4-3
C. Q-J-10-9

South (Dealer)
S. A-3
H. None
D. A-J-10-9-6-5-2
C. A-K-3-2

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Windy Bill

Continued from page 18

What do ye think I'm goin' to do—charter a flyin' machine? Just hang on to your back teeth, men, and expect the worst; then if ye don't get it ye'll be pleasantly disapp'inted."

"Still the old cut-up," the second mate sneered; but if Windy Bill heard him he did not reply.

Sunset was a pale rose smear over the tumbling Pacific. At dark the wind fell off somewhat and the night was clear, the sky studded with remote and frosty stars. The cold was intense, and turned the spray to icy sleet that rattled like shrapnel over the roof of the house.

THROUGH the long night the castaways endured, cramped and miserable in their wet clothing, soaked again and again by the relentless seas, without food or drink or the solace of tobacco. Continuously the wreck was subjected to the terrible battering of the captive masts. Every slow, heavy surge of the drifting hulk made the frightened men suck in their breaths, fearing it would be her last, and toward dawn it became clear that the Tamerlane was breaking up.

Daylight, raw and bitterly cold, found Windy Bill and the German seaman crouched, where they had been for hours past, upon the deck, scrubbing with their hard palms the prostrate body of a seaman whom exposure had overcome; trying in vain to rub life back into the blue and swollen body. They gave it up and rose stiffly to their feet; and only the strong arms of their shipmates saved them from lurching over the side.

The master's big face was gray and drawn as he flexed his warped fingers. "They'd make a poor fist at a pianner now," he muttered with a feeble attempt at humor. He looked forward. The Tamerlane was completely submerged from the poop forward. The sea about her was a mess of splintered timbers and tangled wreckage, and the poop itself was breaking away from the rest of the ship, held only by steel wires and rods of iron.

The castaways' hopes were raised shortly after daybreak when a tramp steamer plowed past a mile away, eastbound and half buried in the green smother. Hastily the bos'n lashed a piece of canvas to the end of a splinter of decking and waved it; but in the gloom of early morning it was not seen, and the vessel steamed on. Windy Bill stood with his big feet braced to the pitching deck and watched as she disappeared, her racing propeller making giant pin wheels of foam as she lifted over the crests of the seas. Then he turned and regarded for some minutes the lined and apathetic faces of his crew; their stubbly chins, blue with cold, their chattering teeth, and bodies shuddering convulsively and without cease under their wrinkled clothes. He jerked his thumb at the receding vessel and produced a chuckle.

"Her lookout must be kin to the greenhorn what shipped in the old Port Moresby. Would anybody like to hear about it?" he said, and, although no one replied, Windy Bill went doggedly on:

"This fella was up on the fo'c's'le head doin' his first watch as lookout; and after they'd been nearly run down by a whackin' big steamer whose lights he hadn't reported, the mate went for'ard and found him lying flat on his pot on the deck, peepin' out the hawse pipe. 'What the hell are ye doin' down there?' scolds the mate. 'Why ain't ye lookin' out?' 'I am!' says the man. 'Then stand up here and do it!' says the mate." Windy Bill's hand stole automatically to his nose. "And what do ye think the fella said?"

Unexpectedly, Joab's rusty croak rose from the little knot of misery in the lee of the house.

"He said—'That ain't lookin' out; that's lookin' over!'—and a very feeble joke I calls it, too."

"Drat you, Joab—ye interferin' old devil!" Windy Bill erupted. "I was hopin' you was dead!"

"Not me," Joab replied complacently. "I wouldn't die to spite ye—and I'll spit in your grave yet."

Not to be gibed down, Windy Bill regaled his unresponsive listeners with other anecdotes, each of which the ancient steward capped in turn; and between that and their virulent spatting, punctuated by cataracts of frigid sea water, the morning passed. Toward noon the sea had dropped appreciably; but the wires that held the poop to the hull of the Tamerlane chafed through, and on a great surge of the sea they parted company with the body of the wreck.

The day had clouded; and they were pelted with squalls of sleet and an occasional flurry of snow. Windy Bill stood braced against the wheel, his battered pipe, full of wet tobacco and sea water, clenched in his teeth, and stared, for once voiceless, as the forlorn wreck of his command drifted away. Then, with an inadequate attempt at jauntiness, he turned away.

A distress signal—a rag of canvas at the end of a splintered plank—was lashed to the binnacle, snapping to threads in the wind. Because of the slant of the poop, now that she was floating free, the crew had shifted to the weather side and lay on the deck, their feet braced against the house. Two more vessels had passed during the day; one, a mere smudge of wind-blown smoke over the rim of the ocean, the other fairly close; but their signal was unnoticed. Now, four miles away to leeward a large Blue Funnel cargo steamer, having overtaken them, was pursuing her steady course; but the haggard-eyed men, exhausted by the strain of keeping themselves on the gyrating wreckage, and rendered fatalistic by repeated disappointment, were indifferent. Windy Bill realized the necessity of beating spirit into their hopeless bodies. He shouted:

"Wake up, men, and pass yon vessel the time o' day! Mr. Kelso, kindly wag that house-flag of ours so they'll see we're inhabited! Come on, ye sojers, make a noise! Ye was always good at it afore, when grub was short!"

KELSO rose to his feet, with writhing lips and blood-shot, hunger-polished eyes.

"To hell with you, you bloody old jokesmith!" he snarled. "I'm sick to death of the sight and sound o' you, with your damn' fool yarns, all day and night. Why, even when that poor swab was peggin' out last night ye had to pump your nonsense into his ears. That vessel'll pass us, same as the other did, so for God's sake shut your gob and let us alone! What do you say, men?"

Windy Bill surveyed him, his small eyes hard and bright. With curled fists he moved his massive bulk over the rolling poop. But before he could reach the man, the ancient Joab sprang up from where he had been sitting, motionless, his feet against the house. Prancing stiffly on his bony old shanks, he squared off, his knuckly fists weaving ludicrous arabesques before the second mate's astonished nose.

"Want to fight?" he howled. "Eh? By the bull o' Barney, if ye do old Joab's your man! Why don't ye hit me, ye lousy wash-tub marine, instead o' spendin' breath on Windy Bill there, what was a seaman afore you could blow your nasty little nose!"

"Joab's right," the deep-chested bos'n growled, and stood up also to face the second mate. "What was you doin' last night when the captain was tryin' to fetch Carney around? Restin' and keepin' your carcass dry. Windy Bill suits us; and one more squawk out o' you and into the ditch ye go!"

Kelso saw in his drawn face and savage eyes, and in the faces of the men behind him, that which caused him hastily to draw back. But Windy Bill, warmed by the ready support of his crew, was himself again. He waved his arm.

"Forget it, men," he boomed. "Folks gets worked up over nothing in times like this, and I'm sure the second mate didn't mean half what he said."

"What?" shrieked Joab, his fighting ardor undiminished, "Ye goin' to let that baboon get away with it?"

"Hold your silly tongue," Windy Bill commanded. "And look! . . . By the two-toed gods, yon vessel's sighted us!"

INSTANTLY the dispute was forgotten, and the castaways turned to see the broad bows of the distant steamer turned toward them, parting the creaming seas and showing a flash of red boot-topping under the stem as she rose dripping from the assault of a wave.

"Ye'll have three square meals in one tonight, lads," Windy Bill promised them huskily, "and mebbe a jorum o' rum. Eh, she's got a fine set o' whiskers under her chin. Which reminds me of a yarn. Joab, yon hurricane what wrecked us was no cat's-paw, ye'll allow?"

"What of it?" asked Joab cautiously.

"Well, I heard tell of a worse one, once, that caught the bark Dover Castle in the South Atlantic trades. Her master had a fine black spade beard he was mortal proud of. But when it came on to blow—one bell in the first dog watch, if ye'll believe me—the wind blew so hard it took them whiskers off the old man's chin as neat as a barber. And two hours later the wind shifted into the opposite quarter, and—"

"And blew the whiskers back on the old man's face!" shrieked Joab hurriedly.

Windy Bill caressed his nose, and a gratified smile embellished his salt-cracked features.

"No, Joab. That's where ye're wrong. It didn't. It—"

"I know—I remember now!" Joab yelled. "Ye invented this answer to fool me, but I found where ye wrote it down. Bein' a trade wind, it blew him—"

"Wait!" entreated Windy Bill desperately. "This is my yarn, and I'll beat ye this time, ye skinny old shad. It blew—it blew— Oh, damn' if I ain't gone and forgot it!"

"And it blew him," old Joab triumphantly finished, "a pair of elegant red Dundrearies. And now," he added tartly, "is there anything else in creation you ain't seen the equal or worse of?"

"Yes!" roared Windy Bill, plum-colored with chagrin. "I never in all me blasted life seen a cantankerous and aggravatin' old nuisance the like o' you!"

The Island of Lost Men

Continued from page 25

Before dawn on the first day permitted by law, the earliest gull had not yet stirred when the Dos Amigos stole away from a mass of luggers that had crowded into Bayou Rigaud. The partners wanted to get ahead of everybody else and gain a certain spot just behind Grande Terre where they felt sure that shrimp would be running.

"*Bismillah!*" (In the name of God) says the pious Arab fisherman at each cast of his net. These partners murmured no supplication with the lips, but with prayerful hearts they spread their great seine, which was sixty feet long. Into the sea it sank, held by two ropes that kept the mouth wide open and scraping the bottom behind them. Just ahead of the big seine they dragged a smaller net called the tester, not more than three feet in diameter. Every few minutes Sel pulled up their tester and eagerly examined its contents as an indication of what was being caught in the seine.

"Shrimp! Shrimp!" he shouted jubilantly. "Fine fat ones."

As an omen of brilliant prospects the sun burst through a fog bank and glistened upon a great white fleet which searched the blue waters of Barataria. A hundred luggers like their own were cruising slowly as they dragged the trawls, a sight to thrill the souls of fisher folk. There, too, were ice boats, flying the house flags of rival canneries and ready to receive shrimp from any of their luggers that became overloaded.

Net Profits

The partners, being honest fellows, could do no business with boats of independent buyers whose tempting pennons announced that they would pay "$4.00 CASH" per basket, as against the three dollars allowed by the owners of the Dos Amigos. It might be a profitable stroke to sell about ten baskets on the sly, then divide forty dollars cash between themselves, instead of having only thirty dollars applied to their debt for delivering the same ten baskets. But those independent buyers had furnished them no supplies, no money; the partners must abide by their contract and play fair with the company. Besides, they'd need a friend from whom to draw a little cash in winter. Therefore, shrewdly enough, Sel and Busta refused to bite the independent bait.

At the first haul their net came up heavy, its pouch wriggling full of seahorses, croakers, starfish, trout, small sharks, stingarees that barefooted men must be cautious not to tread upon, and shrimp, shrimp, shrimp. All this mass of fins and tails and gasping creatures they piled in one heap on deck, then shook well their net and returned it to the water for another haul.

An Old Chinese Custom

Busta went back to his engine while the joyous Sel squatted beside the mound of miscellaneous fish with an implement like a small wooden hoe. He is happy now and sings as the tiny hoe draws every shrimp behind him, the other stuff being tossed overboard. Tons of edible seafood are thrown away because it cannot be saved. Clouds of gulls follow the luggers, snatching up trout and croakers from the surface, while ravenous sharks below get everything that sinks.

When shrimp grow scarce inside the islands, the fleet leaves Barataria Bay and files out at morning through Grand Pass into the Gulf of Mexico, where they deploy like skirmishers along a flat, gray coast. Each boat feels its way with testers to find and follow the shrimp.

Towards evening, one by one, the stragglers return to still waters where specially constructed refrigerator crafts are waiting. The catch must be handled right now, fresh. A few hours lying on deck beneath a tropical sun will destroy it. So each lugger moors alongside an ice boat of its own company and transfers the cargo to be stowed in alternate layers of shrimp and ice.

The ice boat tarries not a moment. As soon as loaded it starts for home, up Barataria Bay, then through narrow bayous and canals, running by night to the cannery near New Orleans. Tomorrow it comes back for more.

At the cannery, on long tables, skillful operatives, white, black and yellow, "shuck" the shrimp by hand, remove all shells and tentacles, saving only the clear white meat. This is thoroughly washed, boiled and canned.

Shrimp that reach the cannery are the very choice of the catch, the finest and fattest that are made into m'lady's dainty cocktail or her most delicious salads. A smaller variety is sold to the Chinaman, one of those pioneers who brought the drying industry to America. For the Chinese set up our first stilted platforms and shipped their products to oriental countries.

The Chinaman does not husk his shrimp before boiling. Basketfuls are dumped into a huge caldron and boiled whole. To boil a shrimp makes it turn furiously red, like a lobster, and ruddy acres of them are strewn along the platform to dry. In bygone years on the island of lost men they were trodden under foot so as to crush off the shells, not a process for any squeamish diner to witness, but fairly effective. A machine now does the husking, a machine that carries a revolving drum with spikes and operates somewhat after the fashion of a cotton gin.

On a blistering platform we see the laborers at work, Chinese coolies, white beachcombers, all manner of nondescripts; their rakes turn, turn, turn the steaming shrimp, and it is not a fragrant place.

The Chinese foreman who welcomes us is a wrinkled wisp of a man, his countenance like shriveled leather. He wears a tattered straw hat, a thin cotton undershirt and a tiny mustache that tilts upward at every gentle smile. He's very kind, this genial Chinaman, and glad to talk.

"Come. I show all t'ings."

We follow to a small warehouse where, except for its pile of "dust" in one corner, everything is scrupulously clean. Shrimp "dust"—that is the shells and refuse ground to a fine powder—is worth forty dollars a ton, much of it being bought in Germany and used as fertilizer. Or, when mixed with certain grains, it becomes an excellent food for chickens.

Pussy's Paradise

At the far end of his warehouse are a row of immaculate white barrels packed full of the finished product. By some process the shrimp have been winnowed and sorted to uniform size, surprisingly attractive if only the platform could be forgotten and the shuffle of trampling feet.

"Look see!" Our smiling friend takes up a double handful and lets them filter through his fingers, like a shower of small red berries.

"Velly hard. Break tooth. China people make soak in water. And eat."

For a long time the output of this Chinese platform was all sent home, but that land of ancient stability now has its troubles, and revolutions have so depreciated its currency that our friend must seek new markets, possibly among his countrymen in America.

"Whole worl' now go clazy. Sometime, mebbe so, people get sense again. We keep on work. Work kill worry. See my cat?"

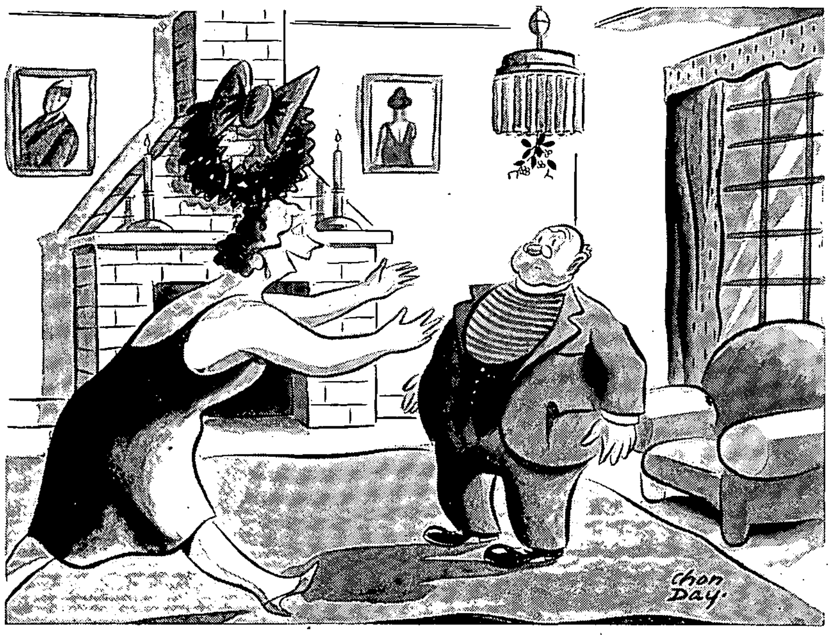
The old fellow broke into a gleeful laugh as he pointed to a cat that came marching out from his store, with tail erect and stiffer than a flagpole. A tomcat, mottled like a pinto pony, a big, resolute cat.

"Look see!"

On that great platform Tom marched straight to the shrimp and attacked the broad red acres as if fired by high resolve to demolish them.

"Ev'y day," the Chinaman chuckled, "zat cat he try to eat all my shrimp. Next day try again. But he no can do."

Fourteen years ago our first impression was the chanting and tramping of beachcombers; today the final picture is of a highly ambitious tomcat eating his way through a red field of shrimp on the island of lost men.



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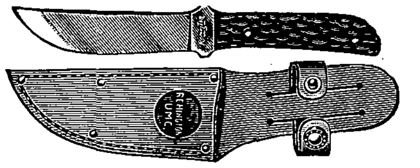

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Animal Magic

Continued from page 19

The morning after my visits from the Canton and Hunan emissaries my tiger decided to pass out of the picture. I couldn't help feeling that it was a shame to lose $1,100 worth of tiger (the then wholesale price for a specimen of this kind), especially after risking my neck, as I had, to get him out of the pit in which I had trapped him and into a cage.

Lal yanked my tiger corpse out of his cage and deposited him on one of the hatches. Word of the death had not yet got out. As I stood there staring at the body and thinking what a pity it was that this animal had to die, the Hunan chief steward came along with some food supplies for my birds and small animals.

His eyes popped as he took a look at the dead jungle cat. Before he had a chance to say anything, I said, "Get your boys out and have 'em skin the tiger. Give me the skin and you can keep the gall."

Rough on Tigers

Had this Hunanese just been handed a million dollars he could not have been more demonstrative. I thought he would kiss me.

The situation, I felt, called for a drink. I went off to get it.

When I returned, about twenty minutes later, a strange sight greeted my eyes. The Hunan chief steward and two of his boys, knives in hand, were preparing to skin the tiger. The bos'n was giving them a hot argument. I had promised the animal to him, he was saying, and he meant to have it.

I told the bos'n he was mistaken, that I had not promised him the tiger. The rascal had the nerve to call me a liar, at the same time giving one of the Hunan boys the elbow and knocking him over.

I was tempted then and there to pry that bos'n loose from his front teeth. They were nice white teeth and I would have enjoyed seeing them scattered over the deck. But it's bad business to hit a member of a ship's crew, and, by an epoch-making feat of restraint, I didn't strike a blow. I confined myself to the comparatively ladylike business of grabbing the rascal by the back of the neck and sending him spinning a few feet—not more than a dozen, at the outside. He banged his head against the rail and wasn't even knocked out, which shows that an animal collector can be gentle when he wants to be.

Fortunately the mate—an Englishman like all the officers—had taken in the altercation from the bridge. He was on the scene in time to cuff the bos'n around a bit when I had finished.

After this occurrence there were some puzzling developments. I naturally expected that bos'n to break all known non-service records, first because the other faction had acquired the dead tiger and, second, because I had manhandled him. Instead, he was all smiles the following day. I didn't get it at all. He couldn't do enough for me. Didn't I want this cage moved here—and that cage moved there?

The morning before we got into Hongkong—four days after the other occurrence—I found the finest and healthiest tiger in my collection in a state of convulsions. Frothing at the mouth and shaking violently with each spasm that seized him, he lay stretched out in his cage, a pitiful sight. He was unquestionably dying the death of an animal that had been poisoned.

I needn't say that I was boiling mad. Someone had poisoned that animal and I meant to find out who it was.

It was only natural that I should find myself suspecting the bos'n. His exaggerated politeness ever since the death of the first animal was enough to make anyone suspicious. It looked like a crude effort to conceal something.

Shortly after the dying tiger went into his final convulsions, the bos'n, all solicitude, appeared on the scene. It was too bad I had lost another tiger, he told me. Such a fine one, too. But the animal was dead and he hoped I would not mind his asking me for the body. The chief steward now had a tiger's gall bladder and he—the bos'n—would like to have one, too. Could he take possession of the body?

I didn't answer his question. Instead I asked one—a very pointed one. What I wanted to know was whether he had access to the ship's rat poison.

As the bos'n started stammering out a reply, Lal, who had been watering and feeding my birds, appeared on the scene. "Master," said Lal, "I saw this Chinaman walking past animals early this morning. I think maybe he give tiger bad medicine."

"Are you sure this is the man?" I asked.

Lal then said that there had been some doubt in his mind earlier in the morning—or he would have told me then—but now he was sure this was the man he had seen.

"I killee you!" the bos'n cried, giving Lal a look that tallied with his threat.

Turning to Lal, I instructed him to find the chief steward and bring him at once. The bos'n and I stood glaring at each other as the boy left to carry out my orders.

A few minutes later Lal returned with the boss of the Hunans. "Want another tiger gall?" I asked him. All smiles, he nodded his head till I thought it would come off.

"All right," I said, "take this tiger and skin it."

During my conversation with the steward the bos'n was going through some movements that I didn't exactly like but I said nothing. He was beckoning angrily to Lal and pointing meaningly to his sheath knife.

When I finished talking to the Hunan boy, I addressed the bos'n—with my fist. I clipped him right on the chin and sent him spinning across the deck. As I have said, it is bad business to strike a member of a ship's crew—but I knew I could show plenty of provocation. The mate later thanked me for hitting the skunk.

Luck of a Leopard

So it goes. Because a Chinese bos'n wanted the magic key to permanent good health—a tiger's gall bladder—I was out an animal that would have brought me over a thousand dollars.

I can give other examples of how superstition works in the Far East.

The Chinese are almost as sold on the leopard's gall bladder as they are on that of the tiger, the principal difference being that the leopard's is supposed to bring luck on a smaller scale. As in the case of the tiger, this good fortune has to do mainly with matters of health, part of the theory being that if one is well and strong it is possible to achieve almost anything.

One day there hobbled into my compound at Katong a lame, emaciated Chinaman who announced that he wanted a job. It developed that he had made the journey on foot all the way from Singapore. He had heard from Chop Joo Soon, a Chinese bird trader in Singapore, that I was looking for a *tukenia* (boy-of-all-tasks) and he presented himself as an applicant for the job. He was obviously incapable of doing the hard work he would be called upon to do in the position he sought. I was forced to turn him down, telling him why only when he pleaded for an explanation. I gave him a few coins and arranged with a native *gharry walla* (hack driver) to get him back to Singapore. The poor devil would never have lasted out the return trip on foot.

A few days later I had occasion to call on Chop Joo Soon. I was surprised to find the lame would-be *tukenia* in the shop. He explained that he had heard from Soon that I was expected and had taken the liberty to call on me. He humbly begged leave to apply for the job again, earnestly informing me that he had hit upon means of overcoming his disabilities. A friend of his, he eagerly explained, had told him where he could secure some powdered leopard gall at a price he could meet. A few years before he had tried to purchase some of this wonder-working substance but he had not been able to meet the exorbitant price asked. Now he knew where he could get some cheap, and his problem was solved. So was mine, if I still wanted a *tukenia*.

I was forced to pretend that I had filled the vacancy. He never would have understood my lack of faith in powdered leopard gall.

Wild-Dog Livers

Nowhere in Asia are there people more superstitious than the aborigines of South India. The primitive tribes that live in the jungles of Hyderabad, Mysore and other hilly sections have their own pet superstition which I have encountered nowhere else on the Asiatic continent. It is to the effect that a man whose strength is beginning to fail him can achieve a complete rejuvenation by partaking of the liver of the wild dog.

This organ has been blessed by the gods of good fortune and the only course open to him who no longer can lift heavy weights or tramp endlessly through the jungle is to contrive in some way to acquire one of these livers and eat it raw. It is, so the fable goes, the magic substance that makes aching backs well again and restores strength to failing limbs.

I know of a case where a hunting party ran into this superstition in calling on the old head-man of one of the jungle villages. The leader of the expedition was trying to round up a group of guides and trackers to join his party. The old *dato* said he would accept the hunter's proposition on one condition, stipulating that the hunting party was to fire on all wild dogs encountered in the jungle, the livers of these animals to become his property.

The old man was beginning to grow feeble, and younger and stronger men in the tribe were beginning to dispute his supremacy. He evidently felt that a wholesale wild-dog liver feast—he had no intention of sharing this strange bonus with his fellow tribesmen—would make him a virile and active head-man again.

The hunters, having no choice in the matter—for one must take what help one can find in these primitive parts—accepted the *dato's* proposition. The only flaw in the old man's reasoning was his naïve belief that he could manage to keep track of all the wild dogs that were turned over to his subjects for delivery to him. A hunting party like this spreads out and covers quite an area.

The expedition almost had a civil war on its hands the day the old man discovered he was being cheated. Peace was finally restored by the hunters' agreeing to turn over all slain wild dogs to the old man's personal retinue.

As a prelude to my next story about superstitions let me say that finding servants in the Far East is about as difficult as locating icebergs at the North Pole. When it comes to locating first-class help, however, this does not apply. One must look the field over as carefully in Asia as anywhere else. Honesty, cleanliness, willingness to work, and a capacity for getting along with the other help are the servantly attributes I found most important in running the house that adjoined my compound at Katong. I prided myself on having a crew that, miraculously enough, conformed rather closely to those specifications.

The Big Cat's Whiskers

One day, after things had run along serenely for some time, I discovered to my surprise that a feud had developed between the cook and one of the house-boys. I never could find out what it was all about but it didn't take great powers of observation to see that the situation was getting worse.

It was a feud with an amusing angle in that the house-boy, who seemed to be the aggressor, was a runt, while the cook—both boys were Straits-born Chinese—was a fairly husky specimen.

This is no David and Goliath story. Every time the combatants clashed the runt, as his battered appearance attested, got the worst of it. So did I—for the cook, tiring of other methods of fighting, took to throwing my dishes around.

I could have settled the argument by firing both combatants but I didn't like the idea of parting with two good servants whom I had trained to my ways.

Sometimes it is best to let a pair of fighting servants adjust their differences. But when Ali reported to me that the cook had just beaten up the house-boy for the fourth time, I decided I ought to intervene.

It was a tough situation to handle, for since Ali had failed to find out what they were fighting about, I knew they'd never tell me.

Had it been the case of a bully—the cook—picking on a shrimp, my course would have been plain. But the cook was no bully. Nor, as Ali repeatedly told me, was he the aggressor.

I decided that the situation called first for a talk with the house-boy, who seemed to be starting the fireworks. I would make no further efforts to find out what the scrap was all about. I would simply attempt to show the house-boy the folly of trying to vanquish so formidable an opponent. Failing in that, I would fire him.

I sent for the house-boy and started giving him a heart-to-heart talk. How did he expect to whip an opponent who was so much stronger?

The house-boy's reply was one of the strangest of all the weird examples of Asiatic superstition with which I have come to face.

Some day, the house-boy told me, he would defeat the cook, for he had on his person a set of tiger's whiskers. Surely I knew that he who possessed so certain a bringer of good luck would eventually conquer all his enemies.

The Straits-born Chinese are firm believers in the magic that lives in the whiskers of the tiger. I have known of cases where the whiskers taken from a dead tiger brought a higher price than the skin.

I finally succeeded in convincing both the cook and the house-boy that the next skirmish would result in their both being discharged, and peace reigned once more in my house at Katong.

Saved by a Hair

Hairs from the tuft of an elephant's tail are also regarded as guarantees of good luck, especially by the Hindus and Malays. To one of these natives an elephant's-hair bracelet—a blessed protector in time of trouble—is something to be cherished forever.

They tell a story in Giridi of a young Hindu who, having dug a pit to catch a tiger that had been sighted in the village, went one evening to inspect his trap and fell in—almost landing on a tiger that lay groaning at the bottom of the pit. The Hindu, terrified, crawled to the opposite side of the enclosure's floor. All night, cold with fear, he sat facing the growling and moaning animal.

The next day a searching party of friends found the youth, unhurt, at the bottom of the pit. They lowered a rope and pulled him out, the tiger making no effort to attack him.

Everyone was puzzled until the young Hindu remembered that he had been wearing his elephant's-hair bracelet. That's what had saved him!

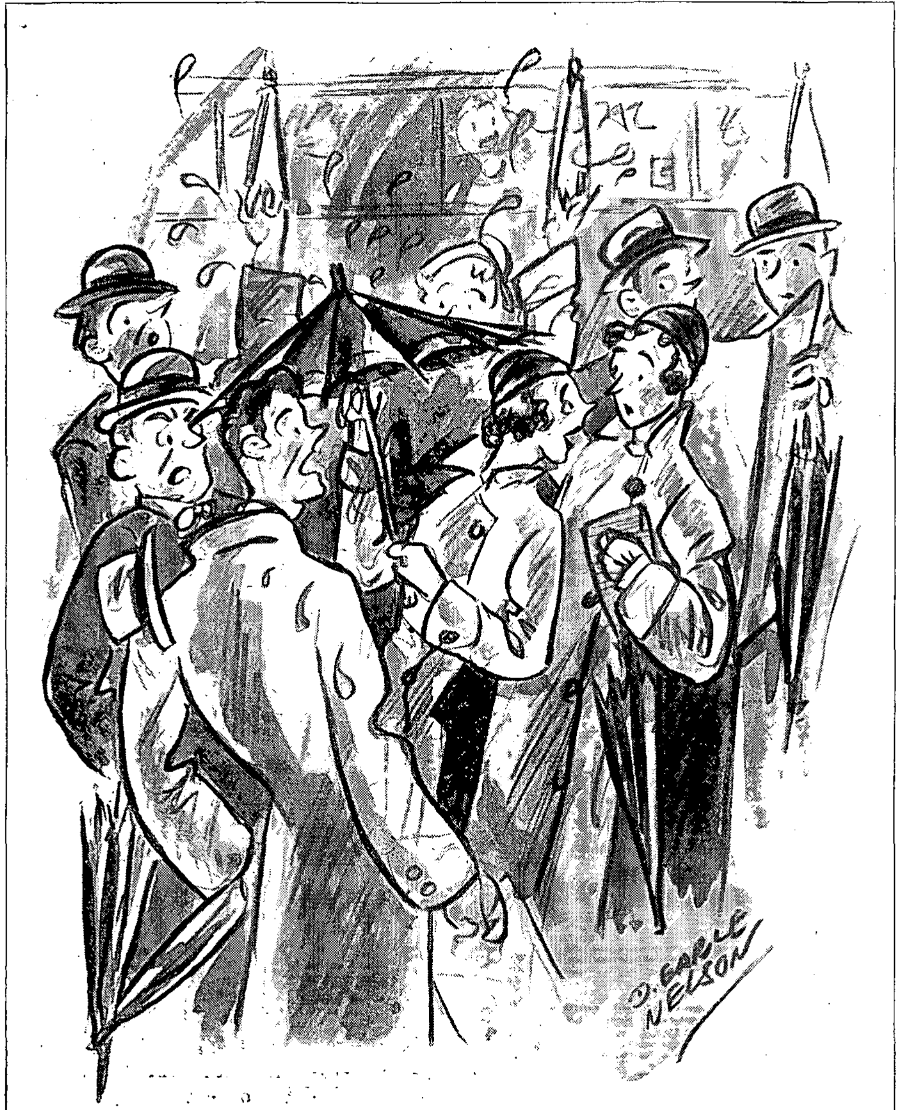
The natives killed the tiger before they could learn the truth, though it is doubtful if anything could have changed their belief that the lad had been saved by the bracelet. An English friend of mine who saw the big cat before it was out of its misery tells me that undoubtedly the luckless animal had broken its back in making its descent.

Usually a tiger lands on its feet but this was one of those exceptions to the rule. The pit was an exceptionally deep one and the animal, in falling, had probably turned a somersault in the darkness and landed on its back.

Aren't We All?

The "floating" shoulder bone of the leopard—a small boomerang-shaped affair, two and a half to three inches long, and supposed to be a guarantee of good luck—is another interesting symbol of Far Eastern superstition. Hardly a year passes without my running into someone who believes that, with one of these charms on your person, bad fortune can never overtake you. The curious thing about this particular superstition is that it has ceased to be just a bit of native silliness, many white men having taken it up. I know an animal trainer who can't be induced to enter a cage unless he has his leopard bone on his person.

And then there was an Englishman who served as a pilot on the Hooghly River. In his spare time he did a good deal of shooting in the adjacent Sunderbunds. One day, in the lounge of the Great Eastern Hotel, in Calcutta, he told me a thrilling story of a wild-boar hunt in which his Indian *shikari* had been ripped wide open. (The wild boar of India is a very powerful animal, endowed with tremendous tusks, and is a dangerous antagonist, especially when wounded.) "The boar charged me first," said my friend, "but I managed to get out of his way. Why? Because I had this on me." With which he produced a leopard's shoulder bone. To see if he really had that much faith in the charm, I offered to trade him a fine jade ring for it. He flatly refused. "Think I'm crazy?" he said. "I wouldn't part with this for anything," and he meant it, too.



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I Remember one Christmas

Continued from page 13

such as this has been. Do you hear—? Your father has too much sense to have started from town on a day like this."

And then, just as suddenly as it had gone down the night before, the wind died. For a time the woods kept on swinging and moaning. After that there wasn't any sound at all in the whole world but soft, feathery, smothering silence. Mother on one side of the lamp and my brother and I on the other flattened our noses against the pane. They got white and numb.

"Freezing," Mother said. "It's freezing."

I HADN'T got over what Brother'd said about Father being under a tree on the trail. Once we found a rabbit under a fallen tree. And now it was freezing besides. If anyone got caught under a fallen tree and it began freezing— A howl came up from my deepest insides.

"Hark!" Mother put a hand out toward me. The howl broke off in the middle, but there was nothing to hark to, except shakes on the roof snapping with cold.

"I can yell like anything," my brother bragged. "Want me to go outside and yell?"

"Hush!" Mother's skirts were full. They whipped as she flung to the door and pulled it wide.

"Hello—" she called. "Hello—hello—!"

Her voice hit the roof of her mouth and clanged out.

"Hello—hello—hello—hello—!"

From a long ways off, blurred and feathered by snowy woods, we heard an echo.

"Hello—hello the house—hello—I'm here!"

We should have run to help. We did run, and maybe Mother helped. But my brother and I clung to the skirt of a rubber coat, cumbering great boots that pushed wearily, doggedly forward. Tired. I have never felt tiredness drain from one body into another as my father's tiredness drained from his body into mine.

The cabin door stood open. He stumbled across the sill and stood against the jamb as though something steady had to hold him up. Over one shoulder hung a sugar sack, curiously humped and lumped. The hand that held the sack looked like it had a red mitten on. So did the other, holding to the door. But there weren't any mittens. Just torn canvas gloves with bleeding fingers sticking through. Big hot drops ran from his forehead and cheeks. His spectacles were steamed gray, but from under them other drops ran down steadily with those from his forehead.

MOTHER'S quick temper came to the rescue of us all.

"You came through those narrows in a rowboat on a day like this!" She stood back from him choking and scolding. "With a wife and two children—had you ever stopped to think what would happen to us—?" Choking overcame the scolding in her voice. Pulling a chair to the stove, she shoved in kindling, opened the oven for warmth, heaved the humped sack to the table, helped him to the chair, closed the outside door, then knelt, fighting hard to keep her anger as she tugged at his heavy rubber boots.

I guess Father understood. Getting one ragged glove off, he started to pat her shoulder, then drew back. He was always careful of Mother's daintiness.

"Your hands!" She went all to pieces at that. "Oh, your poor hands!"

"The skin broke—rowing," Father said. "Then salt water and wind—"

The kettle was on the stove, still warm. She brought a basin and poured water in. My brother and I couldn't stand much more. Father's hands hurt us as though they were our own. Knives and borers of pain went down through me. When knives and borers of pain go through you, you have to think of something else. I went to the sugar sack and ran inquiring fingers over its funny humps. My brother did the same thing. We could forget Father's hands that way.

"I started in time for a good tide," we heard him telling Mother. "But a regular gale of wind came up and held me back. All at once the narrows switched around and began to run the other way. There was a scar on the bluff that I kept abreast of by pulling with everything there was in me. I kept head on, though—abreast of the scar—till the tide turned again. No use trying to land. Nobody can cross a current like that."

"What's in the sack?" my brother piped desperately. "When can we see what's in the sack?"

"But the trail!" Mother tried to be mad again. "Why didn't you camp under the lumber on the beach? It's quiet now and freezing. Tomorrow the trail will be easy and safe."

"What's inside the sack?" my brother insisted. "If I get a knife, can I cut the string and see what's inside?"

"Shall we, Mother?" Father asked. "It's Christmas Eve."

HE HAD twinkly, darling eyes. Mother had wiped his spectacles and now we could see his eyes. She got up, found a knife and cut the string. Father came to the table, too, his hands all wrapped up in white cloth. We began to be happy. My brother and I held our breath, jiggling from one foot to the other with happiness. When the mouth of the sack fell open, out popped a little box. Mother peeked, laughed and ran to the bureau for Red Riding Hood and Joseph.

"Here," she called. "Be careful, they're not sewn on yet. The girl one is for Sister, the boy one for Brother."

Two heavenly china heads, black china hair for Red Riding Hood, yellow china hair for Joseph.

We sat on the floor, my brother and I, drowning in those depths of contentment that only children ever plumb. After a time we swam up a little, wondering at silence above. Neither Father nor Mother had spoken for a long while.

They stood, just looking at each other, Father and Mother. On the table gaped an empty sugar sack. At one side lay a side of bacon. At the other stood a clock as tall as I was.

When he saw us Father seemed to remember something else in the world besides Mother. "The works are good," he said. "And I thought you'd like one with pictures on the front. The bacon—we've all begun to be a little tired of grouse—"

"You're so good—" My mother's hands came together softly, pulled apart, came together again, helplessly. "You're so good to us. There never was a man so fine and good—"

WE WERE having bacon for breakfast next morning when there came a great crunching of hard snow outside, a big whooping call.

At first the four of us sat still, frightened maybe, anyhow wondering. Visitors didn't come even in fine weather. Who would bother with us in the snow?

Father's hands were big with white wrappings. His fork clattered down from one of them and his chair fell back.

"By George!" he exclaimed. "It's Fred!"

My, how we laughed and scuttered getting to the door. Fred carried a sack, too. He'd packed it all the way from town, overland, across the point instead of rowing around it, breaking a new trail all by himself. You couldn't lose Fred in woods, no sir.

"What luck I haf had!" Fred's cheeks were rosy with more than frost and walking. His eyes were as blue as blue. "Who you tink I catch up wid on der road? One round, very fat man in red pants and coat. 'You Frederick,' he haf say to me, 'maybe you pack ein sack for me to der kinder in der voods—hein?'"

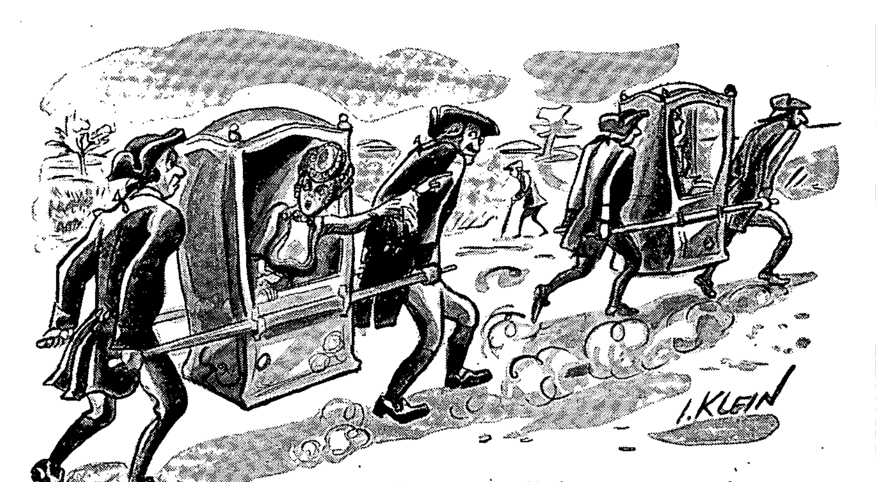
"What's in the sack?" my brother squealed, hopping up and down. "What's in the sack, Fred? When can we see what's in the sack?"

There was another doll for me, its pink wax face saved from frost by wads and wads of cotton batting. There was a toy ox for my brother. The toy ox had a cart hitched behind.

"Fred, you old loafer, you," my father said. "You old loafer you, Fred."

We were on the floor again, my brother and I, dropping down and down and down through fathoms of happiness. I had two dolls in my arms. My brother gravely put Joseph in the cart, then just sat back and looked at him.

Mother sliced more bacon and laid it in the pan. Bacon smells good.



"Speed up; all the cars are passing us and I'm breathing everybody's dust"

I. Klein

The Big Pink

Continued from page 32

"You think the Doc and I are a couple of yeggs, do you?"

"I know he's a big shot in some racket," Nellie insisted.

Eddie laughed harshly.

"A big shot, eh?"

"You can't kid me," Nellie declared. "I *know* he's a big shot and—"

"Who says he isn't?" Eddie laughed again. Nellie's eyes went wide.

"Listen, Nellie. Be your age. You think a big shot like the Doc can bother with a string of glass pearls?"

Dismay wrote itself large in Nellie's face. "I thought—"

"Sure you did." Eddie spoke kindly. "You stopped too soon, that's all. Look, if you honestly want to help—"

"Juss gimme a chance," Nellie begged. "Thass all I want."

"All right. Let's see if you can sneak these beads back where you found 'em, then."

"I can do that all right." Nellie turned penitently to Winship. "I'm sorry I got you wrong. I oughta guessed you wouldden be mixed up in any small-time racket, a big shot like you!"

WINSHIP found it easy to make a pardoning gesture. He was touched, impressed, by the insight of this humble, uncultured woman. She had been mistaken, to be sure, as to the kind of greatness she detected in him, but, like Nevada Sullivan, she had unerringly detected it.

For a moment he actually harbored the heretic thought that both of these uneducated women were more intelligent, in one important respect, than the brilliant, trained intellectuals who governed the Mathematics Department of Leicester College.

"And you don't haf to tell me what your reel racket is," Nellie whispered, her eyes shining. "I know."

She moved her head significantly toward the window, beyond which Winship's eye saw nothing but the gleaming Sound. He lifted his brows. Nellie laughed softly and whispered:

"Rum!"

Without waiting for the answer she manifestly regarded as superfluous, she was gone.

Eddie closed the door.

"See, Doc? That's how it's done."

"But—but she appears to believe, now, that I—"

"Yeah." Eddie nodded at the green-striped jersey. "Snap into it, Doc, and let's go swim."

"But Nellie believes I—"

"Oh," Eddie said wearily, "they're always believing something. What of it, as long as they hardly ever believe anything that's *so?*"

He returned to his own room. Winship, illogically reassured by the final remark, gave himself over to the task of changing into swimming costume.

He was appalled when he faced the mirror to survey the effect of the green-striped jersey.

It was a garment intentionally, aggressively indecent. Not only did it expose vast spaces of breast and shoulder blade, but below each arm another gap had been arranged, revealing a dorsal elevation of which a gorilla, perhaps, might not have been ashamed.

"I can't possibly go to the beach!" he announced as Eddie, bathrobed and slippered, came in.

"Why not?"

"There will be ladies present."

"No use trying to find a place where they're *not* present, these days," Eddie said. "Come on."

"In this costume?"

"Sure. Why not?"

Winship hesitated. Eddie was little more than a child; he had not received even the rudiments of an education, and yet, absurdly, Winship was strongly tempted to put faith in his judgment on a question at once delicate and vital.

"You are quite sure that it will not be—ah—offensive to the ladies if I appear like this?"

Eddie stared. Slowly, gravely he wagged his head.

"No," he said, "you won't be offensive to 'em, Doc. Not so you could notice."

Again, unreasonably, Winship was prompted to give weight to this boy's opinion.

"It seems rather undignified," he argued, "for a member of the faculty at Leicester to appear in public—"

"Birdseed!" Eddie interrupted. "How about that big shot in the arithmetic racket up at Schenectady?"

Winship was baffled by this allusion. He shook his head.

"Oh, you know who I mean. He thought up the answer to some problem while he was in the tub and ran down Main Street in the altogether yelling 'I got it!' You certainly must have heard of him."

"Oh, you mean Archimedes. But it was Syracuse where he—"

"What's the difference? I knew it was some place upstate. Come on!"

Impatiently he draped Winship's shoulders in a bathrobe originally constructed for Signor Primavera. Reassured by this additional covering and heartened by the august precedent of Archimedes, Winship followed him downstairs.

The beach lay near. They had but to cross a narrow strip of lawn and climb down over a low stone sea wall to reach the sand, warm underfoot. Along this golden pathway Eddie led on briskly toward a group of beach umbrellas in the middle distance.

DOUBTS revived in Winship as he identified, below and near the huge, bright-colored parasols, persons obviously belonging to the other gender. His pace diminished and he attempted, against the mischievous tuggings of a playful breeze, to wrap the bathrobe more concealingly about him.

Toward him, as he halted, danced a figure out of some old-fashioned fairy-book, a figure wearing a shining helmet of vivid orange and clad—nominally—in a single garment of the same bright hue.

This figure identified itself, at close view, as Beechy Gwynn. She laid glad hands on Winship.

"Beekie!"

She twitched the bathrobe from him and, standing back, surveyed him with every facial token of admiration and esteem.

"I never saw anything so adorably *brutal* in all my life!"

The adverb sufficiently offset the adjective to make it clear to Winship that he was not, in Beechy's sight, offensive.

His glance moved hopefully past Beechy's shoulder to the parasols and his spirits began, timidly, to rise. They sank, however, as he met the gaze of Miss Wilhelmina Borden.

Eddie had been wrong. It was quite possible to notice that Winship's presence was offensive to Miss Borden. It was, in fact, impossible not to notice this.

(To be continued next week)

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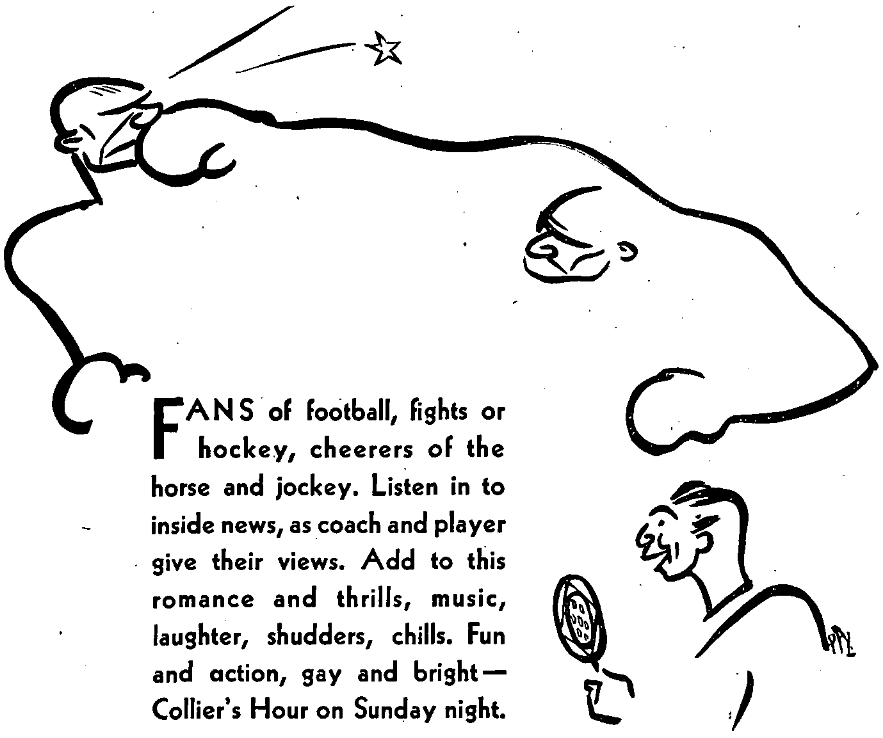

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

Dear Santa Claus:

Even though there seems to be no diminution in the numbers of men and women who say too loudly that you are a fake, we suspect that your mail is heavier this year than ever before.

At Christmas time most of us come closer to what we ought to be. It seems to be clear then that those who share this earth with us are just about as good or bad, or wise or foolish, as we are. We know then that despite obstacles and backslidings the world moves steadily forward, is a better place this year and will be better still next year. There is a cloud around these ideas in other seasons, but now they stand out clearly and so, in our hearts, we all believe there is a Santa Claus.

That's why we think the world is now asking you to stay a little longer with us. There are so many problems your benign influence could help us solve.

There are millions of our people out of work this year. They will be fed and clothed, of course. The generous compassion taught by Him whose birth we celebrate will take care of that. But since it is more blessed to give than to receive, the needy man gets the short end in more ways than one. We haven't yet learned how to prevent these recurring times of unemployment, but it shouldn't be difficult to work out a way of paying the jobless worker out of the profits of fatter times. Charity is substantial enough, to be sure, but the jobless man can't help feeling a little less blessed. Somehow he knows he deserves more than that.

Ingenuity and science have made the world smaller and we no longer believe that foreigners have horns and forked tails. But sometimes our friends abroad do things which seem perverse to us. We haven't been raised in the same traditions and we don't understand, so we say they must be wrong. At Christmas time we take a little more on faith. The Christmas message was meant for them too and their hearts are opened as wide as ours. Actually they want the same things we want: peace and plenty and happiness. The world is big enough and rich enough to make that dream come true for all of us, but it never will unless we get together and work for it. Perhaps we get closer to it with each Christmas but it fades again, barriers rise higher and we spend more money on guns and bullets.

If you could stay with us longer we might remember in July what you teach us in December.

Maybe you think we ought to understand ourselves before we can reach a working accord with others. Perhaps you are right. Some of our bickerings must look rather futile to a pitying observer. Our corruption and crime, drunkenness and intemperance, for example. We have all that in the fair names of progress and temperance and they are fair names but slightly tarnished by their associations. Both sides are stubborn, each willing to impute intolerance and the appearances of evil, at least, to the other. There is an intelligent and sure way out of that mess and we would find it if we understood one another.

But more than anything else you might help us find a leader whose heart and brain would point the unmistakable way to a better life. He would have to get the votes, of course, and that necessity might bind his tongue and film his eyes as it has done to many in the past. But until we find the man who can be a prophet as well as a leader, who has the courage to be forthright even though he must be lonely, our progress upward will be slow.

You can see what we're driving at. Christmas brings us a little closer to the kingdom of heaven, but it is a far country and we get lost so easily. Can't you print the guide map in indelible ink?

Yours until next year,

Collier's

Budweiser

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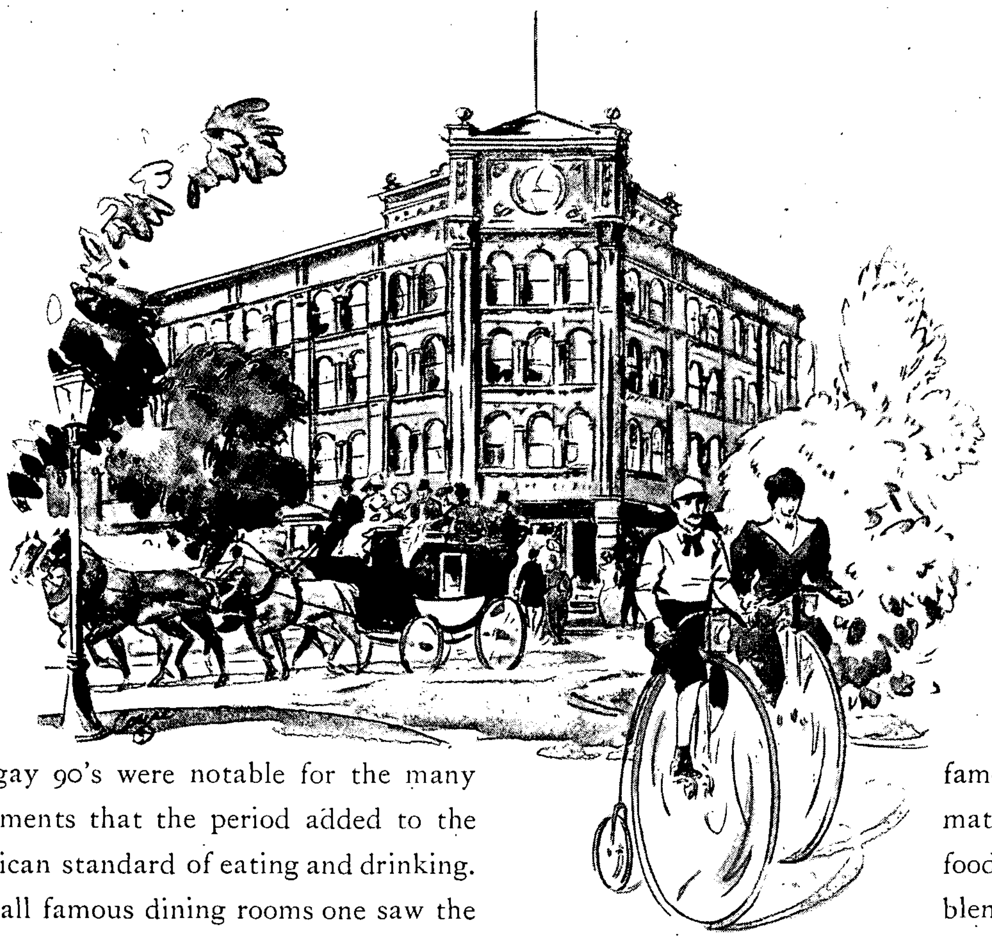

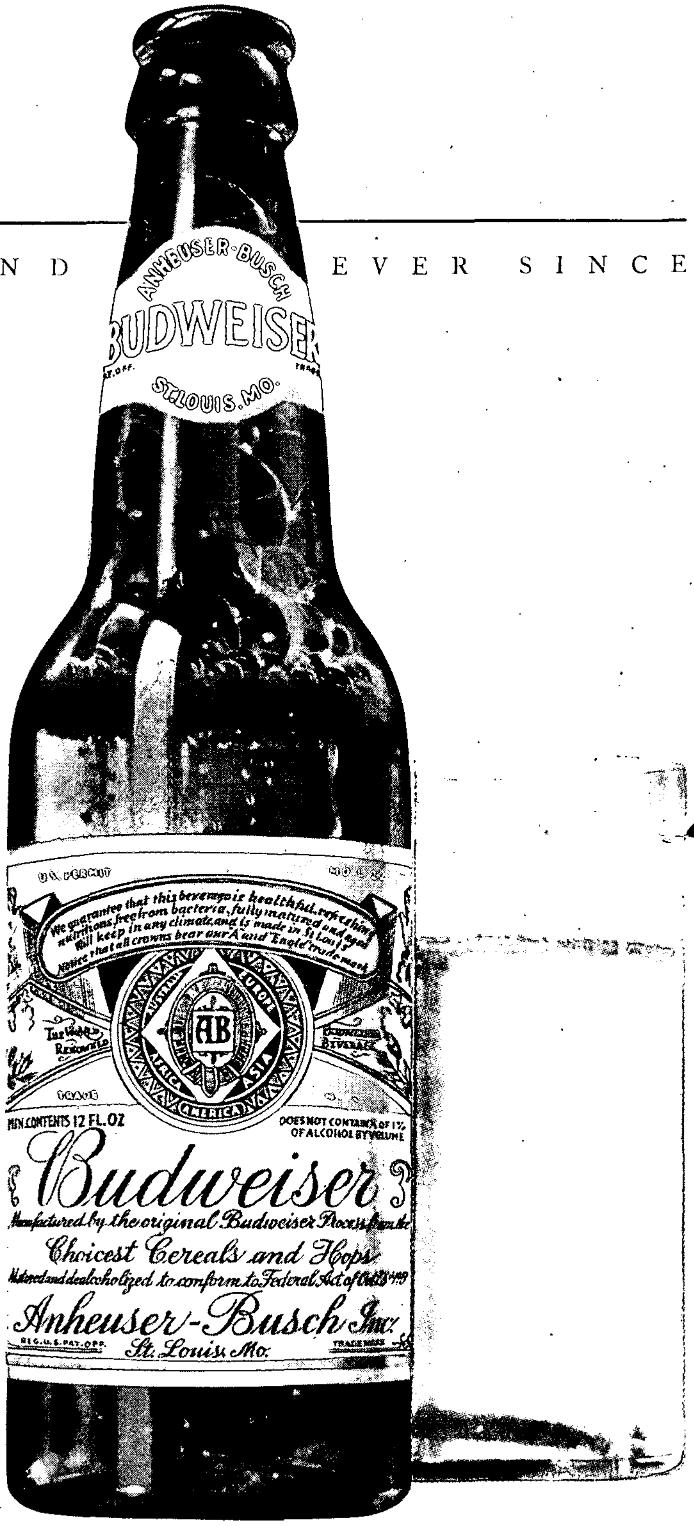
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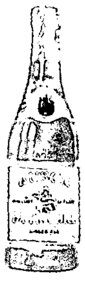

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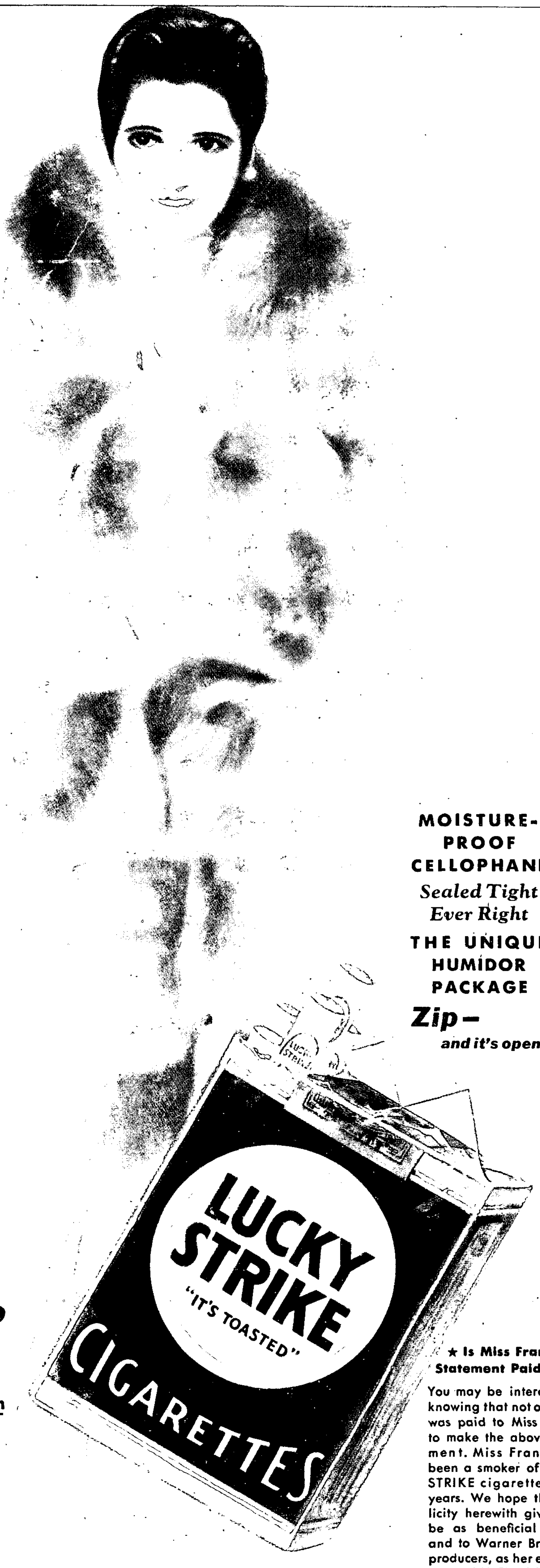

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